A Chronicle Drawn from the Diary of Leonard (Len) Bewley

October 1921- April 1923

The Formative Years (Aged 18-20)

A Legacy of the Sea: Life within a Cleethorpes Pleasure Boat and Inshore Fishing Family

CONTENTS

How to Use This Document 4

What the Journal Reveals 6

The Bewley's of Brighton Slip 8

JOURNAL 11

1921

October 11

November 13

December 22

1922

January 25

February 28

March 36

April 44

May 50

June 60

July 76

August 88

September 95

October 104

November 119

December 119

1923

January 133

February 149

March 157

April 166

APPENDICES

Appendix 1: The Bewley Family – c.1922–23 172
Appendix 2: Census Return for 1921 174
Appendix 3: Colin Bewley: 1926 – Licensed Boatman at 14 175
Appendix 4: Court Appearances 176
1928: Cruelty Case Against Boatmen and Horse Owner 176
1927: Waterfront Rivalry Turns Heated 177
Appendix 5: "Polly" Becomes "Noah's Ark" 178
Appendix 6: Another Bewley Maritime Adventure 180
Appendix 7: List of Vessels Mentioned in Len's Journal 182
Appendix 8: Bunkers Bay – A Safe Anchorage Bay in Cleethorpes Explained 183
Appendix 9: Executive Summary 186

INDEX OF NOTABLE LOCAL PLACES AND EVENTS 188

The Diary of Len Bewley

Cleethorpes, 1921–1923

How to Use This Document

Len Bewley's diary is a long and rewarding read, but not everyone will want — or have time — to read it from cover to cover. With that in mind, **this document is arranged to offer you a choice of three ways in,** depending on how much time you have and how deeply you would like to explore Len's world.

If you have five minutes: *read the What the Journal Reveals.*

This follows immediately after this page. It captures the spirit of the diary and the kind of young man Len was — his passion for the sea, his family, his community, and his remarkable voice. It is a complete and satisfying read on its own.

If you have half an hour: *turn to the Appendix 9 — Executive Summary.*

You will find this at the back of the document. It provides a detailed account of the main events, people and moments across the full two years of the journal, arranged by period from October 1921 to April 1923. It is the next best thing to reading the diary itself.

If you want the full experience: *read the Journal.*

The diary begins on page 12. It is written entirely in Len's own words — vivid, funny, and completely unselfconscious — and repays every minute spent with it.

Please note: You do not need to read both the Executive Summary **and** the journal. **Either** will give you a thorough acquaintance with Len and his world. The Executive Summary is provided as a guide and a convenience, not as a substitute — but if it is all you have time for, it will serve you well.

A note on the text

The journal entries are presented as Len wrote them, with only light editorial annotation. Spellings, punctuation and expressions are his own. Editorial notes — providing historical context for people, places and events he mentions — appear in square brackets within the text. Images and captions have been included throughout to bring his world to life. References to ‘the slip’ relate to Brighton Slipway, at the junction of High Cliff Road and Kingsway, and ‘the bay’ relate to Bunkers Bay – *see Appendix 8.*

This work has been compiled by local amateur historian Dave Smith from images of original notes kindly shared by Sue Hensman and her family. Sue's grandmother was Len's sister, Mabel. The journal was written by her great-uncle, Len Bewley — born 7 April 1903 — who lived on the seafront at 2 High Cliff Road, one of Lincolnshire's highest coastal homes, in Cleethorpes.

Sincere thanks go to Sue and her family for making this work possible, and to Paul Fenwick for his valuable contributions — particularly in our shared search for the elusive Bunkers Bay.

Corrections, omissions, or additional material that may enhance this work are warmly welcomed.

Dave Smith

Please click here to contact me or type *https://forms.gle/Az67hvbEsb2qnTiYA*

into your browser.

Copyright Statement

Copyright in the original diary entries is retained by the Hensman family. Copyright in the compilation, editorial notes, introduction, and overall arrangement of this work is held by Dave Smith. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without prior written permission from the copyright holders, except for non-commercial use with appropriate acknowledgment.

Some images from *Raking up the Past* by James Dales. Publisher unknown despite enquiries.

For genealogical and historical research only. No copyright infringement is intended. If this should be removed, please let me know and I will do so immediately.

What the Journal Reveals

Len Bewley was twenty years old when his journal ended. He wrote with no thought of an audience — these were private notes, jotted in his own hand at the end of long days spent in a fish merchant's office, on a whelking smack, or watching trawlers work the lockpit at Grimsby. Yet what he left behind is a remarkable document: a vivid, funny, and unselfconscious portrait of life in a working coastal town in the early 1920s, seen through the eyes of a young man who was restless, observant, and very much alive to the world around him.

Several themes run through the journal with particular force.

The Sea and the Boats

The Humber estuary, the Brighton Slipway, and the inshore fishing community form the backbone of the diary. Len's passion for the water — shrimping, whelking, trawling, sailing, rescuing — never wavers. His entries capture a transitional moment in maritime history, when traditional sail still coexisted with the growing dominance of steam, and when the rhythms of the fishing year — codding in winter, prawning and shrimping in summer — shaped the lives of the whole community around him. The sea also brought danger: Len was involved in more than one dramatic rescue, and he watched from shore as other men were not so fortunate.

Community and Family

The Bewley household was large, busy and affectionate — brothers, sisters, neighbours, fishermen, office colleagues and chapel friends crowd the pages. The diary is full of warmth and comic incident: a cruel Christmas joke involving a penny at the bottom of a towering pile of boxes; a friend sliding full length on a dock pontoon; Len himself walking up Fish Dock Road at seven in the morning, hair wet, coat seams busted, carrying a bassful of fish, bound for the office by nine. The Croft family and Mr Spurgeon — his trawler skipper friend — are presences throughout, as reliable in their way as the tides.

Everyday Life in the Early 1920s

The journal offers a precise and unrepeatable record of daily routine. Len's working day at the Medina fish merchants ran from 8.30am to noon and from 1.30pm to 5.30pm, with Saturday working continuing until around 1pm — a pattern that will seem both familiar and distant to a modern reader. There is no mention of a wireless

set in the household, a reminder that newspapers were the family's primary source of news, and that the weather forecast relied on observation rather than broadcast.

Travel during this period required patience and a degree of tolerance. Early charabanc journeys were often slow and unpredictable, and Len's fascination with transport — then still in its relative infancy — is reflected in the many newspaper cuttings he preserved, which highlight both the excitement of modern travel and its hazards. Cycling, in particular, appears to have been especially perilous — though, amusingly, it was not Len himself at risk, but rather those unfortunate enough to cross his path.

Len's entries also hint at weather patterns that seem, at times, more persistent and punishing than those we experience today — storms arrive with regularity, and their consequences for the fishing community are never abstract. And while modern thrill-seekers might head to a theme park for excitement, Len found his moments of exhilaration much closer to home — most notably while rowing on the Humber, where the experience could be every bit as bracing as any modern ride.

Post-War Britain

The diary captures life in an industrial coastal town during the difficult years after the First World War — economic hardship, bankruptcies, high unemployment, and a generation of ex-servicemen finding their place in a changed world. Len noted with quiet sadness that decorated veterans — men with Military Crosses and Distinguished Conduct Medals — were begging in Sheffield streets, their medals pinned to boxes. He followed world events closely, commenting on political upheaval across Europe and further afield, and offering wry observations on the newspapers that reported it all — particularly the Daily Mail, which he referred to throughout as the 'Daily Wail.'

Self-Improvement and Ambition

Len was always learning — French classes, rifle shooting, boxing, photography, reading, writing. He devoured books across every genre, from Jules Verne and Conan Doyle to opera libretti and frontier memoirs, and attended concerts, theatres and cinemas with equal enthusiasm. His decision to leave clerking and go to sea professionally — taken at the age of nineteen with striking conviction — was the culmination of a restlessness visible from the very first entry. 'My future is my own to make or break,' he wrote on his last day at the office. He meant it.

A Young Man's Voice

Above all, the diary is a vivid account of what it felt like to be young, energetic, curious and alive in Cleethorpes in the early 1920s — written in a voice that is entirely Len's own. He did not write for posterity. He wrote because he could not help it. That, perhaps, is why it still reads so well a century later.

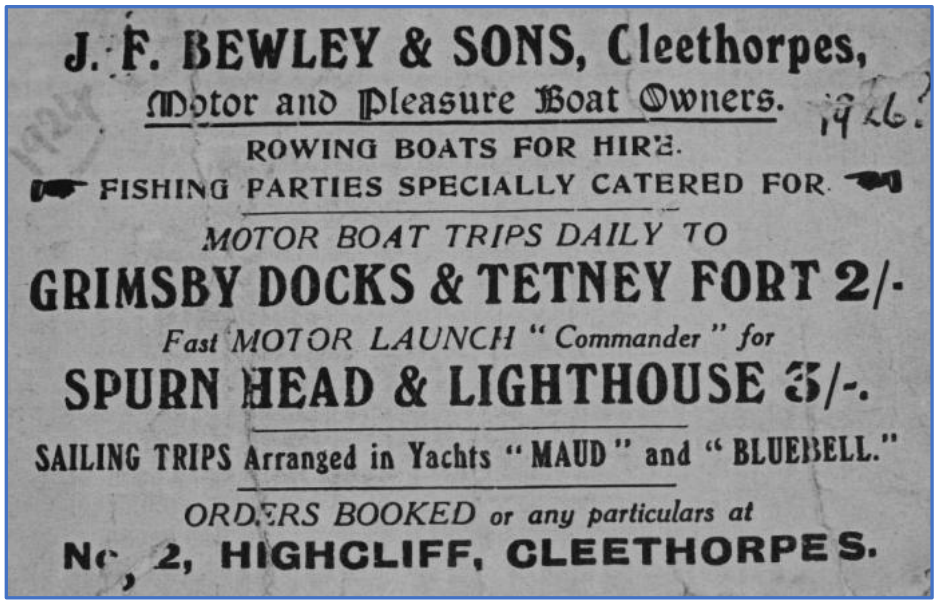
The Bewley's of Brighton Slip

***The Family of John and Lucy Bewley**, c.1910 (before the birth of Lucy junior). Len is possibly in the centre of the 3 boys at the back.*

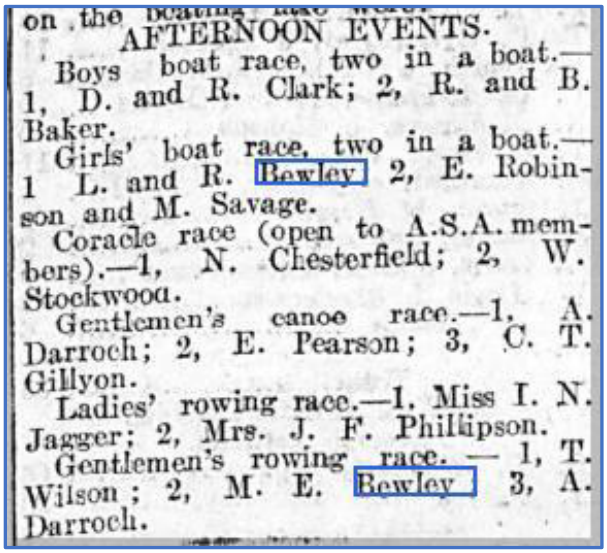
***Mabel Bewley**, Len's elder sister, became an accomplished musician.*

John Francis Bewley *—father of the diary's author, Len Bewley. Great-grandfather of Sue Hensman*

John was a **master mariner** who sailed on big clipper ships before meeting Lucy and starting a family. He frequently travelled by train to the **River Tyne area to work**, leaving his wife to manage the home. The 1911 census records him as a **police constable (inspector) for the River Commissioners.** A substantial sized house was essential, as John and Lucy had a large family over a period of over 20 years apart. Before making a new start and settling in Cleethorpes – possibly around 1921 - the family **lived in South Shields.** Family evidence declares that the family moved to **Piel Island, close to Barrow-in-Furness** from around 1927 until 1931. However, the family seem to be still appearing in newspaper reports as late as August 1929. In the Grimsby Telegraph of 15 May 1928, it states that "for the past few years Mr Bewley has **divided his interests and time between Cleethorpes and Barrow.** He recently decided to move house from east to west." Confusingly, it then reports on John bringing his boats the opposite way -from Barrow to Cleethorpes. By 1936 they had **moved to Paignton in Devon.**


J. F. BEWLEY & SONS, Cleethorpes,
Motor and Pleasure Boat Owners.
1926?
ROWING BOATS FOR HIRE.
FISHING PARTIES SPECIALLY CATERED FOR
MOTOR BOAT TRIPS DAILY TO
GRIMSBY DOCKS & TETNEY FORT 2/-
Fast MOTOR LAUNCH "Commander" for
SPURN HEAD & LIGHTHOUSE 3/-.
SAILING TRIPS Arranged in Yachts "MAUD" and "BLUEBELL."
ORDERS BOOKED or any particulars at
No. 2, HIGHCLIFF, CLEETHORPES.

The family business – c.1924-26



on the boating lake

AFTERNOON EVENTS.

Boys boat race, two in a boat.—1, D. and R. Clark; 2, R. and B. Baker.

Girls' boat race, two in a boat.—1 L. and R. Bewley 2, E. Robinson and M. Savage.

Coracle race (open to A.S.A. members).—1, N. Chesterfield; 2, W. Stockwood.

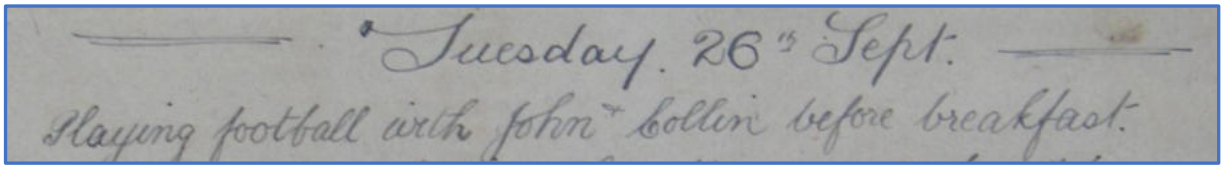
Gentlemen's canoe race.—1, A. Darroch; 2, E. Pearson; 3, C. T. Gillyon.

Ladies' rowing race.—1, Miss I. N. Jagger; 2, Mrs. J. F. Phillipson.

Gentlemen's rowing race. — 1, T. Wilson; 2, M. E. Bewley 3, A. Darroch.

*Len's journal suggests that **rowing** had become second nature to the family. This report from the Grimsby News, 30 August 1929, records the winners of the local **Regatta-Carnival.** Perhaps Maurice, along with his sisters Lucy and Rita, were among the winners seen here.*

JOURNAL

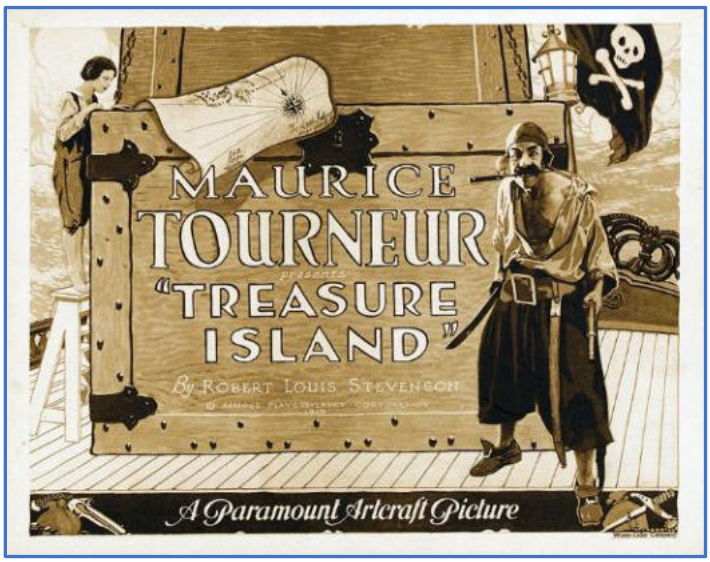


A Sample of Len Bewley's Handwriting

1921

October 1921

Wednesday 26 - Enjoyed Treasure Island film at the Empire. Rifle practice till 9.30.



Credit: Paramount-Artcraft - source, Public Domain,
https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=45766725

Thursday 27 - **See the fishermen have started codding. The codling spraggs come right inshore during this time – the mouth of the Humber is the place where a lot of them come. The fishermen lay their lines baited with worms etc. and after about 4 hours, haul them in again.** Last year while the trawlerman were on strike they made a good deal of money.

Friday 28 - Blowing a gale from the NW. From my window I can see the boats coming up the Humber are at times entirely covered with spray. **Several seamen have been swept overboard during the weekend gale.** That is one danger to look out for at sea. Fancy an immense wave; crested with foam and weighing many tonnes charging down on your ship. **One wave swept away the wheelhouse and steersman of a boat and shifted some ballast into the foc'stle, about three days ago.** [Len refers to some 'mischief'

caused by the power of water; the 'Diadem' - a Scottish fishing trawler that went down with all hands in 1918, and **the 'Louth disaster' – a flash flood that killed 23 people in 1920 in the Lincolnshire market town.]**

The tragic flash flood struck on 29 May after a Wolds stream, blocked by fallen trees, suddenly gave way. Without warning, the natural dam burst and released a four-metre-high wall of water that swept into the town.

Saturday 29 - Good breeze northwest**. Jimmy leaves us today. I wonder how things will turn out at the office now that he's been sacked.**

Sunday 30 - No more shrimping now. The season is about finished and the prawners are being laid up, either in dock or in the bay. My favourite enjoyment is gone. But still, I shall go out with them codding. In the winter it is hard and cold work. **But hardships make men and as long as I'm in a boat I don't care.**

Monday 31 – Our new Office Boy started today. I hope he's a bit better than Jimmy.

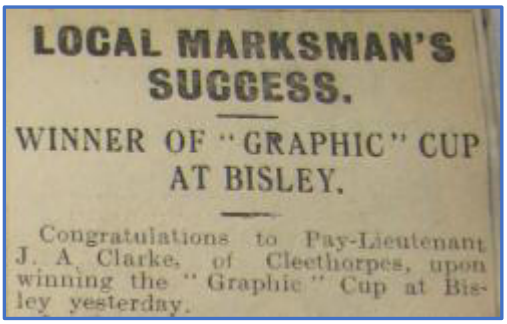
It is very cold today. **While cycling home in the dark I ran over a dog's tail. The dog was sitting on the road, and I did not see him.** He gave a terrible yelp and jumped half a mile or so, I nearly fell off my bike. It's blowing a gale now from the westard.

November 1921

Tuesday 1 - It's been a very big tide tonight, sweeping right up the slip. The waves have been making a tremendous noise, flapping down like a cannon shot. I also noticed a big ebb. One could walk nearly halfway out to the Ness Bouy today.

Went to the rifle range for a bit of practise. Did very well, got 90 out of 100. This is the fourth practise I've had.

I've just finished reading Monte Cristo by Dumas. It is a book and a half, indeed one of the best books I've read for some time. I didn't know if I was standing on my head or my heels after reading it.



LOCAL MARKSMAN'S SUCCESS.

WINNER OF "GRAPHIC" CUP AT BISLEY.

Congratulations to Pay-Lieutenant J. A. Clarke, of Cleethorpes, upon winning the "Graphic" Cup at Bisley yesterday.

Rifle shooting's popularity rose in the UK during the 1920s as a civilian sport. The First World War was a major factor, as many returning, trained soldiers saw marksmanship as a valuable skill and continued the practice for leisure.

Wednesday 2 - I see in this morning's paper the Thames has been overflowing itself. 3-foot of water above the ordinary tides. The same down here. Was talking to an old sailor on the slip tonight. He was telling me some capital yarns.

Thursday 3 - The roads are in an awful condition now, especially Fish Dock Road. Motors go rushing past and scatter mud all over the show. You can get a mud bath down docks, all for nothing. I don't use my bicycle this weather. French class was 7.30pm.

Saturday 5 - Up at 7am. I went cycling along the prom. Finished at 1:30 at the office. Been very busy this week. **It's Guy Fawkes Day today, expect to have some fun tonight. I bought some fireworks and masks for the boys. After tea, they set the fireworks off. That sort of thing just suited them. Such a commotion and scurrying when a jumping cracker got amongst them. Exhausted supplies at 7pm. Afterwards I went for a walk, watching the displays. Around one large bonfire I saw about 50 people, mostly boys, engaged in setting off their fireworks.** What a sight, what a row! Amid the smoke, I could see faces gleaming in the firelight and brilliant-coloured lights, bombs etc. bursting amidst cries of delight. At a first glance it seemed like a view of Heligoland!!! - ? [The Battle of Heligoland Bight was the first major naval engagement in WWI and was seen as a British victory]. Father arrived 9.30pm. Turned in 10pm.

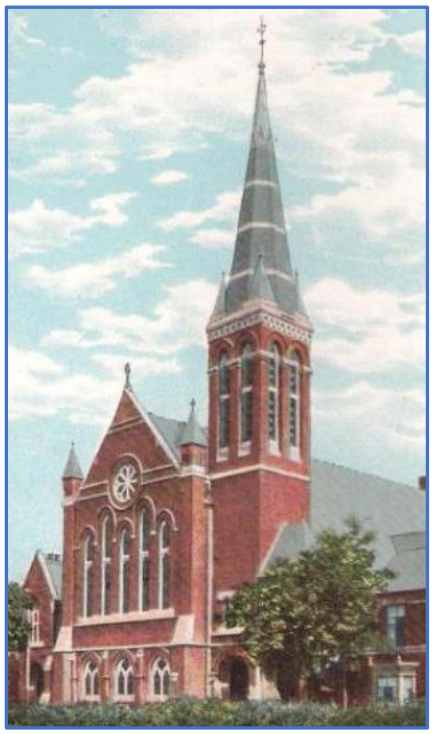
Sunday 6 – Early this morning we struck a hurricane, or rather, a hurricane struck Cleethorpes. The windows were rattling so much that I thought they would be blown in. Chimney pots and slates went down like nine pins and several trees in Alexandra Road were blown down. Squalls of rain and sleet followed each other in quick succession.

Went for a stroll along the prom; the sea was covered over with foam and flying spray. Our boats in the bay are alright, but the few moored off were going through it and looked like going under with each successive wave. The one remaining prawner was plunging and leaping in and out of the water. We should have had the weather in October when the equinoctial gales reckoned to start, however, it's making up for it now.

Breakfast at 8:00. I went down to the slip and was **astonished to see Mr Croft and his two sons, Jack and Ern (ages about 21 and 24 respectively), getting a boat ready for launching. What! Going out in this! I exclaimed Yes, going to try and save our boat, (which was moored half a mile out). "Can I come?", says I. "Yes, if you like". So, I jumped in and took the bow oar. The wind was howling as loud as ever, away to the norrard [north] the sky looked ominous. Leaving the slip, we got foul with a sunken boat but managed to get clear. After scraping over the top of a sandbank and being nearly swept on a breakwater we got amongst some of the roughest weather I've seen for some time. "**Lookout! She's coming!" Smack, slap as one wave struck us and the next minute, we were nearly half full. Mr Croft was bailing with a bucket, Jack was stroke and I was bow oar. I got it on the neck several times. **Without a doubt, if we had got it broadside on, we would have been capsized** in the twinkling of an eye. The *"Primrose"* was too heavy. She went through them instead of over them. With a big effort we got through the breakers and after half an hour strenuous rowing, we got alongside of our object, which was half full of water. Mr Croft leapt in, followed by Jack, we were just in time, for another 10 minutes she would have sunk. Now we turned our attention to getting back.

The waves swept us back fast enough and everything went well until we got among the broken water. Then, oh my word! Two big foaming breakers came in quick succession. We were both astern trying to keep her straight when the first one tumbled in and half-filled us. Ern had an oil frock on, but down his neck washed the water and down his mouth as well. I got soaken through as well in spite of my heavy waterproof. The second one more than the half-filled us but washed us at a good pace through the rough into the shallow water. **I am sure we would have had to swim for it, had we caught another wave.** We drifted down to the bay and waited for the others. They fared much better, and their boat was saved. (The reason we attempted this was because it was a new boat and they cost a good deal of money nowadays.) Talk about weather! Only a lifeboat would keep afloat there. Got changed.

They had an **appropriate hymn at chapel tonight,** "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep". The fury of the gale seems to be spent now.



*Len's place of worship was the large **Wesleyan Methodist Church** on **St Peter's Avenue,** Cleethorpes – now the site of the car park that leads to Cosgrove Street.*

Monday 7 - I see Mr Martin's aeroplane has been wrecked. I was the lookout for two nights, when a cylinder burst and she landed on the island. He was lucky that time.

*The Martin Aviation Company **staged aerial joy ride flights from Cleethorpes beach** in the 1920, 1921 and 1922 seasons.*

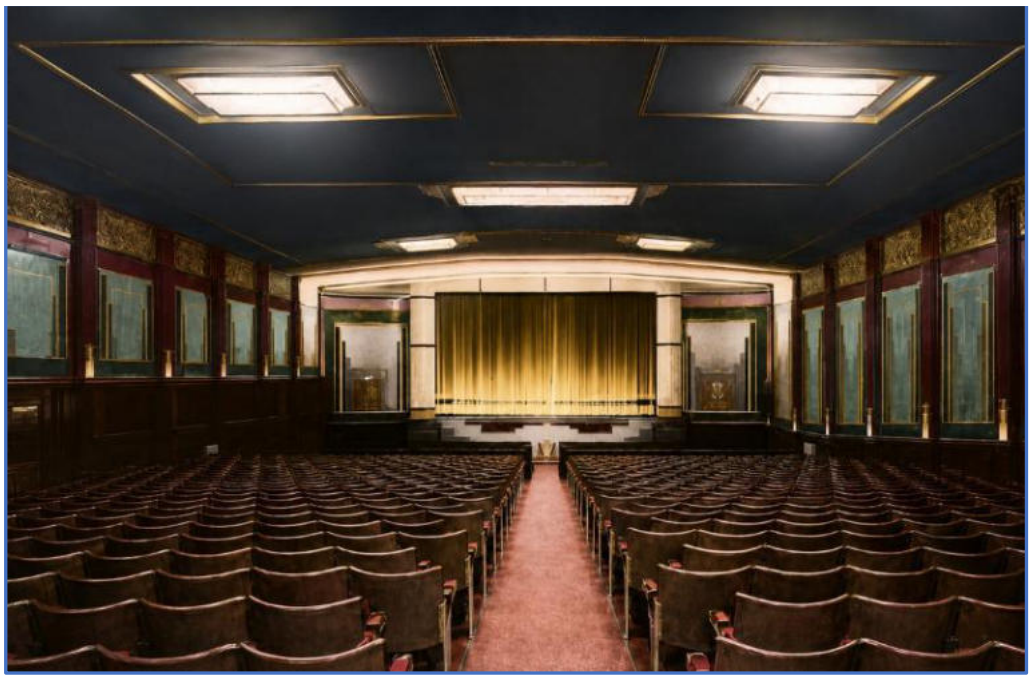
Bernard Martin ran the **Martin Aviation Company**. Flying was hazardous, and Martin had several close calls at Cleethorpes: his **aircraft was destroyed in a gale** in November 1921, and in June 1922 its replacement **caught fire in mid-air**, forcing him to jump clear. In July 1923, while performing aerobatics over Sydney Park for the Cleethorpes Carnival, an **undercarriage wheel fell off** and landed harmlessly in Poplar Road. He **emigrated to Canada in** 1929, continuing stunt and pleasure flying until June 1933, when he was killed after his **aircraft suddenly dived and burst into flames.** *Information: Lincs Inspire Local History Library*

Wednesday 9 - I found out that I was an acrobat this morning. The Kingsway was covered with a layer of ice (been freezing hard) but I went for my usual cycle ride before breakfast. When I tried to turn round, **down I went with the bike on top of me** and slid along the ice like a lamplighter. Father went at 6:45 tonight. Yesterday he was telling me that when I was young, I dropped some of his tools overboard to see if they would float. (I lost some good iron chisels like that I believe.)

Thursday 10 - Will be working late tonight at the office. (the **usual excuse for going on the spree**). Not much fish here. The trawlers have had it rough during the weekend. Finished 7pm. My bike has one good bad habit. (The lamp, I mean) once every night, just about Park Street it goes out. The rest of the time it is alright. French class 7:30 PM, but I arrived about 8. Everything is bathed in the silvery moonlight.

Friday 11 - Jack Frost in evidence this morning. **It's the third anniversary of the Armistice today and Flanders poppies (made in Flanders) are being sold in aid of ex-servicemen. At 11:00 o'clock everybody remains silent for two minutes.** Roasted a few chestnuts and read Garnett Bell: Tec by EH Bullivant. I'm shooting for a second team tomorrow.

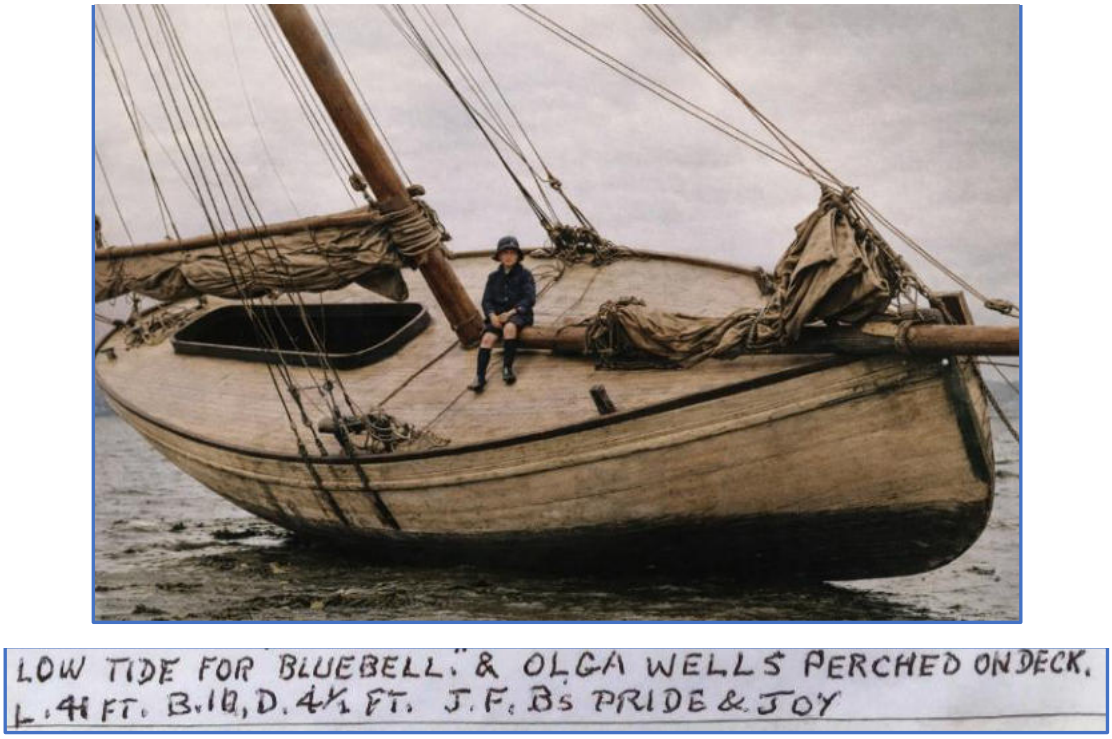
Saturday 12 - Finished at office at 1:30. Went to range at 3 o'clock and made 92. **I'm off to The Strand** to see the "Battle of Jutland". Jolly fine and interesting.



*The **Strand Cinema Theatre**, a premier Art Deco-styled venue, opened on 15 May 1911. It was **destroyed by enemy action** on 13 July 1943, a month after the notorious "Butterfly" bomb raid.*

Sunday 13 - Read JKJ's "Three men on the Brummel", and 6th Vol, which contained an account of the Jutland fight. I've read half a dozen accounts. I've seen it on the screen but I don't know what to believe. All different. Next time I see Admiral Beatty I shall have to ask him.

Monday 14 - Today in the "Mail" [Daily Mail newspaper], there appears to be an account of one of the crew of the "Quest". I have missed a fine thing, and I envy that sprout that's left on board. I'm a general secretary now. Bill has got me to write letters for him. I already write for father (and anybody that thinks I'm soft enough), but I would not mind a bit if I was paid for it.



"Bluebell", one of the Bewley's fleet.

Tuesday 15 - This morning's post was **a letter telling us that Maurice, my eldest brother, had been arrested for firing a revolver in the public square at Trieste** about the 5th of November. I expect he was celebrating Guy Fawkes Day with some of the boys abroad. Anyhow he is likely to get free board and lodgings for two or three months. That's a bright lookout, isn't it?

At 3:00 this afternoon, Mother received a telegram from Maurice saying he arrived at Dover about 2:00. Well, that was another surprise. At 9:30 PM, he arrived home and told us the story. It appears that on the 5th he went ashore with Ned and others for a lark around the town. As they were crossing the square on returning, **he fired this revolver to give his comrades a fright.** In a minute they were surrounded by 20 police and detectives who marched them to a courtyard, where they were all searched. With a yell, one of them found it. The others were let go and Maurice was marched to the gaol where he spent the night. The next day, his seabag and portmanteau (which was stolen at the Consulate) was put ashore, as the ship was sailing for Greece. In about a week, he was released through the kindness of M Tripcovitch and several shipowners. **Had he not been an Englishman, he would have had 3 months to do in gaol.** Anyhow, M Tripcovitch gave him some money to get home, and after coming through the Simplon Tunnel and Paris, he arrived at Dover. I stayed up till 12:00 listening to the yarns he had to tell. Quite a nice adventure I think and a good long journey over land to finish up with. Tonight, at the range I put the top score on for the second team, 95 was what I got and I'm pleased to see I'm still progressing.

Wednesday 16 - Maurice gave Miss Fawcett a bottle of Italian wine which he bought from Trieste.

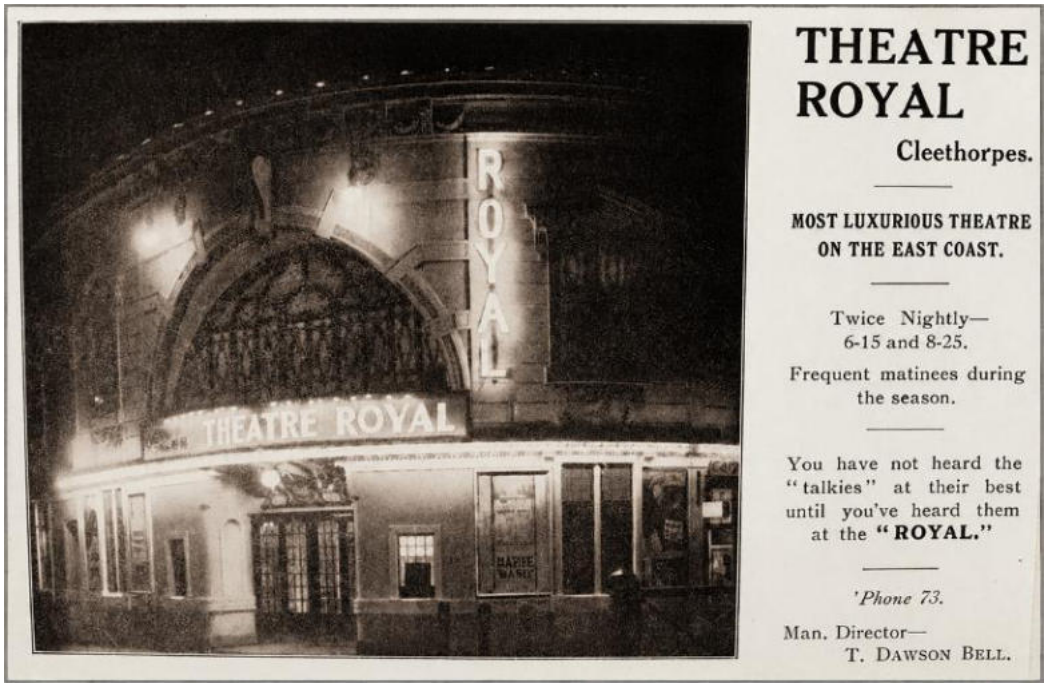
Saturday 19 - Read “Tour of the World in 80 Days” by Jules Vern. **I think anyone could go round the world in 8 days now that aeroplanes etc are in the running.** It only took Maurice two days to come from Trieste.

Sunday 20 - Several boats are out codding this morning. But I understand there is not much fish here. At Chapel tonight we had for a preacher Brahmin, the Rev. P Subrahmanyam. He was very interesting and his experiences made a big impression on the congregation.

Monday 21 - I've started skipping now. It is a good exercise. Cyril is taking a lively interest in his cod line, says he's going to get up at 6:00 in the morning, (which will be one of the seven wonders). Hark! What is that! There goes the fire engine rushing? past, with the bell, kicking up a row. I shall go out soon and see where the fire is. At 11:00 tonight, I'm going to be on the lookout for the shooting stars.

Wednesday 23 - Went to the new cinema (The Royal) tonight. It's a fine building and there was some good music on, including a cornet solo “Cherry Ripe”. **(Last year [actually 1919] it burned down to the ground. I stood and watched. It was a fine big blaze, and it lasted a good while).**

*The wooden **Royal Kinema was destroyed by a major fire** on 20 August 1919. There were no casualties, although the owner suffered minor burns while rescuing the unconscious projectionist.*



*It's replacement was the **Theatre Royal**, Grant Street, Cleethorpes which opened 27 October 1921.*

Thursday 24 - I've had a spill today. I was going to work (after dinner) and was turning round a corner rather sharp. The roads were wet, my bicycle skidded. After wiping the road up, I found myself in the gutter with the bike around my neck. The chain came off several times today. I got into a nice mess.

Friday 25 - Very foggy now. I can hear the ships in the Humber making a lot of music. There goes the Bull, then the Spurn, and the Middle float, reinforced by trawlers and steamships. This is the worst weather a sailor can have. (I should say it's like fighting a ghost.) Hope it clears up soon.

Len and companion taking time off until the flood tide returns with anticipation of more business for rowing boats.
Photo taken from Brighton St landing stage in 1924/5.

Len, possibly with some of his brothers.

Sunday 27 - Lovely and calm. Not a catspaw of wind. Wish I had a boat off now. I could row for miles this morning. Maurice and I had a few rounds boxing for practise. **Several fishermen have been laying their lines, but they're not making anything. Fish rather scarce this winter** and what little they catch they get practically nothing for it as it is very cheap down docks. Read "A Free Lance in a Far Land" by H. Compton. A good yarn.

Monday 28 - Tumbled too at 6:45. All hands rise and shine at 7:30. A Grimsby trawler arrived from the White Sea with a good cargo. Lucky to get away this time of the year from there. Ships are often frozen in during the winter.
Went to see the O'Mara Opera Company tonight in "Carmen." A very good piece. The toreador sang well, and Miss Enid Birkenhead was very graceful and sang splendid. She seemed quite young for a singer. The last opera I saw was "Maritana". It was fine. Two years ago, I saw "Il Trovatore". Altogether, it's a good company. Have booked seats for "Faust and Caviller Rusticana".

Tuesday 29 - At the office this morning. We had an animated discussion about operas. Fred's (our musical critic) opinion against Tims, (formerly, Battery Sergeant T Kemp). In the paper I see a case of piratical murdering - **When father and I brought the "Diadem" round from the Tyne last year we were chased by pirates.** (I told the office crowd this, and they didn't half laugh. Said I was worse than Tom Pepper. However, it's quite correct.

[According to 18th century naval slang, Tom Pepper was kicked out of hell for being a bigger liar than His Satanic Majesty.]

We were just past Redcar pier (keeping inside the reef of rocks) with a steady breeze northwest. It was about 10 or 11:00 PM and I was just turning in when father gave me a shout. I was up on deck like a shot**. Two boats were pulling furiously after us with about 6 men in each.** Starboard, starboard hard, shouted their leader which if we had done would have landed us on the rocks. However, my father saw their game. **Then they tried to board us.** I took the helm. Father caught up a boat hook**. "The first man who comes aboard, I'll put this through him",** says he. But they weren't having any. After 10 minutes we shook them off. But it was quite exciting while it lasted. At six next morning, I relieved father who had been steering all night. We were off Flamborough, with a fine breeze. Passing Flamborough, I should have changed my course and father came on deck at 10, with Flamborough far astern. What the!! – I found out **I was heading for Belgium.** But my word, it was a fine trip that! How well I remember it. My holiday in 1920 it was. From the Tyne to the Humber in 23 hours. Some sailing. Far different from my father's experience this year, when it took him a week and a half a day coming. Of that I will perhaps speak later.

At the rifle club tonight, I did very bad. Got 90. I took Maurice and I was very unsettled. I like to be alone when I'm shooting. Consoled myself by telling my fortune with cards, (Like they did in "Carmen"). Among other things they foretell a good score for me next week.

Wednesday 30 - Three of the children, **Collin, David and Lucy have gone to have their tonsils cut today.** Was seeing Mr Fletcher's new rifle tonight. Our house resembles a hospital now. All are doing well.

December 1921

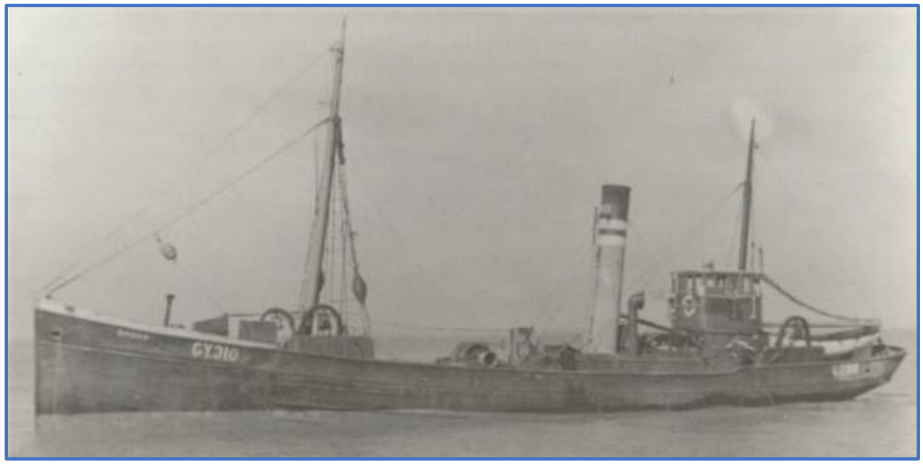
Thursday 1 – It will soon be Christmas! (I would like my tonsils cut, I think: what with holidays, bananas, eggs, etc the invalids are going on alright.)

Friday 2 - Have just finished "Dope" by Sax Rohmer. Gives an insight into drugs traffic in good style.

A fine officer has just gone under in India, Capt. F. Entwistle DSO, MC. Shot while leading his company in a counterattack against a body of Wazirs from Afghanistan. [This likely relates to the tribal unrest on the North-West Frontier that continued after the Third Anglo-Afghan War of 1919 when British Indian Army forces of the British Raj, including Gurkha regiments, were engaged in sporadic fighting with Afghan and Waziri groups along the borderlands during 1919–1921.] It's wintry weather now. Cold and desolate at Cleethorpes.

Saturday 3 - Earnest, our office boy, is a comic cuts and lot o' fun rolled in to one. His hair is like heaven, (there's no parting there) and takes size 8,9,10's, in boots. Finished for week at 1.30pm.

Albert's football fever has worn off now. (No moreee playee some moree). He's going to see **Town v Kettering in cup-tie match.** Queen Mabs *[Mabel]* has got the tantrums again – poor old Bill. Skipping exercises after tea. I see the "Douro" is in port again. Must have been a long voyage; Iceland or White Sea. Town did bad. Drew 1-1.



GY310 Douro was built 1897 for the Ocean Steam Trawling Co, Grimsby. It was requisitioned by the Royal Navy as a Fishery Reserve in 1917, had four further owners before being scrapped in 1937.

Credit: https://www.deepseatrawlers.co.uk/index.php/grimsby-trawlers-a-z/#letter-D

Len's comments under an image of a sailing trawler, ***"This is the old type of trawler before steam came into prominence. A lot of them used to get wrecked. Spurn and Cleethorpes used to be strewn with wreckage in stormy weather."***

Monday 5 - I went to see Faust tonight. It was absolutely the best performance I have ever seen.

Tuesday 6 - Yes, there's no mistake, it was a fine opera. Am going to see "Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci" tonight. Shall go to the rifle club on Thursday or Friday. "Cavalleria" was good but not half as good as Faust. I shall go see "Tannhauser" on Friday all being well. It will be the last opera I will see for a number of years.

Wednesday 7 - Roads are in awful condition. Showers of rain are frequent. **Mabel got married today. Poor old Bill!** Plenty of cake knocking around, mince pies etc (s'alright). I evidently ate plenty because I was dreaming all night. Very nice dream it was, but there is only one person that I would tell it too.

Thursday 8 - Just read in the 'Daily Mail' how **Admiral Sturdee nabbed von Spee.** [This entry mentions the British defeat of German forces at the Battle of the Falkland Islands in 1914, a revenge victory led by Admiral Sturdee against Admiral von Spee's fleet.]

Grimsby Town is playing Kettering away, and the office staff are on pins and needles to know how they are getting on. (There is a sweep stake on the result). At 3, they look at their watches and wonder. Then Jack Sutherland comes in and says the score is 3-0 at half-time. At 4 the report is 1-0. At 4.45 a paper boy is heard, (out they rush) ah! Sold again. Only the half-time score is in 0-0. Albert rings up the [phone] exchange and asks the girl there. No, she has not heard. At 5.30 someone says its 1-0, (Fred jumps for joy) then Tom says its 2-0. It proved to be 2-0. No French tonight for me. I'm off to the rifle club. Just put up a good score – 98.

SHOOTING OFF FOR THE KING'S PRIZE.—Lieutenant-Colonel Marchment, 1st London Regiment, and Armourer-Sergeant King, late R.M.A., shooting off their tie for the King's Prize at Bisley. Colonel Marchment won the prize by one point.

Friday 9 - Fred took me to his house for tea. Played two of Caruso's records before leaving for the theatre. [**Enrico Caruso** was one of the most popular artists of 1920, becoming the world's globally recognised recording star. His recording career lasted 18 years until his death in 1921.] He has got a very good gramophone and the best of records. Mr Bellamy accompanied us to the theatre. "Tannhauser" is on tonight. "Tannhauser" was very good indeed. **But "Faust" beats them all up to now. I shall always remember it.** The Opera Company finishes tomorrow, and I guess I will have to pull up a bit. I'm not a millionaire yet! (or ever likely to be) Reached home 10.45pm. Turned in 11.30 after eating about 12 biscuits with cheese.

Saturday 10 - The tram which I was coming home on, broke down and had to be pushed along by the next one. Took half an hour longer than usual.

Sunday 11 - Was climbing all over this morning. I put a tin on the truck of the flagstaff and tried to knock it off. Read a good yarn this morning. "The Pirate of Panama" by W McL. Paine.
It's a fine morning. Calm, with a distant haze. At sea, it's a proper Sunday morning – calm and peaceful. I've spent some happy times at sea; not a breath of wind, sun shining, seabirds calling and the boat rolling to the slight swell with the sails idly

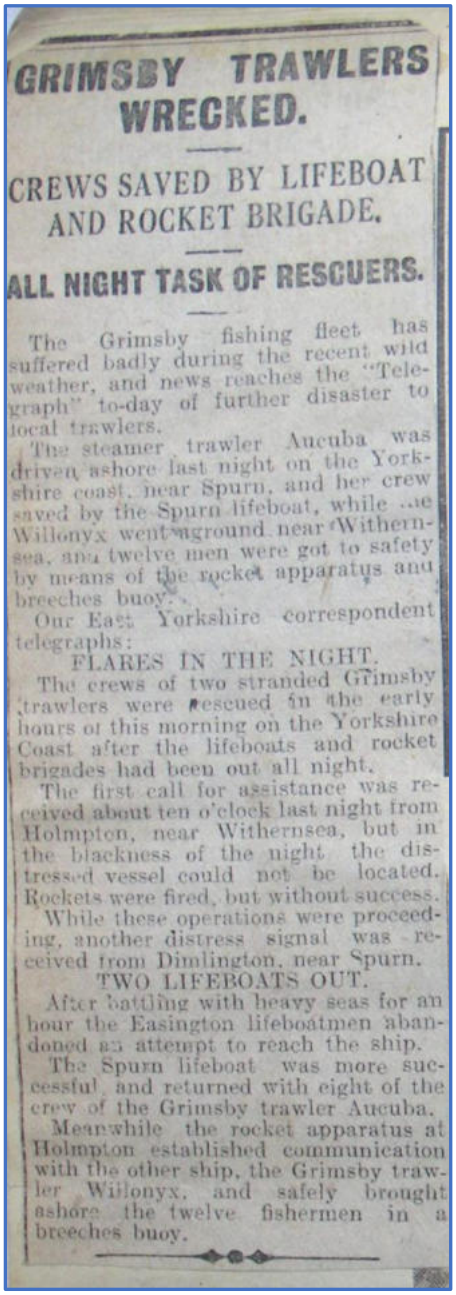
flapping. Ah! The memory of my happy days set me sighing. Dinner 1.30, Tea for tea at 5.30. Chapel at 6.

~~ Missing entries ~~

1922

January 1922

Monday 23 - The Pope died during the weekend. A lot of election squabble in the papers. The influenza is getting worse.



GRIMSBY TRAWLERS WRECKED.

CREWS SAVED BY LIFEBOAT AND ROCKET BRIGADE.

ALL NIGHT TASK OF RESCUERS.

The Grimsby fishing fleet has suffered badly during the recent wild weather, and news reaches the "Telegraph" to-day of further disaster to local trawlers.

The steamer trawler Aucuba was driven ashore last night on the Yorkshire coast, near Spurn, and her crew saved by the Spurn lifeboat, while the Willonyx went aground near Withernsea, and twelve men were got to safety by means of the rocket apparatus and breeches buoy.

Our East Yorkshire correspondent telegraphs:

FLARES IN THE NIGHT.

The crews of two stranded Grimsby trawlers were rescued in the early hours of this morning on the Yorkshire Coast after the lifeboats and rocket brigades had been out all night.

The first call for assistance was received about ten o'clock last night from Holmpton, near Withernsea, but in the blackness of the night the distressed vessel could not be located. Rockets were fired, but without success.

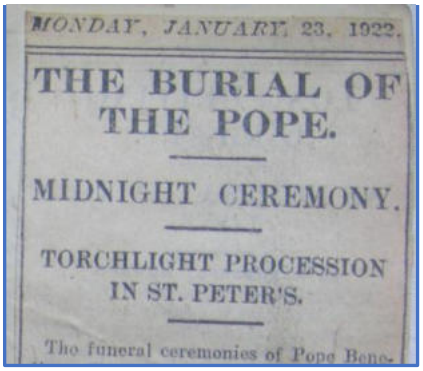
While these operations were proceeding, another distress signal was received from Dimlington, near Spurn.

TWO LIFEBOATS OUT.

After battling with heavy seas for an hour the Easington lifeboatmen abandoned an attempt to reach the ship.

The Spurn lifeboat was more successful, and returned with eight of the crew of the Grimsby trawler Aucuba.

Meanwhile the rocket apparatus at Holmpton established communication with the other ship, the Grimsby trawler Willonyx, and safely brought ashore the twelve fishermen in a breeches buoy.



MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1922.

THE BURIAL OF THE POPE.

MIDNIGHT CEREMONY.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN ST. PETER'S.

The funeral ceremonies of Pope Bene-

Thursday 26 – Blowing in gusts from ESE with fine rain. All oilskins and sou'westers this weather. **Very cold. No coal at office, no fire. No wood or anything.** Fred claps eyes on an old box and nearly kills himself in trying to break it up. Anyhow I came to the rescue with a dozen old cardboard boxes. (Saved the situation).

A pleasant surprise at dinner time. **A letter from little "Brown Eyes" and my new gramophone has just come.** About 7 o'clock I unpacked it and when everybody collected round, put "Carminetta" on. A very decent gramophone it is. **Baby sat on the table and was flabbergasted. Rita wanted to see the men inside it and John will just be in his element, learning the comic songs.**

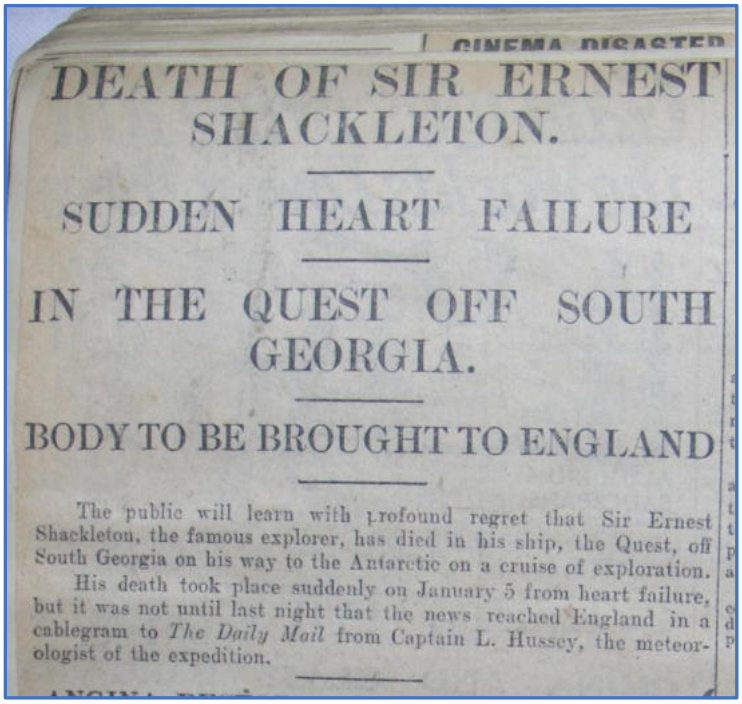
Typical 1920's gramophone and 78 r.p.m. record. (Trademark copyright 'His Masters Voice'.)

Saturday 28 – Still blowing – ESE with fine rain. **Four Grimsby trawlers have been driven ashore on Yorkshire coast. Each one is expected to become a total wreck.** Wrote to "Brown Eyes" today which took all the afternoon up. Bought one of Galli Gerschi's records tonight.

I hear the "Bonfield" had a rough trip coming home a fortnight ago. Black Sea to Antwerp with grain, then Newcastle. Ran into NW gale off Flambro' and could make no headway. Old man [skipper] put both hooks [anchors] out but she dragged them 25 miles past Spurn. Was flying two red lights and trawlers were standing by. Greenbacks sweeping over Marconi House and saloon on fire. Got round to the Tyne 5 days later, after a terrific struggle. (Father said, "Why didn't he run behind Flamboro'?" but the cook told Maurice that the old man lost his head and the mate was not much better).

Sunday 29 – Mother is 45 today. Had the gramophone on after tea. Father does not like gramophones, says he likes to hear the real thing or none at all.

Monday 30 – Very surprising and sad news from Monte Video this morning. Shackleton died on board the "Quest" on Jan 5th, while she was anchored off South Georgia. Capt. F Wild will carry on as leader of the expedition. Was speaking to Mr Fletcher today. Fish making high prices after heavy weather. Father goes back north tonight. Cards from 7 till 9.



CINEMA DISASTER

DEATH OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

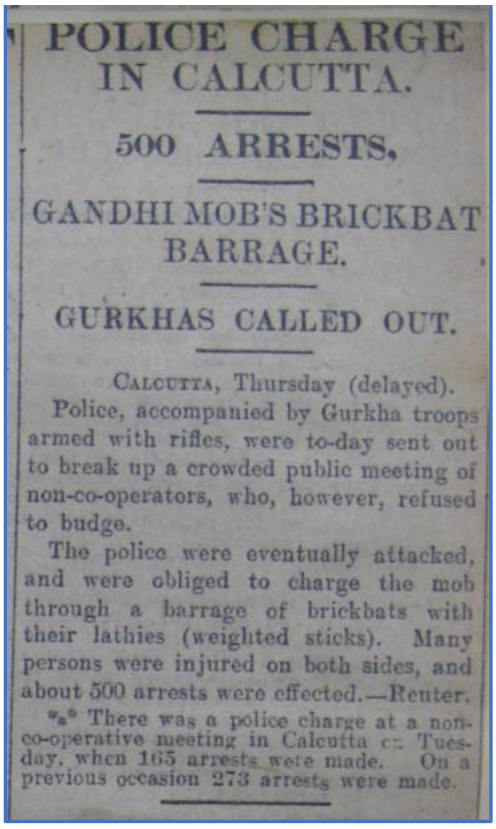
SUDDEN HEART FAILURE

IN THE QUEST OFF SOUTH GEORGIA.

BODY TO BE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND

The public will learn with profound regret that Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous explorer, has died in his ship, the Quest, off South Georgia on his way to the Antarctic on a cruise of exploration.

His death took place suddenly on January 5 from heart failure, but it was not until last night that the news reached England in a cablegram to *The Daily Mail* from Captain L. Hussey, the meteorologist of the expedition.



POLICE CHARGE IN CALCUTTA.

500 ARRESTS.

GANDHI MOB'S BRICKBAT BARRAGE.

GURKHAS CALLED OUT.

CALCUTTA, Thursday (delayed).

Police, accompanied by Gurkha troops armed with rifles, were to-day sent out to break up a crowded public meeting of non-co-operators, who, however, refused to budge.

The police were eventually attacked, and were obliged to charge the mob through a barrage of brickbats with their lathies (weighted sticks). Many persons were injured on both sides, and about 500 arrests were effected.—Reuter.

*** There was a police charge at a non-co-operative meeting in Calcutta on Tuesday, when 165 arrests were made. On a previous occasion 273 arrests were made.

*The intense, often violent, struggle for **Indian independence from Britain** lasted roughly **90 to 100 years**, spanning from the Indian Rebellion of 1857 (often considered the first major uprising) until the final transfer of power in 1947.*

Tuesday 31 – Was down at the slip **[Brighton slipway]** talking to fishermen at 7.30. Just off **codding.** Wish I was going. Am writing a book, comprising my father's experiences.

Name	Boat
Stan Upcraft	Retriever
Ernie Farrow	Better Hope
Tom Broughton	Lead Us
Fred & Bob Cook	Energy
The Stratton Brothers	Rock of Ages
Ted West	Peggy
Jack West	Triumph
Jack Croft	Perseverance
Joe Chidwick	Unity
Jack Priestley	Winifred
George Perrin	Shepherd Lad

Just some of the "colourful characters" who spent their lives inshore fishing around the Humber. This is only a partial list, including a few names mentioned in Len's journal, and there are many other local families that have been closely associated with inshore fishing.

Credit: Raking up the Past by James Dales

February 1922

Wednesday 1 – Busy at office, fish making high prices. The writing of "The Mate of Mary-Ann" is going on alright. I done 10 pages up to now. Forgot to mention that **Alf Miller cut half his thumb away** this afternoon. He is foreman downstairs and was filleting at the time. I tied it up with a few strips of handkerchief.

Thursday 2 – Fish dear again. Sat up till 11 o'clock relating war experiences. Bombs at Dunkirk, London etc, the destroyers after Jutland battle, last Zepp raid at Cleethorpes and all sorts of exciting yarns.

Monday 6 – There's plenty of **foot and mouth disease** about (so don't go kicking or kissing too much).

Wednesday 8 – I was down in the **fish house** today and Jim was monkeying about, so I threw a big cod's tail at him and caught him in the eye. He didn't half do a bunk. The **trams broke down** tonight coming home. I walked from Blundell St [now Avenue] – 1 ½ miles – a nice walk.

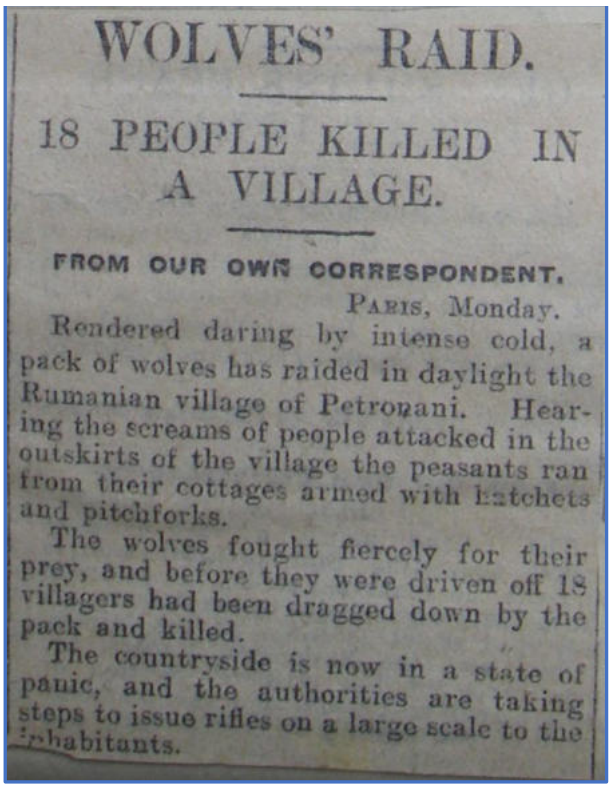
Thursday 9 – There's a nice mess up in Ireland. They are an awful lot. **The kids have got the marble craze now.** All day you can see the dirty little guttersnipes playing up to their

neck in mud and water. I hear Davy is a champion player. **The boss says he is going to tour N. Wales in his Rover when he gets his holidays.**

BATHER FIGHTS SHARK.

A PLUCKY RESCUE.

SYDNEY, Sunday.—While swimming in the sea at Coogee, a seaside resort near Sydney, Michael Coghlan, aged 18 years, was attacked by a shark and had both his arms almost severed from the body. A returned soldier named Jack Chalmers, although dazed by falling from the rocks, with magnificent courage swam out to the rescue and dragged Coghlan from the monster's jaws. Eye-witnesses assisted Coghlan ashore, but he died on the beach in view of thousands of horrified spectators. It is declared by these that Chalmers' conduct was comparable with deeds which have gained the Victoria Cross.—Reuter.



WOLVES' RAID.

18 PEOPLE KILLED IN A VILLAGE.

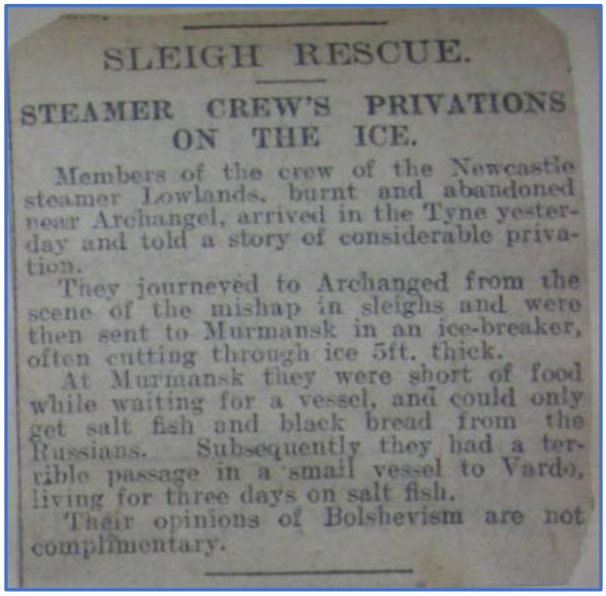
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Monday.

Rendered daring by intense cold, a pack of wolves has raided in daylight the Rumanian village of Petronani. Hearing the screams of people attacked in the outskirts of the village the peasants ran from their cottages armed with hatchets and pitchforks.

The wolves fought fiercely for their prey, and before they were driven off 18 villagers had been dragged down by the pack and killed.

The countryside is now in a state of panic, and the authorities are taking steps to issue rifles on a large scale to the inhabitants.



SLEIGH RESCUE.

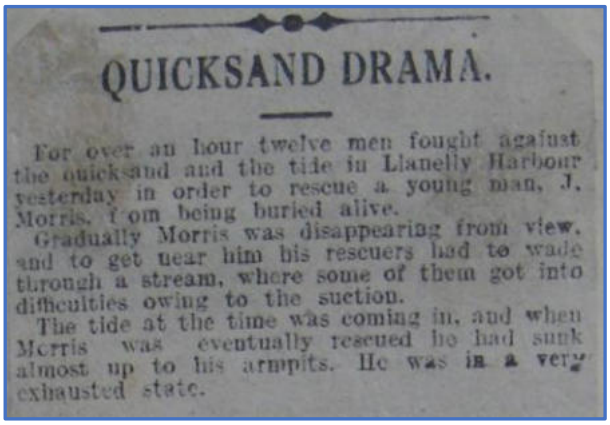
STEAMER CREW'S PRIVATIONS ON THE ICE.

Members of the crew of the Newcastle steamer Lowlands, burnt and abandoned near Archangel, arrived in the Tyne yesterday and told a story of considerable privation.

They journeyed to Archanged from the scene of the mishap in sleighs and were then sent to Murmansk in an ice-breaker, often cutting through ice 5ft. thick.

At Murmansk they were short of food while waiting for a vessel, and could only get salt fish and black bread from the Russians. Subsequently they had a terrible passage in a small vessel to Vardo, living for three days on salt fish.

Their opinions of Bolshevism are not complimentary.



QUICKSAND DRAMA.

For over an hour twelve men fought against the quicksand and the tide in Llanelly Harbour yesterday in order to rescue a young man, J. Morris, from being buried alive.

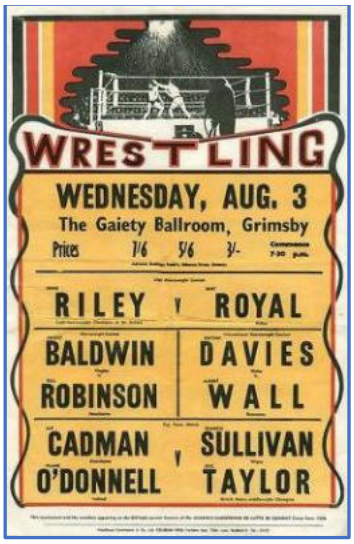
Gradually Morris was disappearing from view, and to get near him his rescuers had to wade through a stream, where some of them got into difficulties owing to the suction.

The tide at the time was coming in, and when Morris was eventually rescued he had sunk almost up to his armpits. He was in a very exhausted state.

Sunday 12 – Up at 7.30. Walking along the prom. Talking to one of the codmen. Plenty of fish in the river. **Billy got up 8.30 then went along to the marine lake (2 miles)** [This may have been a lake amongst the sand dunes in the area that later became the boating lake.] Frozen over hard so we went sliding about. There was about 4 skaters down, my word they could go. I hear the Town [Mariners] won again – against Durham – 5-1. They

are coming on alright. **Yesterday, I forgot to mention that 10 aeroplanes flew over here. One of them landed on the island and asked for directions etc. It was a fine 'plane; new and glittered in the sunlight. He passed in front of the house and I saw him fine. (It appears they were coming from Ireland to Cranwell [in south Lincolnshire] and had missed their aerodrome).** Gramophone and writing tonight.

Monday 13 – **It is Davey's birthday today. He is 9 years old.** Had a ticket given me so at 7 I **decided to go to the Gaiety. 5 or 6 boxing contests on**, some good sport. 1 K.O, 1 broken thumb. **Just managed to get the last car [tram] and landed home 11.30**. Some fine herring roes for supper.



*Later in its life, the **Gaiety** was also used to host **wrestling** tournaments.*

Tuesday 14 – **Valentines Day today and I've clean forgot to send anything to _____.** Never mind! **Maurice came at 6.30 this morning from the Tyne, he's got a 12,000-ton oil tanker, sailing soon for Mexico,** expects to be away 8 months; going as quartermaster (Wish I was going).

A comedy on the slip – **At 7.30 I was down on the slip, talking to Mr Kirman. A brown paper parcel 1'x6' was floating near so I yanked it out. "Open it" says he. "No not I". "It might be some money inside," says he. Open it yourself, I replied. No fear! Don wouldn't open it either.** Presently, another of the fishermen came down, but he wouldn't open it. Then old Bill Harper came on the scene and was persuaded to open it. Cut the string, took paper off, revealing a sack with something wrapped up in the bottom. Everybody was grouped round waiting. All of a sudden – what a smell, I said. Bill gently gets to the bottom and finds a dead cat. They chucked it back in the sea.

At the office this morning, the typewriter fell to pieces when I touched it. After a struggle and many failures, I got it mended about 10 o'clock. What a game it was. At the rifle club tonight. I made 97. Mr Clark made 100.

*This poem was **written by Len** on Jan 31st. Was this what he **forgot to send to** _____ on Valentine's Day? The girl's identity has never been revealed in his memoirs, though he does mention **'Brown Eyes'.***

Oh! Girl divine with eyes of lovely hue, Oh! Sweetheart mine, For ever I'll be true."

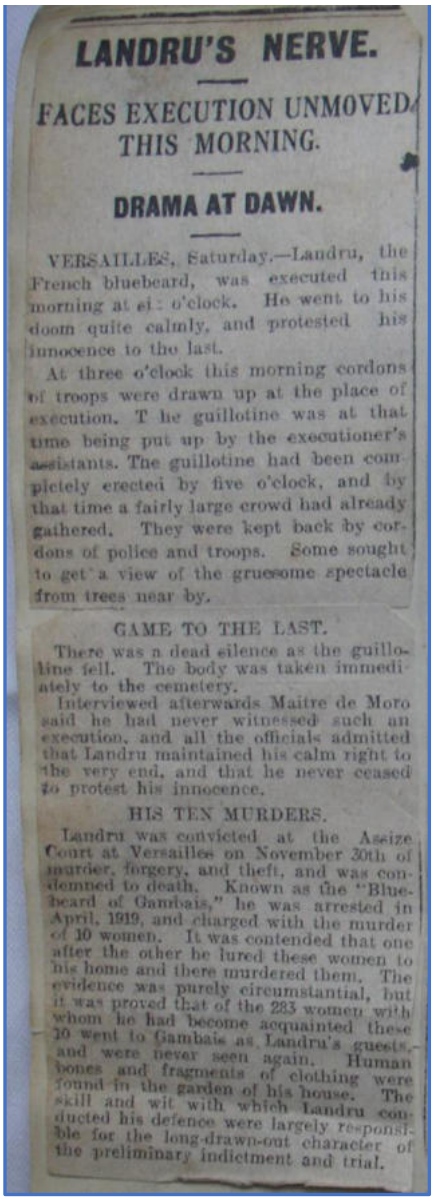
Speak to me only with thine eyes, Outshining far, the deep blue skies. Could I forever behold that tender gaze, And the rose red lips of your matchless face.

I never knew how dear you were, until we kissed that day, I never knew I loved you so, Until you went away.

The summer sun will cease to shine, The skies will lose their blue, When I forget my Valentine, My Heart's delight, that's you.
L.B.

Saturday 18 – Ena was waiting for me this morning, about 7.30 so we went outside with a ball and we had a game of football down on the prom. **She's a proper little tomboy.** At dinner time, I cooked a Finney on the galley fire – I mean the office fire – and yaffled it in no time. Very nice it was. **What a lot of children go to the pictures nowadays**. **Coming home I passed a big queue of them at the Coliseum** - I should not like to think of the consequences if the place took fire. Was down on the beach playing cricket and footer with the boys this afternoon. Bought another record "Gems from Faust". Sketching the "Mabel" tonight and writing.
When I was playing cricket, I put my coat and trilby on the sand. I had put John out with a duck and had just started batting and the next I looked **there was my trilby floating in a pool of salt water.** John rescued it.

Despite the date "1920" appearing on the attractive frontage of The Coliseum on Cleethorpes High Street, it actually opened as a cinema in 1914.
It is now a Wetherspoons public house.



LANDRU'S NERVE.

FACES EXECUTION UNMOVED THIS MORNING.

DRAMA AT DAWN.

VERSAILLES, Saturday.—Landru, the French bluebeard, was executed this morning at ei: o'clock. He went to his doom quite calmly, and protested his innocence to the last.

At three o'clock this morning cordons of troops were drawn up at the place of execution. T he guillotine was at that time being put up by the executioner's assistants. The guillotine had been completely erected by five o'clock, and by that time a fairly large crowd had already gathered. They were kept back by cordons of police and troops. Some sought to get a view of the gruesome spectacle from trees near by.

GAME TO THE LAST.

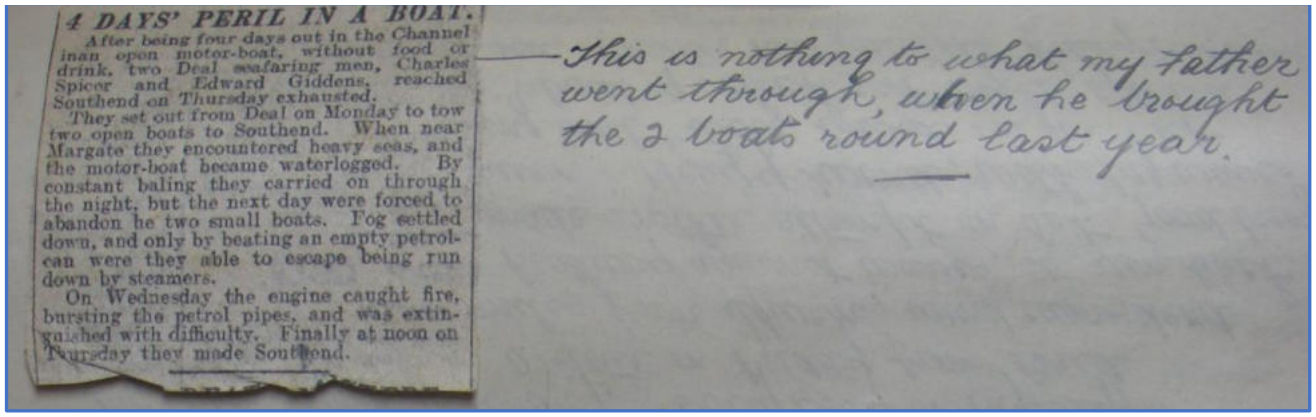
There was a dead silence as the guillotine fell. The body was taken immediately to the cemetery.

Interviewed afterwards Maitre de Moro said he had never witnessed such an execution, and all the officials admitted that Landru maintained his calm right to the very end, and that he never ceased to protest his innocence.

HIS TEN MURDERS.

Landru was convicted at the Assize Court at Versailles on November 30th of murder, forgery, and theft, and was condemned to death. Known as the "Bluebeard of Gambais," he was arrested in April, 1919, and charged with the murder of 10 women. It was contended that one after the other he lured these women to his home and there murdered them. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but it was proved that of the 283 women with whom he had become acquainted these 10 went to Gambais as Landru's guests, and were never seen again. Human bones and fragments of clothing were found in the garden of his house. The skill and wit with which Landru conducted his defence were largely responsible for the long-drawn-out character of the preliminary indictment and trial.

February 23 1922



4 DAYS' PERIL IN A BOAT.

After being four days out in the Channel in an open motor-boat, without food or drink, two Deal seafaring men, Charles Spicer and Edward Giddens, reached Southend on Thursday exhausted.

They set out from Deal on Monday to tow two open boats to Southend. When near Margate they encountered heavy seas, and the motor-boat became waterlogged. By constant baling they carried on through the night, but the next day were forced to abandon he two small boats. Fog settled down, and only by beating an empty petrol-can were they able to escape being run down by steamers.

On Wednesday the engine caught fire, bursting the petrol pipes, and was extinguished with difficulty. Finally at noon on Thursday they made Southend.

This is nothing to what my father went through, when he brought the 2 boats round last year.

Sunday 19 – Oh, what a row the kids are making. It's impossible to write when they are carrying on.

On Saturday 23 July 1921, father left the Tyne with 2 open boats. One a motor boat had a mast rigged up, for the engine was undependable and practically useless. The

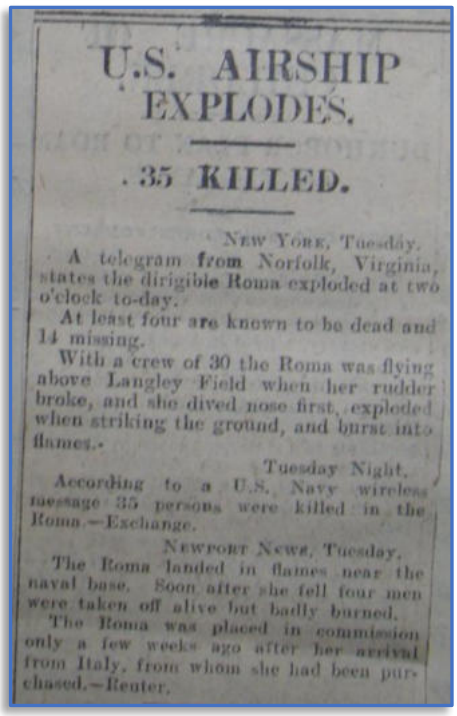
other was a 2 masted ships lifeboat from SS Glastonbury, 32 ft long, "Edna" by name but only temporary sails. No jib or staysail, just lug and mizzen. Outside the piers, a good breeze was blowing NW and they towed the motor boat (Father had Mr Wilson with him – as useless as year old baby) a few miles when it started blowing hard. The boats stood it well. Heavy seas were running when they were abreast of Sunderland. **A tugboat hailed them to see if they wanted help. "Better shelter here; It'll be worse later on", he yelled. "Look out here's a rope, I tow you in". So, they got into Sunderland for the night.** Left next morning. Breeze NE. Turned into a gale. Terrific seas. (Here is an extract from letter. "*Bridlington Thurs 28 July 1921. One thing is certain. We are quite safe, so are the boats. How I saved the two in the NE gale is marvellous. 2 nights and 3 days without food and sleep. My eyes gave out after that. Only super seamanship saved the two of the boats, which are both open; and you know what a sea a NE wind makes of Whitby.*"

Yes, that's so, we were nearly wrecked there in 1912. We got that letter about Saturday – after they reached Brid [Bridlington]. At Brid they got quite chummy with some youngsters and renewed their acquaintance, after making the next attempt. My father could have abandoned the motor boat which would have made things a lot easier, but he wouldn't give in. No, he stuck to his guns like a hero. **Anyhow they were blown out of their course, and for 3 days they were tossing about on mountainous waves, with the other boat in tow and in danger of rushing down on them any minute and sinking them.** My father says only super-seamanship saved them from certain death. Mr Wilson – who lay in the bottom of the boat sick – gave a fine but terrible account of their adventure. Mr Wilson was just going to drink the last of the water when father ordered him to put it down. "You might want it very badly before were finished," he said. That night there was a heavy dew. **"Now if you want a drink, see those dewdrops on the boom." So, Mr Wilson licked them off in no time and satisfied his thirst for a time.** The towrope parted several times, but they had an extra line out each time. They struggled in to Brid on Tuesday. Father nearly collapsed. At 12 we got a wire – "Arrived safe. Am writing. Experienced awful weather". Next day (27 July 1921) another wire. "Left Bridlington. Expect home tonight." A splendid meal was got ready in anticipation of their arrival. But no, and next day no, and same next day. Everybody in Highcliffe terribly anxious. A letter on Friday from Brid. "After getting 4 miles from Spurn, wind came dead against us SE. No headway against waves, so run back to Brid." They made another attempt on Saturday. Good breeze but S. Reached Spurn, Heavy wind with big waves. Hailed a motor fishing boat and were towed in for 10 shillings [£25]. **They staggered in about 9 o'clock on Saturday night, after a week and one day at sea. (Father had a fortnights holiday but one week now gone.)**

1927
SAFE IN HARBOUR.—Mr. J. F. Bewley, of Cleethorpes (inset), in harbour at Bridlington with his three craft, which twice went adrift and had to be rescued during a perilous voyage from the Tyne.
—Daily Mail.

One of John Bewley's east coast sailing adventures.

Wednesday 22 – The papers are mostly taken up with Prince of Wales, Princess Mary and the Pope nowadays, Irish, Indian and Palestine trouble, as well as Egypt. The Top season has started now. Big tops, small tops, brown tops etc etc. **Tonight I went to the [Theatre] Royal. It was a fine show. The serial "The Count of Monte Cristo"** has just started. Its fine. A chap playing the piano with one hand and the flute with the other.



U.S. AIRSHIP EXPLODES.

35 KILLED.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

A telegram from Norfolk, Virginia, states the dirigible Roma exploded at two o'clock to-day.

At least four are known to be dead and 14 missing.

With a crew of 30 the Roma was flying above Langley Field when her rudder broke, and she dived nose first, exploded when striking the ground, and burst into flames.

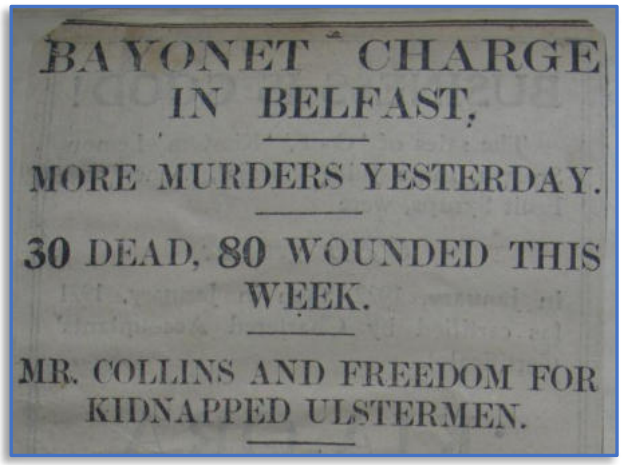
Tuesday Night.

According to a U.S. Navy wireless message 35 persons were killed in the Roma.—Exchange.

NEWPORT NEWS, Tuesday.

The Roma landed in flames near the naval base. Soon after she fell four men were taken off alive but badly burned.

The Roma was placed in commission only a few weeks ago after her arrival from Italy, from whom she had been purchased.—Reuter.



BAYONET CHARGE IN BELFAST,

MORE MURDERS YESTERDAY.

30 DEAD, 80 WOUNDED THIS WEEK.

MR. COLLINS AND FREEDOM FOR KIDNAPPED ULSTERMEN.

"What a lot of fine chaps have been lost in the advancement of civilisation".

Thursday 23 – **Another airship disaster.** Tonight, at French, only 4 of us turned up. **Mr Phelps was in the Chums and was in the breaking of the Hindenburg Line in 1918. He told me about it in fine style.** Mr Fawcett has told me yarns about the RGA in France [Royal Garrison Artillery – operating big guns for long range bombardment]. Tim Kemp, Alf Miller (prisoner o' war), Bill Hotson of Kut fame, Alf Hudson and all the other chaps at the Medina have told some ripping yarns of the war.

Friday 24 – Promenading 7.30. Several codders scudding about. The officers have been feasting their eyes on "London to Baghdad" girls as they pass down the street.

Saturday 25 – 7.30 I was playing football with Ena and Roy in the garage yard. **Lucy's birthday today – she is 7 years old.** At the office this morning, Jim put a plate glass window out, acrobating with a box. That's second time it's been smashed (£1 a time, it costs) [£73].

Sunday 26 – Down on the slip at 7.30. Discovered **Mr Croft getting ready for codding** – Tres Bon. I hurried off home, made a flask of cocoa and with some bread and cheese in ma poche, was all ready. Set sail. A fine big breeze. Put 2 reefs in, scudded down in fine style, with me at the tiller. [If a wind is too strong for a sailing vessel, the sail would be reefed i.e. reduced in height by securing it to the boom of the mast.] **Shoot 3 packs of lines** and start for shore again. Blowing half a gale in now. Put another reef in. It's getting tough now. She raced back, shipping seas and wetting everyone with the flying spray. I had no sou'wester & Billie's soldier coat. Anyhow, some hot cocoa out of my "Thermos" was passed round which warmed things up. We fetched up about 100 fathoms from the cage and then set another 3 packs which were got out in good time. "Look out for squalls now", said Mr Croft. "Yes, you'll need that coat collar up". She set off, the small lug straining, making her bound away like a greyhound tugging at the leash. Splash! We took in half the Humber. My hair was soaked and my trousers. She kept shipping them until we were well under the lee and did not catch so much wind. "See those cloud fragments flying low down – that means rain and wind," says Mr Croft to me. [With no wireless set at home, the only weather guidance available was the short-range forecast you could glean by simply looking up at the sky.] Soon after we landed, it started raining but I enjoyed that trip more than I can say. Although wet through, I'm as happy as a king.

Mr Croft is bringing his prawner out soon. The codding season has lasted out well (generally till end of Jan) and the prawning season starts in March. Then what delight! Read "The Refugees" by Conan Doyle. I see he makes reference to a brig called the "Industry". My grandfather had a brig called the "Industry" and a schooner called the "Morning Star". Turned in at 9 o'clock.

Tuesday 28 – **Outside, it's nothing but 'wedding'. You see Princess Mary is getting married today.** Talking to the fishermen at 7.30. Old Bill Harper was spinning some yarns. "Did you get your hair dry?", sang out Mr Croft. "It was a rough 'un". [At 11 o'clock

Len recalls him daydreaming about a world cruise – crossing the Atlantic, blue lagoons, fruit in abundance and no troubles.]

Mr Clark told us of a peculiar incident. **The mate of the "Atmosphere" was swept overboard and drowned. Among his effects was 2 oranges (effects handed to Board of Trade). Next trip, the new mate was drowned, but his body was recovered. In his pocket were 2 oranges – a strange coincidence.**

PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING.

TO-DAY'S BRILLIANT SCENE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

LONDON'S BIG WELCOME TO THE HAPPY COUPLE.

March 1922

Wednesday 1 – Mrs King and Mrs Dawson (2 fogies) came round tonight and stop me writing. Perforce to cards.

Thursday 2 – French at 7.30. On leaving at 9, I went round to the shooting club as there's an important match coming on. **Hurrah! I've just put my first 100 on at 25 yards, and in the 'national' too!** Arrived home at 11.30.

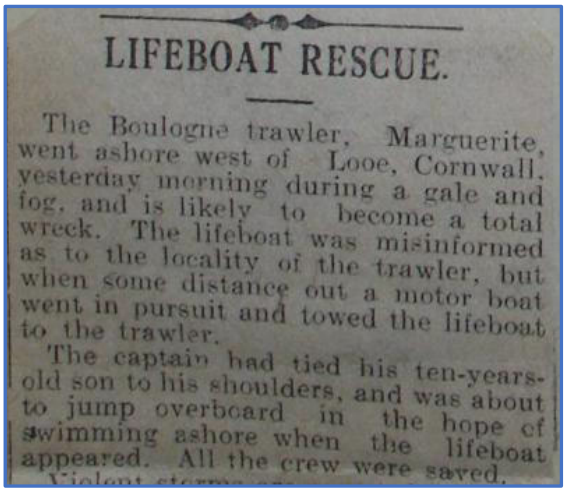
SEA MOUNTAIN.

STRANGE UNSCALED ISLAND.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SYDNEY.

The endeavour to climb Mount Everest has turned the attention of geographers and explorers to Ball's Pyramid, a strange island-mountain lying between Australia and New Zealand, which has never been scaled



LIFEBOAT RESCUE.

The Boulogne trawler, Marguerite, went ashore west of Looe, Cornwall, yesterday morning during a gale and fog, and is likely to become a total wreck. The lifeboat was misinformed as to the locality of the trawler, but when some distance out a motor boat went in pursuit and towed the lifeboat to the trawler.

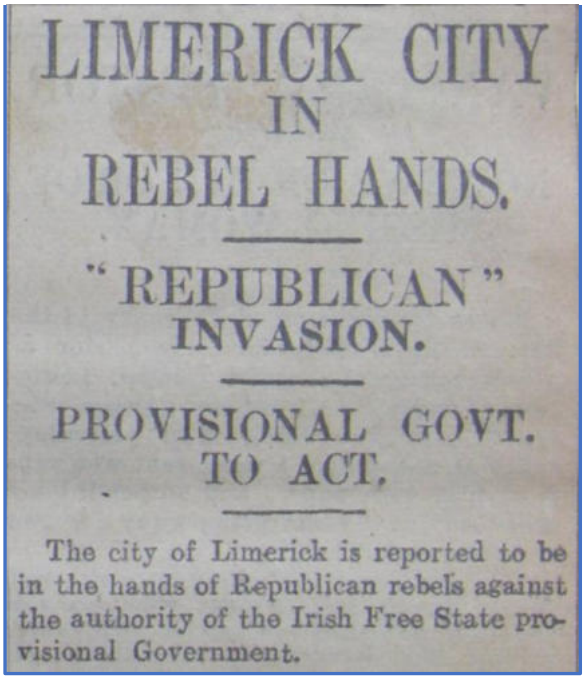
The captain had tied his ten-years-old son to his shoulders, and was about to jump overboard in the hope of swimming ashore when the lifeboat appeared. All the crew were saved.

Saturday 4 – Promenading at 7.30. **Taking stock of the Medina [Len's workplace] chaps today.** Some rum coves amongst them. There's Andrew Rodgers – my favourite, Ex-South African soldier. A strapping moustache-eod chap with a voice that can be

heard all over. Bob – a proper bulldog, with a face light an old-time prize-fighter. Tim – alias Battery Sergeant Major Timothy Kemp. He can spin some fine war yarns, buy fish, drink beer, fight (they are all fighters in our job, or at any rate, some of them knew a man who was bitten by Joe Beckett's dog) and expound his home-made philosophy, and a few other things. Alf Miller – fish house foreman. Ex-prisoner o' war at Ruhleben, can box, shout, spin yarns, beg cigarettes and make people work. [Ruhleben Internment Camp was a civilian detention centre during WWI – some local fishermen served their war years here.] Alf Hudson – the carter known as Mad Alf was out in France 1916. He's very ferocious, liable to bite. Makes 'osses run down docks. George, alias, Elmo the Mighty. The other carter. He's bow legged – like sparrows eyebrows. A good horseman and smokes a long pipe. Ossey – otherwise known as Mr Osman. An old tub, properly. Among his accomplishments, he can pack dry fish, eat beer and swear. **He rolls down to the Smokers Arms every five minutes accompanied by Alf Lumley** – a bright spark indeed. I think he's a cross between a Chinese puzzle and comic cuts. Jim Beckett – ex-office boy. Now senior box washer in the fishhouse. Next on turn is Mouth Organ Jim – No 2-box washer. He is a skilled organist-mouth, plays football and guzzles lemonade. Jack Dawes – or Jackdaw – assistant kipper bloke, someone asks how many kippers in 250 prs. Males or females says he. Then comes Snowy, the light-haired kid. He's a bit of all sorts. Packs fish, skins fillets, cleans ice's, nails etc etc. Cleaned my bicycle, repaired two punctures – now I'll start cycling again.

You should just see what the love birds (Mabel and Bill) have got for supper. Tinned peaches, tripe, cheese and sundries. I don't know how on earth they manage such a beano. I would be dead.

*Ossey and Alf Lumley's favourite watering hole getting a wash and brush-up — the **Kent Arms**, just a short stroll from the docks on Grimsby's East Marsh, in **Kent Street.***



LIMERICK CITY
IN
REBEL HANDS.

"REPUBLICAN"
INVASION.

PROVISIONAL GOVT.
TO ACT.

The city of Limerick is reported to be in the hands of Republican rebels against the authority of the Irish Free State provisional Government.

LABOUR RIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

REVOLVERS FIRED AT POLICE

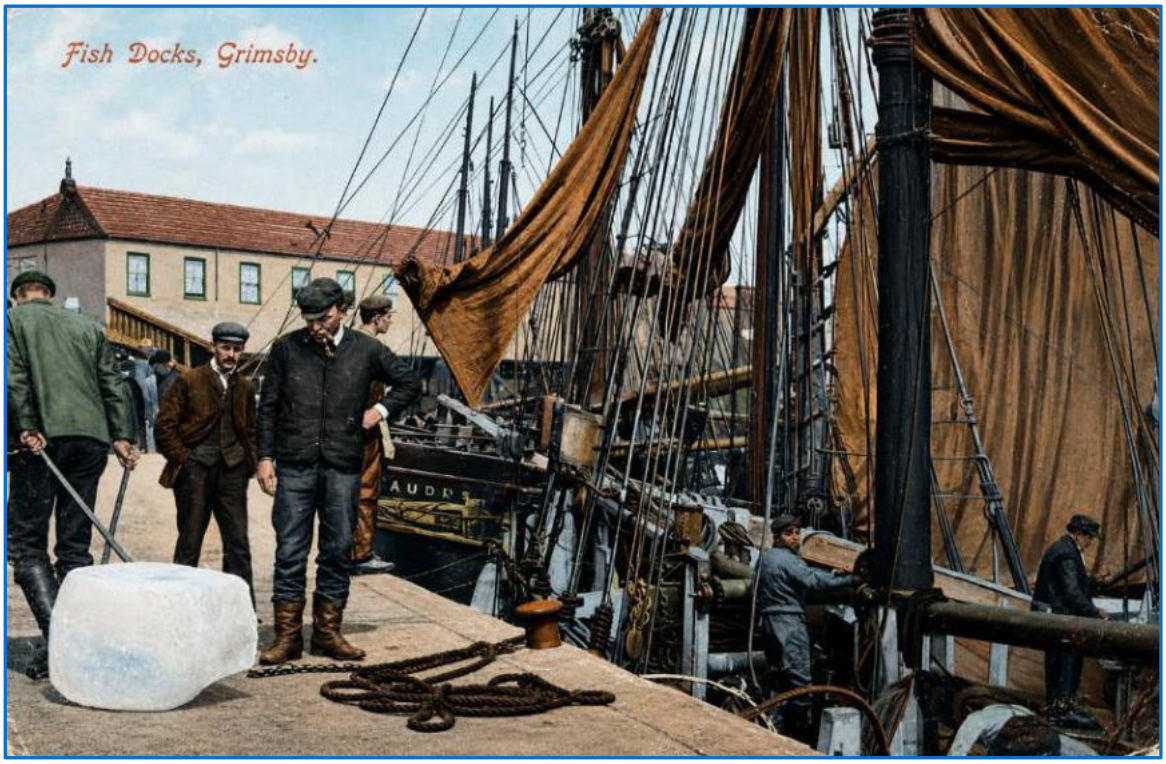
LATTER USE BAYONETS.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday.—The ugliest incident so far occurred in Von Brandi's Square, when revolver shots were fired from under a green flag against the police.

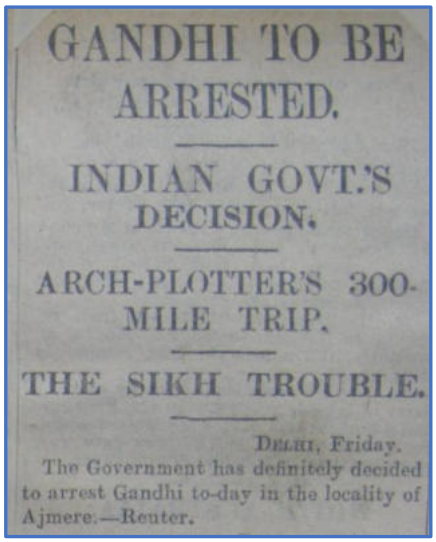
The police then pushed forward with fixed bayonets and with aeroplane lorries supporting them, and cleared the vast crowds.

Monday 6 – Kid Lewis gave **an exhibition of boxing at the Gaiety tonight** – I could not get. Escort Edna home as Maurice is on the sick list.

Tuesday 7 – Was awakened at 6.30 by **Mabel falling downstairs with a tray full of tea cups.** Some noise. Cycle to office. Fred's gramophone went wrong so he brought it to the office and Albert did it up. Was going to get my photo taken, so put a uniform etc on. When I got to the shop, they were shut. I was jolly well pleased.



Ice being hauled across the quayside, ready for use in preserving the freshly landed fish.



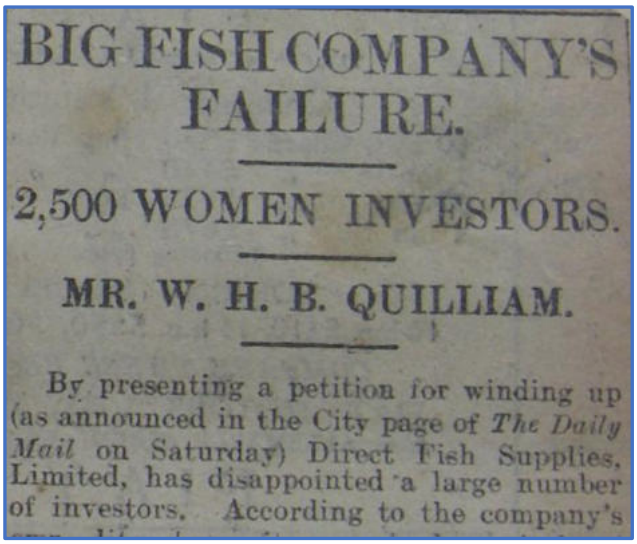
GANDHI TO BE ARRESTED.

INDIAN GOVT.'S DECISION.

ARCH-PLOTTER'S 300-MILE TRIP.

THE SIKH TROUBLE.

DELHI, Friday.
The Government has definitely decided to arrest Gandhi to-day in the locality of Ajmere.—Reuter.



BIG FISH COMPANY'S FAILURE.

2,500 WOMEN INVESTORS.

MR. W. H. B. QUILLIAM.

By presenting a petition for winding up (as announced in the City page of *The Daily Mail* on Saturday) Direct Fish Supplies, Limited, has disappointed a large number of investors. According to the company's

Wednesday 8 – **Snowy nearly cut his hand off this morning. He was cutting cod heads off and the knife slipped, making a deep gash just above his wrist. Bound it up with a handkerchief and he went off to the doctors.** Maurice went to join his ship ("Cardium", 1,000-ton tanker) at Shields this afternoon. He's been very ill and look very bad yet. I wish I was going. **What a lot of companies are going smash. City Equitable and Direct Fish Supplies (at Grimsby) and the manging directors of both have cleared off.** [Unemployment was high in the UK – over 10%, and as high as 17% in 1921 – particularly in the north, Wales and Scotland.] **Many more fish firms will go smash as they are cutting each other's throats to get trade.** (Metaphorically speaking)]. South Africa is having plenty of trouble with the miners.

Thursday 9 – I was playing footer on the prom this morning when a bally dog ran off with the ball. I left John and the others chasing it. A wire from father to say **Maurice is returning. He landed at 7 o'clock, too ill to sign on this trip – influenza etc.** It might be all for the best, but what a lot of bad luck and misfortunes we have had since the war started; yes, and last year was the same. Everything seemed to go against us. **Bill was up at 5 o'clock, he is taking a lorry load of furniture to Lincoln. He left Cleethorpes at 8.30 and arrived Lincoln 12.30**. He set some pigeons off at Lincoln without a message and they arrived here at 2.30. Bill arrived home 9.

Friday 10 – The office blokes have started making cups of cocoa about 11. Fred uses nearly half a tin of condensed milk to each cup. **A barrel organ livens things up outside the office. We get quite a variety of tunes but nobody shells out.**

Saturday 11 – **Several invalids in the sick bay now. This ought to be called 'The Highcliffe Nursing Home.'** Trouble again – Africa, India, Ireland, and now the Dockers and Engineers are coming out on strike. **Maurice was very ill last night.** He has got bronchitis. **After tea I went to the Royal.** Several good turns by the 'Leadswingers' and a decent picture – 'Saved from the Sea'.

Sunday 12 – Light NW calm and foggy. I can hear the **Newsum Lightship** blowing her deep bass bellow, and a ship in the Grimsby roads – although I can't see her – getting her anchor onboard.

Tuesday 14 – **They are at it hammer and tongs** in South Africa, Spain, Ireland, India, and in England there are 300,000 members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union on strike. Greece and Turkey are still having a dust up, Palestine is having trouble, and Fiume has been seized by the Italian Fascisti. Bulgaria is squabbling about 3 letters in the alphabet and its police against smugglers in America. **Now! League of Nations, [replaced by the United Nations in 1946] where do you come in. I suppose in another 100 years will be your drop.** I really think the best plan is to go and live on a little island in the South Seas. (That's if the natives are not cannibals.) **Maurice is out of danger now.**

Wednesday 15 – **Its quite exciting cycling home and to work. Boys stand in the road playing football, marbles or spinning tops and girls are quite as bad, playing marbles or skipping.** You have to be on qui vive to avoid them.

Thursday 16 – Some more trouble! **The spars have been set adrift and the lousy beachcombers at the bungalows have carted them ashore,** all except the mainmast. They can look out for a squall if there's any missing. I have a good idea who unscrewed the shackles, but wouldn't I like to catch them. My word. His own mother wouldn't know him. [Spars may relate to buoys – either to mark a channel in the river or, to create a reef for small fish which in turn, attract larger fish.]

Town v Lincoln City today, in the Lincs cup tie semi-final. Its blood and thunder when those two teams get together. **The "Medina" chaps have told me some rum yarns about going to Lincoln to see them. Glass bottles, stones, side streets, train, fights etc.**

FUTURE OF THE AEROPLANE.

HORRIFYING PICTURE OF THE NEXT WAR.

200 MILES AN HOUR.

A JULES VERNE FLIGHT.

HANGING IN MID-AIR.

SOLDIER CARRIED OFF BY DRIFTING BALLOON.

ANGERS, Friday.—An artillery observation balloon this morning dragged its moorings, carrying with it three men. Two of the men fell, one having all his bones broken. The third man remained hanging at about a hundred yards below the balloon. An aeroplane immediately went off to render assistance, and found that the man had succeeded in securing himself to the ropes. It was unable to release him. An hour after the accident the balloon had risen to over two thousand yards.

The soldier adrift "got away three hours later, after a narrow squeak"

Friday 17 – Talking to fisherman Mr Parrott on the slip this morning. He says this is the longest time he has ever known the codding season to hang out. It usually finishes between Jan-Feb. Fish is going cheap down docks**. Foreigners have started landing their fish, breaking the market.** I'll bet a pen'orth 'o pigeon pills that there will be trouble if it isn't stopped.

Tea for tea, and then I went to the "Palace". A very good show. **The South African rebellion is about squashed, but the native "Kikuyus tribe" are kicking up a row.**

Saturday 18 – Mr Croft gets his prawner to the moorings. **Maurice and I walked down to the bungalows (2 miles) to see about the spars. The dirty son o' guns o' beachcombers have carted them up to their places so we have to go to the customs about it.** I believe the spars were set adrift by some of them. **Maurice nearly got fighting.** He would have pulverised some of them had he got started.

I believe it's St Patrick's Day today. When I used to go to school in Jarrow, the crowds of Irish Catholics used to wait outside the school with bricks etc. What fights we used to have.

Early cod fishermen on a traditional sailing vessel

Monday 20 – Speaking to Mr Croft on the slip. He's off to see his prawner "Perseverance" whether she's got any water in her. Blowing hard E and plenty of surf on the beach. Wish I was going off with him.

At 10.30 I can hear the trawlers going in dock. 3 blasts – Look out I am going astern. These Siberian winds make you shiver. They cut like a knife. Roaring night – a 50 miles an hour wind, with snow squalls. The waves are breaking over Spurn.

SUBMARINE LOST WITH ALL HANDS.

H42 RAMMED BY DESTROYER.

22 DROWNED.

COLLISION DURING MANŒUVRES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

GIBRALTAR, Thursday.

The British submarine H42, commanded by Lieutenant Douglas C. Sealy, D.S.C., was lost with all hands off Europa Point, in the straits, this morning as the result of a collision with the destroyer Versatile.

Tuesday 21 - The first of spring. Blowing a gale and with driving sleet. **A proper blizzard. The beach combers will be on the prowl after this blows over.** The boats are sheltering under Spurn now. The beach is one mass of foam.

Was talking to Mr Kew on the top of the *[tram]* car in a snowstorm coming home. Was watching Mr Croft's prawner, plunging and leaping at her moorings. "Good heavens, she's gone under". However she comes through alright, but I notice she's getting well down.

Wednesday 22 - Still blowing but not so bad. Big boats and little boats, - all **are seeking shelter under Spurn.** I can see the waves breaking over the Binks. *[Stony Binks is a shale bank on the seaward side of Spurn Point. It is exposed at low tide, revealing sand and gravel banks. It's been known to claim several vessels over the years, making it a notable hazard for navigation.]*

Mr Croft is fighting his way out to his prawner, which is not far from sinking. One crabber is smashed.

Lincoln Handicap today. Entertainment going down in the tram after dinner. A chap telling everybody everything about horses and the winner of the 'Lincoln'. He was a comic-cuts. Excitement at the office. The 'boys' have a flutter and go home sadder and wiser (I don't know about wiser) when the result is known.

Thursday 23 - I've been so busy that I don't know what day it is. **A half a boat washed up on the beach during the gale. Evidently drifted from Hull and has been cut in two by some ship, as the other half is at Clee Sands. The fishermen soon demolished it – for firewood.** A very bad collision has just happened. **Submarine lost with all hands during manoeuvres**. [March 23: the British Royal Navy submarine HMS H42 was lost with all hands after surfacing into the path of the destroyer HMS Versatile during training manoeuvres near Gibraltar.]

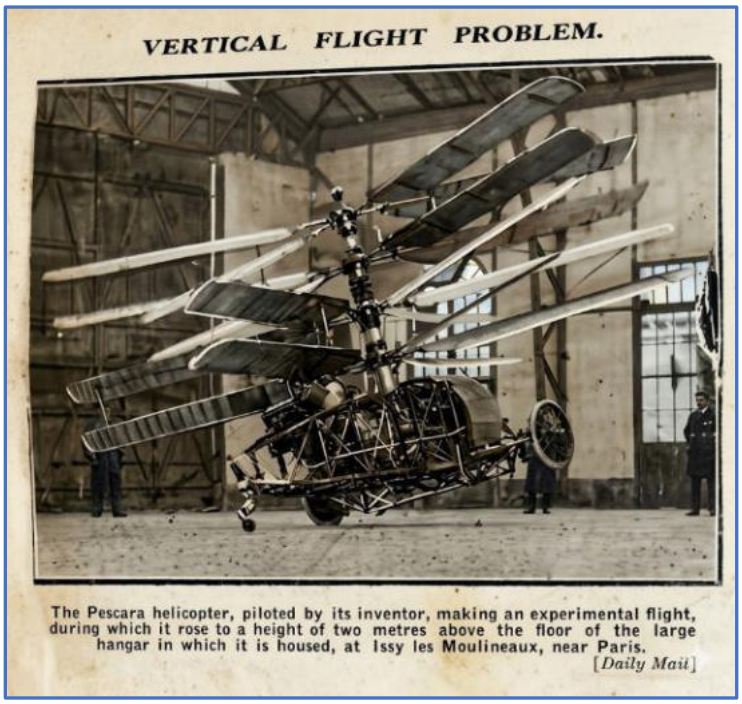
Made a mess of my 'cup' card tonight. Got 94. Two others got 92 so we are out of it for sure. Nobody got 100. I was too excited.

Saturday 25 - At 2 o'clock I was going to mend a puncture, but we decided to get a boat out – the first this year. Rowing about till 4 o'clock, when **Bill came down on horseback, and asked us to come for a ride in the field. He went up, and after dispersing any doubt about 'Tommy' I mounted and took a turn or two around the field.** Several times I was nearly unshipped and had a nice old time when they started pelting things at him to make him buck. Anyhow I enjoyed the change from boats.

I went to the 'Royal' after tea. A horrible picture but there was an **excellent concert party, "The Box of Vesta's" I think. I enjoyed the turns and some good singing as well.** A very good show. All clocks are put forward 1 hour, tonight. *[It was not uncommon for a short film to be shown as part of a variety performance.]*

Sunday 26 - Read "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" by Jules Verne, a fantastical yarn but good. Took some reading. At 3 o'clock, Bill and I went down to the boat, and **just managed to get in her before the tide surrounded her.** It's blowing hard now and kicking up a rough sea – dancing about like a cork. I rowed out to the prawner, and tough work it was, as tide and wind were against. For quarter hour we played among the breakers, as the water had not yet reached the slip. The mounds of foam would carry us swiftly inshore like an express train (a French express) and then we'd row out again for a repetition. Landed at the slip 4.30 wet through but happy and hauled her up the slip. It's blowing great guns now, with showers and squalls of rain. The prawner a mile out is rocking from side to side, nearly dipping her deck under.

Wednesday 29 - Out rowing with Herbert at 7.30. Pretty rough. **One breaker took us nearly the full length of the breakwater, at a fine speed.** Made Herby [aged c.12] hold his breath, as it's the first time, he's experienced it. At the office I tied Jim's head up with a typewriter ribbon, as he was yawing away. What a mess he was in – poor old Jim. Did not go rowing tonight. Football in the garage instead.


VERTICAL FLIGHT PROBLEM.
The Pescara helicopter, piloted by its inventor, making an experimental flight, during which it rose to a height of two metres above the floor of the large hangar in which it is housed, at Issy les Moulineaux, near Paris.
[Daily Mail]

April 1922

Saturday 1 - All Fools Day. Nothing doing. Last years I stood all the chairs upside down against the wall, fire irons on the mantlepiece, fender on the table etc etc. When they came downstairs it took half an hour to straighten up. Also had the boss on with a fake telegram. He did laugh.

Mr Sharp has just built a cabin cruiser and got it down on the slip. Can see 3 prawners going to moorings. I have not read "The Storm Dog". The title sounds alright but it's a novel written by a woman – such a lot of rot.

Sunday 2 - Maurice was telling us some yarns about his Russian trip and the "HMS Glory". When I was out rowing this morning, **I saw about a dozen Dutchmen going out. This is what will cause a big row soon, the foreigners landing their fish here, while our boats finish up in debt. And if they do come out, my word, there will be some trouble. They nearly sank the first German trawler that landed here. Wheelhouse, compass, etc smashed, and the Germans bumped.**

Monday 3 - Another week in the dirty oven (the office I mean). Oh! for a breath of sea air, I wish, especially when they get a roasting fire on.

Some good news. **Maurice has got a ship.** A new 18.000 ton "Eagle Oil Co's" boat. I hope he gets away alright this time and has better luck. No rowing tonight as the tides are falling off now. Writing about Zepps tonight.

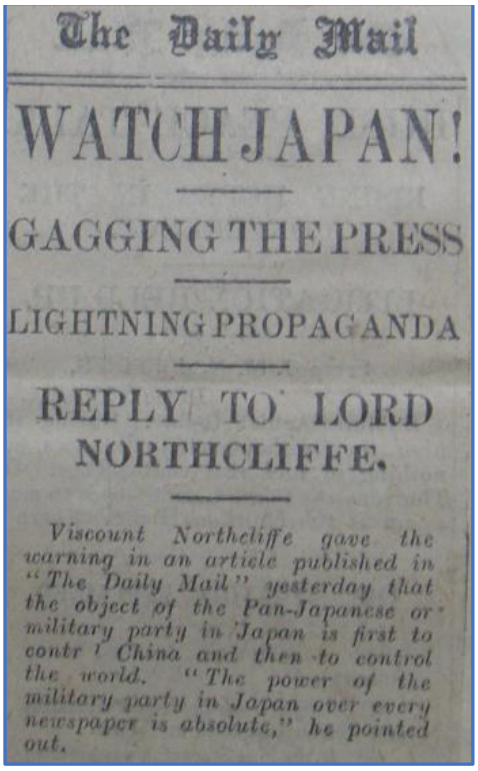
Tuesday 4 - **Put a good hour in at the boats in Bunkers Bay** and I visited the "Diadems" bones. Ther's not much left of her now. Turned in after drinking 1 cup of OXO, 2 cups of cocoa and all the milk in the house.

Wednesday 5 – Fred is playing at a concert tonight. Seems to be a **large number of revivalist meetings** [religious gatherings aimed at renewing people's faith] just now in the British Isles. Hundreds of people getting cured of all sorts of ailments. **There's a big meeting in Grimsby which has cured scores of people and which is crowded out every day. It has taken a tremendous hold on folks.**

WRECKED AMONG SAVAGES.

SURVIVORS OF CYCLONE SWIM ASHORE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



The Daily Mail

WATCH JAPAN!

GAGGING THE PRESS

LIGHTNING PROPAGANDA

REPLY TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Viscount Northcliffe gave the warning in an article published in "The Daily Mail" yesterday that the object of the Pan-Japanese or military party in Japan is first to contr ' China and then to control the world. "The power of the military party in Japan over every newspaper is absolute," he pointed out.

Thursday 6 – Maurice is on good quarters this trip. She's a brand-new ship, the "SS San Geranio" and he's **sailing for Tampiers in Mexico** today. Ten fine young chaps as mates, excellent accommodation, electric light and fans, with a pantry boy to wait on them. I only wish I was going. French tonight – this is the last class this season. Fred's concert party did well, especially his sister. She can sing a treat; I heard her at last year's concert.

Friday 7 – Bit of excitement going to work this afternoon. **The car pulled up quickly with a youngster underneath. However, he was caught in the trailer and not hurt much. Two days ago, another youngster had his foot taken off by a car,** in the same neighbourhood.

Tim was relating some interesting yarns of our chaps before the war. **They are all bruisers with sledge-hammer paws. Bob, Andrew, Alf, Arthur Baxter, Jim Tuplin etc. They used to go hammer and tongs and an hour's murder was often to be seen. All bare fisted fighters of the old days.** Said Tim, "If you want to see a rough house, go to the "Strugglers" on a Saturday night. [This public house was located on the corner of Albion Street and Kent Street on Grimsby's East Marsh, close to the dockland area of Cleethorpe Road]. See Jim Tuplin after he's had about 20 pints. If anybody says a word he doesn't like he's in to them, caring not for anybody." Yes, they are certainly a lot of hard hitting and hard drinking chaps. **My 19th birthday today.**

Saturday 8 – **Went to the "Royal" tonight.** [At this time, the Theatre Royal was still showing silent films, choosing to retain its popular orchestra while other venues were installing sound systems. It did, however, offer a 'mixed bill', combining a feature film with live variety acts.] 'The Man who Dared' was the star picture. I only know two sorts of pictures – ones good and the others rotten. Well, this one wasn't good. A good film of the boat race. Yes, it was fine and clear. The 'Poppies' were tres bon and there were several other decent turns. **Read but I've read nearly all the books in 3 lending libraries and I'm on my beam-ends now.** I shall have to discover another, I'm thinking.

Monday 10 – **Off to the office 7.30. This is the busiest week in the year for fish merchants. Orders are doubled and trebled for Good Friday.** French exam tonight. Beckett and Cook fight tonight. I should think Joe will win about the seventh round. Kids howling, so cleared off to bed.

Tuesday 11 - **Plenty of orders rolling up.** Joe Beckett won in the sixth round but it was not much of a fight by all accounts. **Finish at office 6.15. The chaps start packing at 4 o'clock in the morning.**

Wednesday 12 – **Off to the office by 6.** The crowd are more dead than alive and keep yawning every minute. **Over 180 trawlers in dock.** Fish middling. We will make about £400-500 profit this week I should say. [£20-25,000]. Pack up 5.15. Fred says he's going straight to bed. **After tea, I went to the "Royal" A good show. A** serial, "The Count of Monte Cristo" is about the best one I've seen. The "Fire Demon" was very good. A super production with the most thrilling fire scenes ever produced. Several comedies and a picture-based on the song 'Eileen Hannah', very good. Then the "Box of Vestas", with some good turns. The "Blue Lagoon" song was alright. **I was pretty tired after being in there 3 ½ hours.** A walk long the prom was refreshing.

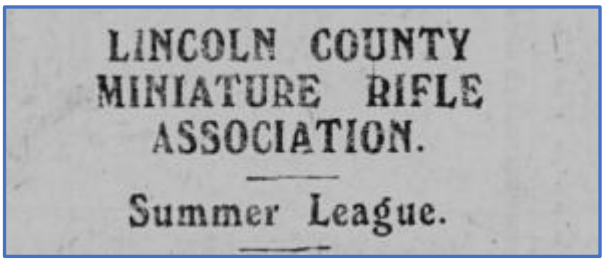
Saturday 15 – Tonight we had a good laugh over some of father's experiences. It's blowing half a gale now. **Ships are making rough weather of it coming up the Humber, and about 50 trawlers are laying to under the lee;** as soon as the wind drops, they'll be off to the fishing grounds.

Monday 17 – **Easter Monday** - The Genoa conference are squabbling now. The Russians want £5,000,000,000 [£248,898,363,415] from us for indemnity (what cheek and confounding bravado.) **I'm fed up of this pen-nib and as there is not a suitable one in the house, I'll use a pencil.**

We went round to Edna's to supper. Had a few games of whist and was yarning until 12 o'clock. **All doors locked on arrival home and everybody asleep. I climbed over the wall in to the back yard and shouted to Davey to unlock the door but he was half asleep** and too warm to turn out. At last, Herby popped his head out of the window and said, "Who's that!" He thought we were burglars.

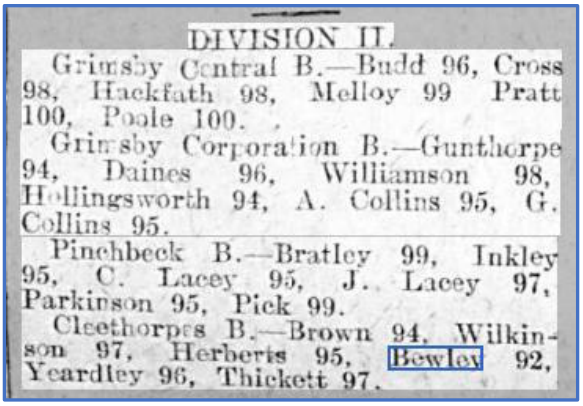
Thursday 20 – Very fine morning. With the aid of the glasses, I can just see the prawners working on the Haile sand 10 miles off. At 8 o'clock the prawners are all turning

homewards. It's lovely. They all come in just like a squadron of racing yachts, with a fine SE breeze behind them. I wish I was out with them. On Saturday Grimsby and District are shooting against Hull and District at our range. There's to be a **dinner at the Cliffe at 7.** [The Cliffe is likely to be the Cliff Hotel on the corner of Seaview Street and High Cliff Road - across the road, adjacent to Len's house. An apartment block, the Point, currently occupies the site.]



LINCOLN COUNTY MINIATURE RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Summer League.



DIVISION II.

Grimsby Central B.—Budd 96, Cross 98, Hackfath 98, Melloy 99 Pratt 100, Poole 100.

Grimsby Corporation B.—Gunthorpe 94, Daines 96, Williamson 98, Hollingsworth 94, A. Collins 95, G. Collins 95.

Pinchbeck B.—Bratley 99, Inkley 95, C. Lacey 95, J. Lacey 97, Parkinson 95, Pick 99.

Cleethorpes B.—Brown 94, Wilkinson 97, Herberts 95, Bewley 92, Yeardley 96, Thickett 97.

Friday 21 – **Had a few narrow squeaks on my bike today.** It has been a glorious day – it's a shame to be ashore this weather. Mend my boots and cut a half tyre up tonight. I was cutting some horse fodder up for Alf today in the stables. By gum, it's some job, but it's jolly good exercise. Sweating like a bull when I'd finished. Fred seems rather lively this week.

Saturday 22 – Jim brought his camera and took our photos at the office this morning (while the boss was out). **Billy and I went down to the bay to get a boat off but the tide is not suitable yet. Mr Sharp has built a fine cabin cruiser and is fitting it out fine. It's for a gent's private use. Went to the "Empire" tonight. A good picture "Disraeli".** All about the purchasing of the Suez Canal by the Prime Minister Disraeli. There was some splendid violin playing by 'Senor Angel Blanco'. I would give a thousand pounds to be able to play like him. Bought a record – "The Admiral's Broom". It's sung champion and is a good record.

*1920 — The **Empire Theatre, Alexandra Road in use as a cinema**, a role it held from 1913 to 1940. Today its role is an **amusement arcade** although **parts of the theatre remain** upstairs; perhaps it may become a theatre again..*

Wednesday 26 – I saw the old fisherman today. He was going to clout me once. You see, about 3 years ago he was laying bricks when they were building the near office. Well, I tried to knock his old bowler hat off with a lasso. Oh, some fun, but I was pleased he couldn't run very fast.

Thursday 27 – **It's Aunt Margaret's birthday today.** Sent a bass of fish to her [a bass is an undetermined basket sized number of fish, often around 25-50 pounds.]

Friday 28 – Drank **Jim's lemonade**. I saw a bottle of lime juice downstairs. Jim, the foreman box washer and Jim, his assistant told me I could have some. "Oh, drink it all", they said, "We don't like lime juice" so I had a good swallow. Next time I went down in the fish-house, Joe was brandishing a big fish knife about. **"Hi. What you pinch my drink for,"** he says. I explained – all the chaps were laughing. "I'll send you a bottle down", I said. "Oh. Doesn't matter. S'alright". So, I sent another bottle down. It was an empty one though.

2,800 MILES THROUGH THE ICE.

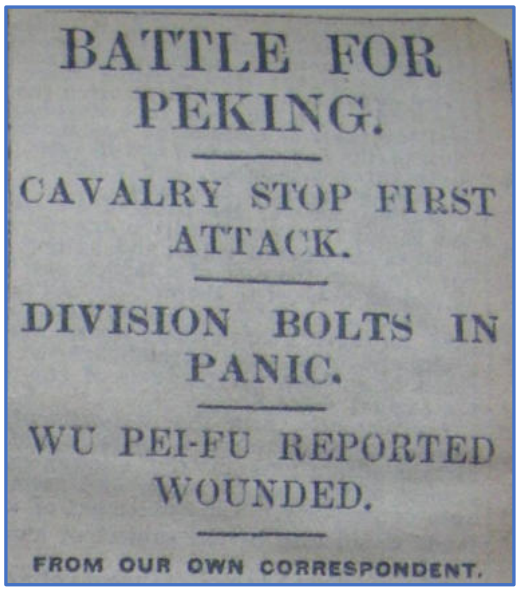
THRILLING VOYAGE OF THE QUEST.

TRACES OF UNKNOWN LAND FOUND.

SEVEN DAYS FROZEN IN.

COMMANDER WILD'S FULL ACCOUNT.

The Quest, the tiny ship of the Shackleton-Rowett Antarctic expedition, has emerged from the ice, and in a special cable to *The Daily Mail* Commander Frank Wild, in command, gives a thrilling account of her 6,000-miles journey, 2,800 of which she had to force her way through heavy pack ice.



BATTLE FOR PEKING.

CAVALRY STOP FIRST ATTACK.

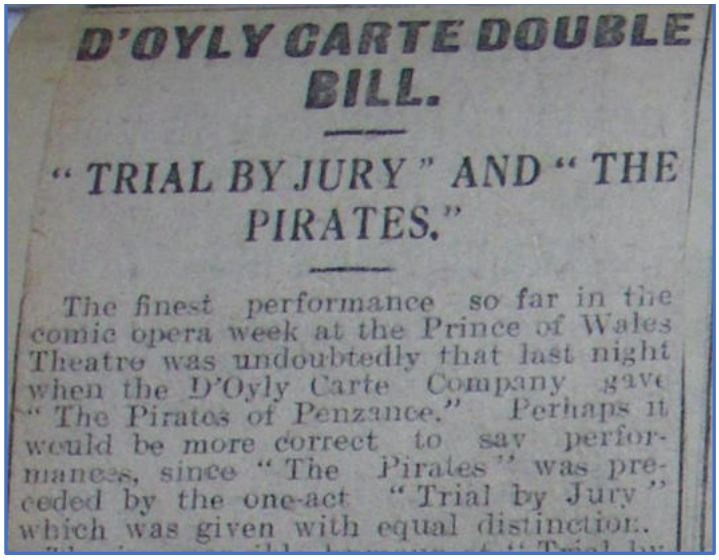
DIVISION BOLTS IN PANIC.

WU PEI-FU REPORTED WOUNDED.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Saturday 29 – Have been christened again. This time the 'Lemonade King' by Joe. I go already under various names. The Tally King, Fisherman, Jock, Geordie, and so on. **Was going to the bank this morning and I knocked a dog over. My front wheel over his belly, but he escaped my back wheel.** By the speed he ran I knew he was not hurt much. But I'll be coming a cropper some of these days. **There's not much on the road that passes me, and I can't go slow at any price.**

Went to **see 'The Pirates of Penzance' and 'Trial by Jury' at the theatre** [Prince of Wales, Freeman Street, Grimsby]. I don't think I've ever seen a better comic opera as the 'Pirates'. I can't explain it. I wish I could sing. I arrived home at 11.



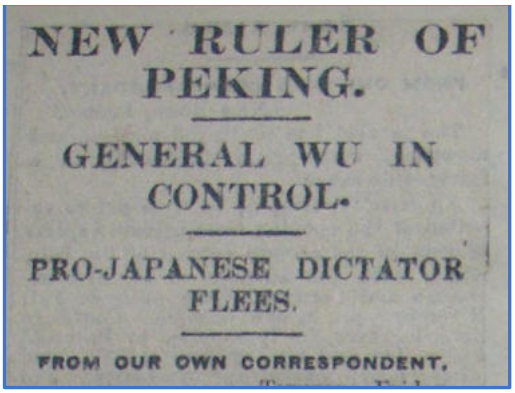
D'OYLY CARTE DOUBLE BILL.

"TRIAL BY JURY" AND "THE PIRATES."

The finest performance so far in the comic opera week at the Prince of Wales Theatre was undoubtedly that last night when the D'Oyly Carte Company gave "The Pirates of Penzance." Perhaps it would be more correct to say performances, since "The Pirates" was preceded by the one-act "Trial by Jury" which was given with equal distinction.

Sunday 30 – After breakfast Bill and I rig a sail up, but Mr Croft comes down and we go off with him. So much wind. Go to the Haile sand 10 miles off. This is the first time I've been down this way. Mr Croft was pointing out various marks as we coast along. **Sailing idly past the rangefinder, we pass between the 2 forts.** [The rangefinder was likely a concrete or steel post used by the military to help gunners stationed at the Humber forts determine the range of any enemy ships approaching the Humber.] First, we **pass the**

wreck of the coal-ship which was sunk in collision. (Insurance played a part in that I fancy.) Next, we pass the timbers of a Russian barque which bounced off Spurn. Crew saved. Then we pass the remains of some barges which broke adrift, the men getting ashore on a small boat. A boiler sticking up in the sand is all that remains of some other boat which went ashore. A mile or so further on is the wreck of "Greenlandman". Was driven ashore in heavy weather. Another wreck is covered by the tide somewhere on our starboard bow, says Mr Croft. Our first haul is about 1 stone of shrimps and 1 stone of flatties. Race everybody up and go for another packet. 2 stone of shrimps at second go and all aboard for Merrie England again. **Have a stiff race home with Jack and Ern.** They have a little witch for sailing and they beat us by a head. Joe and another chap tacks out in the river to go up to Grimsby. Had a fine day. Dinner and tea at 5pm. **Get the small boat rigged up and go for a sail. Mast comes tumbling down and smashes in half. Jiggered! What an ass I am! No wind, boat half full at the finish.** It's alright but!



NEW RULER OF PEKING.

GENERAL WU IN CONTROL.

PRO-JAPANESE DICTATOR FLEES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

May 1922

Monday 1 – Reflecting on last night (30th). It was about 9 or 10 o'clock and **we had just finished with the small boats when four chaps came down for a row. They got in a boat and wanted me to go with them. They had evidently had a drop of drink**, for they got on one side and she started to fill. Father and I hauled them out, dripping wet and as it was calm, they thought they would go for a swim, so the half-drunken chaps stripped down on the slip, putting their best suits and clothes on the bottom of a boat which had just been tarred. They kept their underclothes on and made a bet to swim to a boat. So, they dived off the slip in about 2 foot of water (it's a wonder they didn't break their necks) and started floundering about in the mud. They came back shivering, no towels or anything. They got dressed with their wet things on, clothes all tar, wrong coats, etc. It was a scream. Where's my stockings chattered one and then he couldn't find his boots. The other chap was worse. He put his boots (wrong boots) on first and after looking for his collar and tie for about half an hour, he put them on. A clean shirt was full of tar. What a comedy! There they were running about the slip, half dressed, half drunk and half drowned. They eventually finished toilet and concluded the night by going down the street eating fish and chips.

Rita was train bearer to the May Queen tonight. Was out sailing with Bill and we came in about 9.30, getting dark. She stood bow on to the slip. "Jump out Bill", I said. He

jumped out the wrong way and nearly fell in. I started to get out and said to him, "It would have served you right if you had fallen in", when I put my foot on the gunn'ale and caught hold of the rigging. The small boat listed right over with me clinging to the mast. I knew I would capsize her if I continued, so I just let go and fell in the sea. It was c'c'cold. I gasped when I came up, and the first question to Bill was "Is there anybody looking." As luck would have it, there was only one chap watching my performance. I stood there for a minute (only 5 foot of water) reflecting over my capers and Bill said, "Come on, you'd better come out now." So, I climbed out, furled the sail and walked home. (A good job it was dark.)

WHITE SEA TRAWLING.

ACTION BY BRITISH WARSHIP

CHRISTIANIA, Thursday. — The "Tidens Tegn's" Tromso correspondent states that H.M.S. Harebell has laid out buoys along the three miles territorial limit, and that the British trawlers are fishing close to the buoys without interference from the Russians.—Reuter.

BLOWN UP BY MINE.

The Dutch steam trawler Holland I., which visited Grimsby occasionally last year, but which this year has been sailing out of Ymuiden, has been sunk in the North Sea.

It is reported that she brought up a mine in her net, and it exploded. The crew was saved by another Ymuiden trawler.

Tuesday 2 – **Big order goes today for "HMS Maine"; sailing out east I think. 120 tallies I did for her.** About 10,000 pounds [£498,000] of fish we sent off by morning train. **Had a rum traveller in today. I thought he had gone out and was telling the boss about him, when I found him stood outside listening to what I was saying.** (not complementery either.)

Wednesday 3 – It's all over Cleethorpes about me falling in.

Thursday 4 – Off to the rifle club tonight. **Our first team was away shooting against the Centrals at the sandpits.** [This is possibly the shooting range that was by the significantly sized sandhill at Toothill.] **Two went in a Rolls Royce, two on a motor cycle, the rest on cycles.** They just lost by 6 points. Hard luck.

Friday 5 - After tea, I start practising at tennis. The season starts now. Father home tonight.

Saturday 6 – At the office I pretend to take Alf Lumley and Harry's photo with an unloaded camera. What a lark! I drew them on a piece of paper and showed it to them. Some photo.

Father and the rest of us go down to the bay to get the "Edna" ready. **At 7 o'clock we got the mainmast up, after two attempts. The first time it crashed down, narrowly missing Herbert.**

Sunday 7 – Billy and I made arrangements to go swimming, but as we couldn't find our costumes, it was no good. **Ther's a band parading up and down the prom now. A great big procession goes past, boy scouts, girl guides, firemen, policemen, boys brigade, etc. Taking the new mayor to church.** They look alright.

Monday 8 – On deck at 7 and cycle 4 miles before breakfast. And now for another week of torture (caged in the office). It's a good job I can turn to the boats in the evening for a change because I would go barmy if I had no other hobby I could turn to. **About 11 o'clock we were treated to a bit of music in the shape of bagpipes. A kilted Scotchman and two lassies marched up and down the street, playing the bagpipes, dancing and collecting the money (naturely). Cycled home to dinner Old Clee Lane way.** The country is fine. The green trees and hedges and birds singing joyously and everything bathed in splendid sunshine. Father left 6.45 train.

Old Clee Lane c.1920 – Len's way home for dinner.

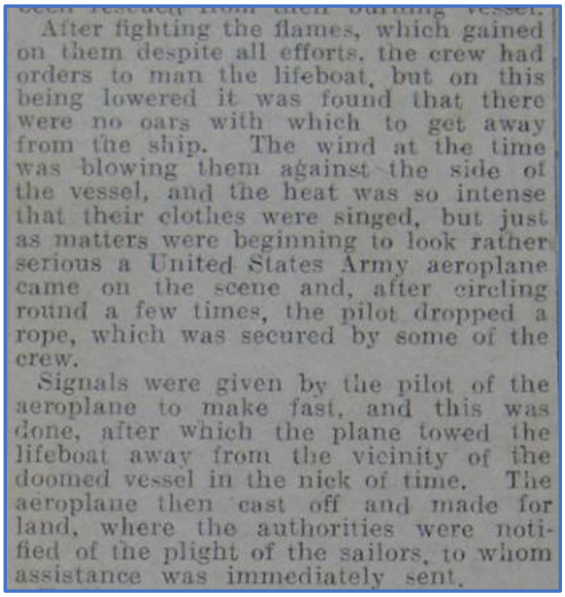
Tuesday 9 – Billy came in and woke me up about 5 o'clock so we went for a row. He nearly fell in at the pier steps as it was very slippery. The King has gone to Belgium and I see he's had a fine reception. Hurrah for England. They are all photographing mad at the office, printing dozens of snaps. When the boss comes up they slam the photos into the drawer and work.

Thursday 11 – Had a row with the car conductor tonight about ringing the bell. Nearly teminated in a fight. Washed 2 boats out and shoved them into Mr Humphreys garage ready for varnishing. Towed a boatload of youngsters round. Big swell on.

Friday 12 – Windy and squally from the norrard. Billy and me, went down to the bay to rig the "Edna's" mizzen up. A rough passage coming back. Some nice big waves rolling in**. Was getting some varnish out at dinnertime when 2 glass bottles full, which I was holding fell.** I caught them but they smashed together in my arms. I was a sight, varnish and broken glass from head to feet. I had to change boots, trousers, coat, tie and waistcoat covered with the beastly sticky stuff. **Billy took me on a wild goose chase tonight. He's trying to buy a charabanc.**

RESCUED BY 'PLANE.

LIFEBOAT TOWED FROM BURNING SHIP.



been rescued from their burning vessel.

After fighting the flames, which gained on them despite all efforts, the crew had orders to man the lifeboat, but on this being lowered it was found that there were no oars with which to get away from the ship. The wind at the time was blowing them against the side of the vessel, and the heat was so intense that their clothes were singed, but just as matters were beginning to look rather serious a United States Army aeroplane came on the scene and, after circling round a few times, the pilot dropped a rope, which was secured by some of the crew.

Signals were given by the pilot of the aeroplane to make fast, and this was done, after which the plane towed the lifeboat away from the vicinity of the doomed vessel in the nick of time. The aeroplane then cast off and made for land, where the authorities were notified of the plight of the sailors, to whom assistance was immediately sent.

Saturday 13 – ~~ First part of this entry is missing ~~

I have got mixed up somehow or 'nother. But I've got plenty water so I shall not get aground. Look out for the jib sheet thee; smart about it. I believe it's still Saturday. **The boss bought a camera today. About £4 it cost him. [£232]. I'm trying to get one for 4 shillings [£10]. It cost me 12 shillings and 6 old pence [£37].** A meeting in the office. **Everybody's wages are coming down on our firm - 5 shillings [£12].** Theres so much competition, bad trade etc.

Sunday 14 – Took photos of Herby, Collin and Davey in the "Edna". At 8 I got the "Diadem's" mainsail, jib and storm jib out of the "Edna" and towed them round in the "John". Unloaded at the slip, spread 'em out, folded them and eventually got them up home. The mainsail took some getting. A great heavy sail; 3 of us only just managed it. Breakfast at 9. The lazy bounders are still in bed.

Went **out with Mr Croft at 10** and had a most exciting day. Had just arrived at the top of the ground, when we saw a puff coming. The spray could be seen dashing about as the gust reached us. **We went over**. Lee deck under and off like lightening. "Luff her! Luff her," shouted Mr Croft to me. I was steering and knew what to do. The mast nearly went out of her that time. Put a reef in and another one a few minutes after. Very puffy. Not many shrimps but good stuff. She kept up with a trawler and Hull 'fruiter' from the fort to the ness. Jolly fine sailing. Bounding through the waves in fine style. Lee deck under frequently. Spanking! Got about 2 stone of shrimps, 2 pcs soles and codlings. Picked up the "Fishermen" as we came home. They had been fishing 5 hours and not a bite. Plenty wind. School of Dutchmen going out.

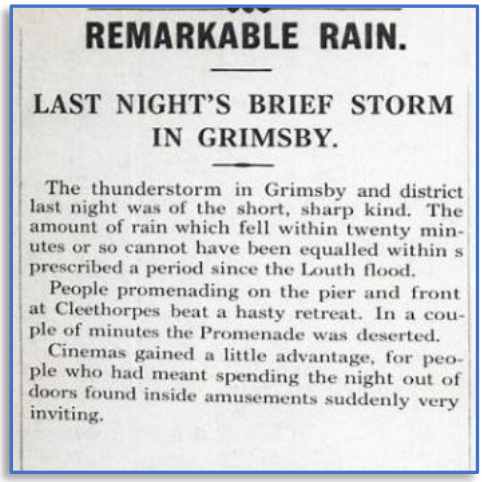
Monday 15 – My coat is somewhat hard. All the **varnish which I spilt on it has dried hard**, in spite of petrol, turps and washing. Cannot even button it up. Must grin and bear it I suppose, cannot afford to buy another just yet. The fishermen are off **sole catching**. Only Mr Croft went out **shrimping**. Shrimps are very dear on the market. It's about time

we started doing the boats up. Varnishing etc. The **licencing takes place 25 May.** [Presumably, each boat was examined prior to the local authority awarding an annual operator's licence.]

Tuesday 16 – Now for it. Raised all hands at 6.30. After a terrible struggle, Cyril and Herby turned out. Took the varnished boats down to the slip and took some more back. I bet we woke some of the inhabitants up, clattering about with those wheels so early. The photos I took have come out fine – only one bad one. Not so bad for the first time. Colin has passed the preliminary exam for the scholarship. Getting gear ready for the boats tonight - backboards, rowlocks, oars etc.

Wednesday 17 – Rise and shine at 6 o'clock. Working at the boat till 8. At home they are **busy papering etc my room.** I shifted all my things out this morning. Gramophone, cards, writing, reading, mending boots, solving puzzles etc tonight.

Thursday 18 – My room finished. Looks fine. New carpet, new paper etc. Heavy thunderstorm and rain shower. It poured down for 15 minutes.



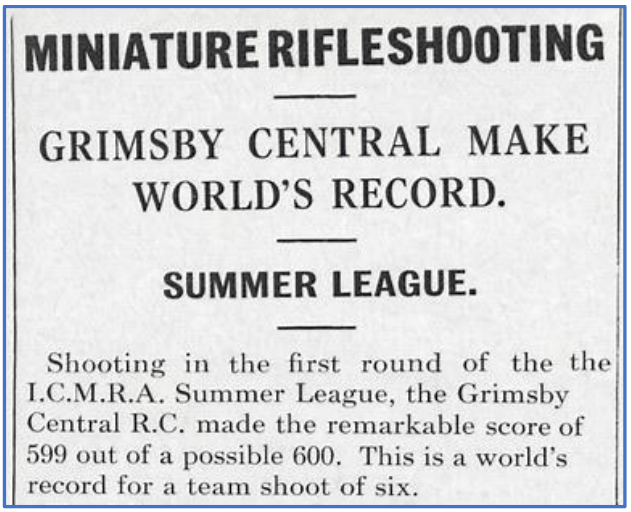
REMARKABLE RAIN.

LAST NIGHT'S BRIEF STORM IN GRIMSBY.

The thunderstorm in Grimsby and district last night was of the short, sharp kind. The amount of rain which fell within twenty minutes or so cannot have been equalled within s prescribed a period since the Louth flood.

People promenading on the pier and front at Cleethorpes beat a hasty retreat. In a couple of minutes the Promenade was deserted.

Cinemas gained a little advantage, for people who had meant spending the night out of doors found inside amusements suddenly very inviting.



MINIATURE RIFLESHOOTING

GRIMSBY CENTRAL MAKE WORLD'S RECORD.

SUMMER LEAGUE.

Shooting in the first round of the the I.C.M.R.A. Summer League, the Grimsby Central R.C. made the remarkable score of 599 out of a possible 600. This is a world's record for a team shoot of six.

Friday 19 – Nice morning. It was a remarkable rainstorm we had yesterday. Everything was **flooded in 5 minutes.** It came down in bucketfuls. Cricket practice in the dry loft after dinner.

Saturday 20 – A **pigeon race from Cambridge to Cleethorpes** in progress. Mr Wood's black one has just come in; it won last year. There goes somebody's – about 12 pigeons all flying together. Bought a new record – "Tales of Hoffman- over the sea waltz" – it's jolly fine. All four boats are ready. I've varnished them, painted and fitted back, bottom and bow boards, rowlocks, oars and painters. [A painter is a rope attached to the bow of a small boat and is used to moor or tow the vessel.] After tea, out talking to Bill and Phil in the garage – had some fun and comedy. Thinking about fixing up a few **games of tennis** up. It's been a jolly hot day.

BULGARIA REVOLT.

KING REPORTED IN FLIGHT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Sunday.

According to messages received in diplomatic circles in Vienna, says the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* (European edition), a Communist revolution has broken out in Bulgaria.

King Boris, the report said, has fled to Varna with members of his Government. Red flags are flying in Sofia, and street fighting is in progress.

VIENNA, Sunday.

RIVER GODDESSES.

THE REALM OF THE SHORT SKIRT.

The roads toward the Thames were crowded with motor-cars and motor-bicycles. Everybody on the river was enjoying the lure of a lazy day, and punts, canoes, and skiffs, were being steered into shady back waters, where most delightful picnic parties were being held to gramophone accompaniments.

Here, indeed, was the realm of the short skirt. The whole river glistened with white silk stockings and bare arms. The punt-pole was more popular than the scull, and these graceful goodesses of the river blithely and skilfully took their turn with the evasive pole. Pic-nic parties were everywhere. Here it was a luncheon for two in a boat moored to the

Sunday 21 – Very fine morning. Cyril, Herby and I got a boat away down this morning. **Four Telegraph boys and Assistant Postmaster have gone out for a row.** Was going for a swim but no costumes.

Grimsby boys won 2-1. Playing London boys in final next week.

Climbed up **on the tiles to bask in the sun** but it was too uncomfortable. Slung a **hammock** in the back yard. I eventually found a small space. The sun is very hot indeed; have only shirt and trousers on and I'm sweating. But the kids come in the yard and jabber away like monkeys and **swinging me against the wall.** Everybody wants a swing. Hitting me underneath with sticks etc.

After dinner at 1.30, Billy and I decide to go for a swim. **Raked up two costumes – I borrowed Mabel's.** We rowed out ¼ mile and started in 5 foot of water. Lovely and clear. Rather cold. I stood on the stern and took a header. Can balance myself on the stern, fine for diving. After we got dressed (all comedy - trouser legs falling in etc) we went back to the slip. Mr Croft was there with his sons, ready to go out so I ran up home, cut a few slices of bread and cheese and off. Billy went with the 2 sons, me with the skipper. Let go moorings at 3 o'clock. The first pull down, we got about 2 stone of shrimps. Wind came away from SE; changed from warm wind to cool sea breeze. She is a fine sailing boat that Jack and Ern have got. She will lick our bluff bow craft hollow. Change of weather. Looks ominous. A thunder and lightning squall passes over Grimsby. After the second haul we pack up (1 stone of shrimps). Mr Croft says it will fall calm after thunder – or else blow a hurricane. Good quality shrimps but not much about. Picked up moorings at 7 o'clock. Had a fine day. **Took 4 codlings, 4 skate and whiting home**, which we caught. Ern gave me an eating crab, already boiled.

All the girls and boys are out promenading and showing their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Rigged up tea for two. Quite warm ashore. Plenty of people at Cleethorpes. The boys kick up a shindy tonight - pillow fighting. Put the boats to sleep and turned in myself 10.30. Had a good day.

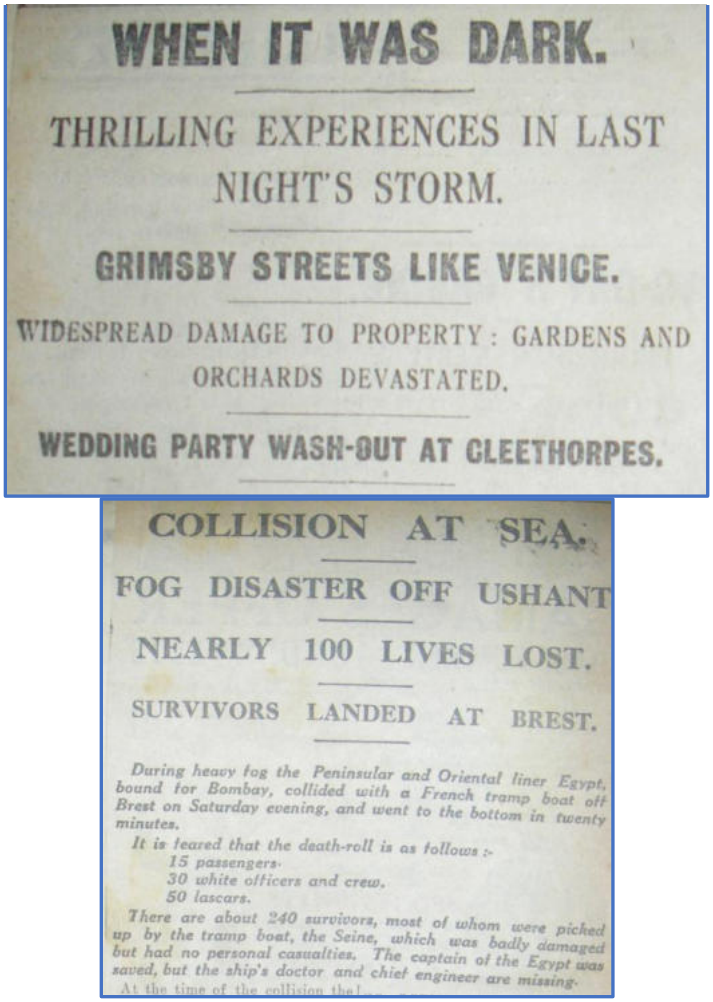
Monday 22 – At the boats till 7.30. A terrible **disaster at sea**. The P&O liner "Egypt" in collision with the "Seine" during foggy weather. About 100 lives lost. Similar to the

"Empress of Ireland" and "Storstdad" colliding in the St Lawrence, but 1041 lives were lost there. Oh! Rotton weather is fog. Worse than a storm.

Very warm! The biggest degree of heat ever known in London, so the papers say. Frank says he feels like 70 years of age walking about. Guzzling lemonade like pigeon's drink milk. Jimmy is trotting about for bottles of it. The majority of folks seem to be half dead. Now for some ice cream.

About 5 o'clock a **terrific storm struck Grimsby** and district and lasted for 20 minutes. It was the worst squall I have ever seen in my life. **Hailstones as big as sugar lumps** and great rain drops, came down in masses. I thought the windows would go any minute. Every street was flooded in 5 minutes. Had a nice old job getting home. Several streets were flooded an hour or so afterwards.

Tonight I put some good time in. Bent the Edna's sails, anchor and ropes, halyards, lifebuoy etc, and painted and varnished some of the small boats. I have no time for reading and hardly time to write just now.



WHEN IT WAS DARK.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN LAST NIGHT'S STORM.

GRIMSBY STREETS LIKE VENICE.

WIDESPREAD DAMAGE TO PROPERTY: GARDENS AND ORCHARDS DEVASTATED.

WEDDING PARTY WASH-OUT AT CLEETHORPES.

COLLISION AT SEA.

FOG DISASTER OFF USHANT

NEARLY 100 LIVES LOST.

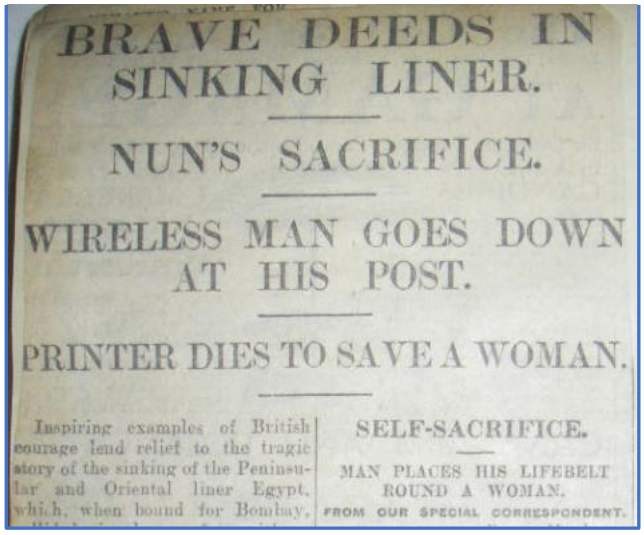
SURVIVORS LANDED AT BREST.

During heavy fog the Peninsular and Oriental liner Egypt, bound for Bombay, collided with a French tramp boat off Brest on Saturday evening, and went to the bottom in twenty minutes.

It is feared that the death-roll is as follows :-
15 passengers.
30 white officers and crew.
50 lascars.

There are about 240 survivors, most of whom were picked up by the tramp boat, the Seine, which was badly damaged but had no personal casualties. The captain of the Egypt was saved, but the ship's doctor and chief engineer are missing.

At the time of the collision the l...



BRAVE DEEDS IN SINKING LINER.

NUN'S SACRIFICE.

WIRELESS MAN GOES DOWN AT HIS POST.

PRINTER DIES TO SAVE A WOMAN.

Inspiring examples of British courage lend relief to the tragic story of the sinking of the Peninsular and Oriental liner Egypt, which, when bound for Bombay,

SELF-SACRIFICE.

MAN PLACES HIS LIFEBELT ROUND A WOMAN.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. A. W. Hardwick.

Tuesday 23 – On deck 6.30 – fine morning. Sparks, or Mr Hardwick of the "Egypt", wireless operator, was a gallant chap and an Englishman to the backbone. He **stuck to his post and sent out S.O.S. as she was going down.**

Had a **near squeak on my bicycle** today. Passing St Peter's School and was hanging on to someone's quarter, when the son of a gun put his helm hard a port to go down a side street. I shoved my tiller hard up and **crashed into the pavement**, scraped past some iron railings, skinning my hands and brought up in a crowd of kids. It would have served him right if I had just gone on and knocked him off. People like that should not ride bicycles.

Boats again after tea. Cyril painted the Edna. I varnished and painted the last of the small boats. I have put some good work in at them lately. Off to the rifle club at 8.30. The Grimsby Centrals were down at our place shooting against the first team. The Centrals are good shots. One "Central" chap said he was going to join our team – when he saw our art gallery, no wonder!

Wednesday 24 – Rise and shine at 6 o'clock. Washed boat out. **Our lot give me the pip at getting up.** Crawl out of bed at 8 o'clock on a fine morning like this. Talking to deck hand of the "Caspian". He was telling me about some fine Iceland trips. £60 [£4,425 in 2026] for one trip not long ago. **Two Dutchmen are on the beach tarring the bottoms.** Cute beggars, they'll have no dock dues to pay. I notice our boss is going grey. He was a fine swimmer. Came 5's in championship of the world. Got tons of cups and medals. Fred wonders why I don't go to sea (telling him about the "Diadem" cruises). He'll get a surprise some of these days. Doing odd jobs at the boats for final. Whipping rope ends etc. Washed the backboard down. Father arrives home at 9 – yarning until 11.

Thursday 25 – Cycle along the prom at dinner time. Had a letter from Maurice at Devonport. Ship just arrived from Mexico. Ten minutes later he walked in, brown as a berry and looking fine. Now for all the news, everybody talking. (His ship is the largest tanker afloat, 22,000 tons.) He will be telling me all about Mexico and the natives after dinner.

At the office, we were entertained to a fine serious comic opera by Fred and Frank. Albert was the villain. Act I ended rather tragic, as everybody (including actors) were crying with laughter. The climax was reached in Act II by Fred scorning the villain in dramatic foreign language and sending everybody into convulsions. In Act II everything was made up (Frank gave Alf 2d [50p] to buy a pencil) and they lived happily ever after.

The **boats were licensed tonight.** Mr Bannister soon put things in order. Quiet a fleet of motor boats waiting and they nearly get aground. Now full speed ahead. Maurice took Edna out for a spin. Talking **about the "Chara"** tonight. I think I'll go in partnership. Was talking about sea-faring chaps, the majority cannot swim and the landlubbers can swim like fish, the most of them. I know dozens of sailors who can't swim. Mr Croft can't. My father can't' although he jumped overboard and saved Herbert. I suppose it's the facilities ashore that enables landlubbers to swim - baths etc. **Cyril has got the toothache bad**. Stayed up yarning till 12 o'clock; I was nearly falling down. Maurice was spinning us some yarns. His ship carries 22,000,000 (million) gallons of oil.

MAN SAID TO BE 132.

CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Sunday.

"I saw great Napoleon with my own eyes during the retreat from Moscow (in 1812). He was wearing a green cavalry cloak," was the statement made to a special correspondent of the *Liberté* by M. Mecislas Krasinsky, a landed proprietor, of Volhynia, in Poland, who states that he is now 132 years of age.

Reporting to the police of Warsaw that he had been robbed of 50,000 marks in a tramway-car, Krasinsky entered the date of his birth in the police books as 1790.

Friday 26 – Fine morning. Late this morning – got up at 7 o'clock, went along the prom before breaker. Cricket after dinner in loft. Father leaves at dinner time. Cyril had the bad tooth drawn out. Maurice was telling us about **getting fruit off the Mexicans.** He wangled some of the passenger's pineapples, bananas, melons etc into his cabin. Exchanging pickles for sacks of fruit etc. Frank came down, and Jimmy as well, for a row in the boats. Took 4 snapshots of them. Maurice took Edna and party out for a row. Windy NW. Billy makes a nice ash, in putting 2 chaps off. He's not in yet. Finish! No more puts-out for them. Arranging the **partnership between Bill and myself, of the charabanc.** Acting as solicitor. Grimsby boys lost to London boys in the final.

Saturday 27 – Out in the boat till breakfast. The office crew keep a bright **look-out for flappers going past the window** and criticise and pass remarks, which are sometimes flattering and sometimes _____? Finish at 1.30**. Everybody's wages come down 5 shillings today. [£12].** [Flappers were rebellious young women of the 1920's who

rejected Victorian conventions through bold fashion, jazz dancing, and newfound social freedom. A local example is the **statue atop the former Savoy,** now McDonald's restaurant, Victoria St West, Grimsby.]

After dinner we make an attempt to **get our moorings up.** After digging miles of sand, we get the cable, and after a tremendous struggle and digging down for miles we get the 2 wheels weighing an enormous weight. Cyril and I put the moorings down in a fresh place as the island is getting bigger. Took all the afternoon. After tea the boats go out. Took Mr. Fawcett for a row to the prawners (1 mile out). Very choppy, good breeze ESE. Drawing agreements up for partnership.

Sunday 28 – Up at 7 o'clock. Dived off the slip and had a nice swim to the boat. **Mr Fawcett and Herbert went out fishing.** Mr Croft ready at 9 o'clock so we set out. He shot at the Ness and we had a good bag – three and a half stone for a start – took Mr Croft's photo steering, and Ern and Jack's prawner as we passed them. Two and half stone for the second haul. Shoot again and double back. Ern gets fast. Run up and off. Talking about "Ivy Joe". He's been all over the world and many other places. "Fanny Bob" tries to get an extra run down and then back again. The flood will be too strong for anything before then. We get 3 or 4 stone in our last haul. Beautiful clear stuff, large and hardly any waste, except a few dry crabs. **We show Ern and Jack how to sail. Our big jib leaves them behind.** Talking about the old times. Tacking to windward for an hour and lay for the tide. A few bathers enjoying themselves. It's a glorious day. **Pick Herby up off the sewerage cage**. Reach moorings about 4 o'clock. Take a bass of prawn's home. When we landed, I took a photo of the group. Good, I think. What a lovely sunset. The sky and reflection in the waters is like a fairy scene. More like the tropical sunsets, I think. Gramophone on till 9 o'clock. Turn in 10.

Monday 29 – All hands-on deck at 6 o'clock. Out rowing, put a good mile spurt on. **Had another squeak on my bike today.** The other chap was turning into a side street and I was right behind him and knocked him off.

Tuesday 30 – Out rowing - took Ena and Roy for a blow. At the office, the camera fiends have started again. Everybody's taking snaps. The boss gets one right in 6. All mine have come out fine. Fred was making us laugh today. Him and his girls! I started **cleaning the lamps for the bus** and they took some cleaning. Afterwards, I went and brought "Edna" out of the bay. A little breeze SW. Put the mizzen up coming out. The peak halyards ran up the mast so Keith, - one of my crew – climbed up the mast and got them. I anchored outside and washed down and made everything shipshape. Cyril was looking after the boats. All hands to supper 11 o'clock.

Wednesday 31 – Down to the "Edna" at 6 and put the anchors right. At 7 o'clock I wrote 2 letters and got my cash books up to date. Out rowing with Ena at 7.30. **Anniversary of "Battle of Jutland" today – 1916**. Printing some photos. I got some good snaps but the ass of a photographer has spoilt some of them in developing them. Ice cream, coat and collars off at the office this afternoon. Very busy. "Captain Cuttle" won the Derby. Boats

and chara tonight. A chap putting the name on our bus has quite an audience round him. About **12 ragamuffins were going about dressed in old sacks and straw packing**. What a sight. Visitors at teatime. They came from a foreign place called "South Shields".

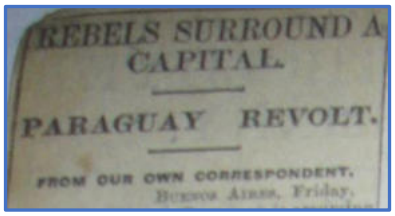
We have **christened our charabanc "Royal",** and she looks fine, all painted and done up. The name looks well. Bill and I went around for the "Scout" about 9 o'clock. There was just enough water to float her, brought her round to the slip. Washed her out and pulled her up ready for painting. It's a fine night, just setting in dusk and calm as anything. It's **10.30 now and there is still one boat to come in.** Maurice, Bill and I scout round in the "Lucy" but no luck. At 11, I took a boat and Maurice and Bill another to look for the late birds. I caught sight of them coming under the pier. They turned out to be an impudent lot and there was **nearly a fight when we landed**. Cleaned down and off to bed 11.30.

June 2022

Thursday 1 – At 6 o'clock Bill and I were out cleaning the Brassworks of the "Royal". She looks fine now. Away to the office 8.30. We have an occasional comedy when Alf gets on the phone. (I'm always deaf when trunk calls come through). He tries to speak nice to them and he causes quite a pantomime. There is Frank and Fred telling him what to say and how, when and why etc. Our boss won over £100 over the Derby. [£5,000]. At dinner time we turned the "Scout" over ready for tarring. She's heavy to shift ashore, but light in the water. I've had a fine adventure or two in her. One morning summer 1920. I woke up at 6.30 and **found a small boat of ours drifting off**. We had a busy night previous and anchored her out. At 7 I called Herby and got abord the "Scout", slipped the moorings and went away in chase. That big sail took us past the pier end 6 knots and our quarry stood away 2 miles (I knew little what shipping our anchor would cause us.) About 8 o'clock we got alongside and the fun started. I put her nose homeward but tide and wind were against us and we drifted, as we had an anchor. I **thought of swimming into Grimsby docks,** 1 mile away, but did not like the idea of getting mixed up with trawlers. Burcom buoy stood half a mile out so I decided to run for it until the tide turned. We made fast and climbed aboard. The first thing that met our gaze was a big notice board with "Persons will be prosecuted" etc etc and a whole lot about boats were not allowed to side by or to etc the Burcom. The wind changed! The tide changed! (This is where I learned the value of keeping cool and thinking things out). We were 3 miles from Cleethorpes, but with the wind ahead I left that question. Away near the boom defence was a steamer at anchor (3 miles off) and I decided to hang on there, so we let go. The tide took us down **at a terrific pace and I grabbed hold of her anchor chain** as we slid by, passed our painter round and made fast. Everybody seemed to be asleep aboard her, no one stirring. I shouted out, "Throw your ladder over" and the cook heard me. We climbed aboard and after telling which, why and wherefore, I says, "Have you any tea and bread?" A decent chap was the cook and he made us a mug each but we could not

get our teeth in the French bread much. She had put in for stores and was called the "Cretemanor" (a concrete ship). Our prospects were nil while the tide was running. (I had a little adventure with the small boat which caused all the trouble, and which adventure nearly landed me in the North Sea. I learned what a tide ran out of the Humber that time. The third mate saved me.) Herbert was at home exploring the bosun's locker etc. The wind had changed to NW and was very choppy. I decided to get away on the young flood. I made preparations. I steered, after bidding adieu to the boom defence. But the flood was racing in now, very choppy indeed. I made fast after a severe struggle. The end of it was (I'm missing a lot out) a prawner towed us in for 2 miles and we landed at 5 o'clock, black, tired and hungry. Herby was as black as the ace of spades. What a reception. There seemed to be hundreds of **people waiting for us and everybody knew we were missing**, neighbours came in etc. I ate 6 dinners. Mother was going to send for the coastguards and there was quite a hullabaloo till they sighted us. (Another adventure sometime.)

Arrived home from office at 6. Bill, Maurice and I went for a trial **trip in the bus round Old Clee etc.** She goes excellent, no shaking, a good speed. It was a fine drive and Bill is a good driver, I think. Knocked spots off the "Kingsway". **Billy has fixed a party up for Skegness** on Monday.


REBELS SURROUND A CAPITAL.

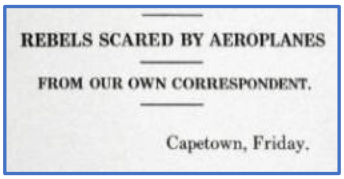
PARAGUAY REVOLT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

103 SAVED BY LIFE-LINES.

TWO NIGHTS IN WRECKED SHIP.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.


REBELS SCARED BY AEROPLANES

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Capetown, Friday.

Friday 2 – Plenty to do at the office, in the way of printing photos. My skipper has come out fine, so has the prawner and the crew. After tea I set to work **cleaning the yard up**. It sounds an easy job, but my word! It took Cyril and I 3 solid hours to replace the spars, oars etc, coiled the ropes away and put things right. Black and dusty as old nick when we finished. A shower interrupted us around 8 but we carried on in oilskins. Father came home at 11.

Saturday 3 - **(Whitsuntide Bank Holiday Weekend.)** Old Ossy was talking about his adventure with a policeman. He is a funny porpoise. Then old Lumley who hadn't had a shave for donkey's years told a yarn about a policeman and his dog biting someone. I think it was an Egyptian Tripehound.

Got our bus books 17/6 [£43] . Finished at office at 1.30**. Saw the new invention this afternoon. [sea car.] A motorcar-motor boat. She is a tin boat on wheels** and went for trial trip this morning. Not a success. **Got stuck on a sandbank. Was towed in by a Ford.**

Spurn was standing out clear as anything and the river is like a lake of shining mercury. Flat calm and smooth as glass. There are hundreds of holidaymakers coming to Cleethorpes this afternoon. Wondering what to do. It's awful sitting down and you cannot get on with anything. Get my accounts up to date.

*The **sea car** - probably the world's first amphibious car. Based on a Model T Ford chassis, it was **invented in Cleethorpes***

*The Vigilantes was one of six **sea cars** made by the Land and Sea Car Company (Cleethorpes) Limited from converted liners' lifeboats in the 1920s. In 1931 the firm was sold to George Dabb.*

Credit picture and text: Lincs Inspire Local History Library

Sunday 4 – I think I'll **go to Skegness with Bill**. He's taking a load of passengers there and there will just be room for me. Get packed up and start at 10 o'clock. Pick up our

passengers at Grimsby and have a fine run to **Louth (Where 30 [23] perished in the flood last year).** Stay in Louth for half an hour, lemonade, ham sandwiches, etc. Tres bon. Carry on to **Alford** (40 miles from Grimsby.) 5 miles from there we passed a punctured lot. A few minutes later **both of our tyres on the starboard quarter went down.** What a job. I helped Bill to fix them up. I was in a mess. Knocked all the skin off my knuckles in trying to get some knuts [sic] off. Oil and grease all over. Stopped a "Red Indian" and got 2 patches. After an hours hard work, we eventually got on our road. At Alford the skipper (one of the passengers) did us a treat. Tea, ham, cakes etc at the "Windmill". He paid everything. Put our tyre off and patched her up properly. **Too late for Skegness**, decided on Mablethorpe. Arrived there 6.30. Left Alford 5.40 (The dead city, very quiet). Mablethorpe is a nice little place with fine beach. Put the bus up and had a game or two on the sands. Enjoyed ourselves. More lemonade. Took a photo of the group on the beach. Pack up 7.30. **1 twin tyre flat to port and one on our starboard.** We'll risk it. Have a nice easy run on the low road. Pass several pretty churches etc. Took several snaps on the road of our bus. Call at the "Plough" at Somercotes or somewhere [probably Tetney], more lemonade and a game of footer to liven things up. Arrive Grimsby 9.30. The tyres have done well. Get home 10, just too late to run the trams. It has been a good day and I learned something about punctures etc.

Whit Monday 5 – Rouse Bill and get on with the bus. Kitchen half full of soot. Wash the muck off, clean brasses etc. Bill getting the tyres ready. He's **got a party for Skegness** at 9 o'clock. Off to office 8.30. I was bombarded with questions. It appears they had all seen me in the bus yesterday. Finish at 1 o'clock.

Good heavens. There's **Bill just getting his party in (1.30)** He said he had had some awful work with the tubes and tyres. Only just got done after dinner. I get down to the boats. Things buck up at 2 o'clock; all out. The "Edna" takes two trips. Father handles her fine. Not much tide. Finish at 6. Have done good today, all the boats are moored off. Hello! The captain has come back, Old Daddy Christmas. He's got a fine sailing boat from Brid. He has just brought her round from there. **Mr Martin, the flying man is back.** He's buzzing about with full cargoes. Cleethorpes is crowded out. Thousands of people here. Bill arrived home 10 o'clock. **Had a good run to Skegness** and no accidents. After 10 he managed to get a load to Grimsby, but **petrol gave out at Suggitt's Lane**. Borrowed a tin and finished up for the night 10.30. It's pleasing to know the bus runs alright on a long trip.

c.1920 charabanc on Cleethorpes promenade

Tuesday 6 – The **aeroplane was on the top of the slip this morning.** She came down last night to the south'ard of the breakwater, so they pulled her up on the slip. The boats did alright at teatime, but there wasn't much doing at anything else. Maurice brought the "Edna" in but did not get a trip. It was a ticklish job getting her out as a good breeze SE was blowing and a bit of surf on. Went to the range. I put 86 up – an awful score.

AIRMAN'S CLOSE CALL

EXCITING LEAP FROM BURNING 'PLANE.

A CLEETHORPES THRILL.

Further misfortune has befallen Mr. B. Martin, the Cleethorpes aviator. Last night as he was about to embark on a trial flight, following the overhauling of the engine, his machine caught fire and was totally destroyed.

Mr. Martin himself had a narrow escape. Fortunately he was able to jump clear of the flames.

After a good day's flying on Whit Monday, Mr. Martin has been inactive as far as flights go since that day. He and his mechanic have spent several days overhauling the engine. For the past few days the machine has been "anchored" on the foreshore, near the outfall pumping station, and it was from here that Mr. Martin decided to embark on a trial flight. The machine was apparently in perfect order. He was going up alone, and just as he was in the act of taking off, the machine caught fire.

BURST INTO FLAMES.

"The cowling got enveloped in flames through too much petrol coming out of the cylinders and catching the overflow pipe," was Mr. Martin's explanation of the mishap to a "Telegraph" representative to-day.

"I pulled up, and jumped clear of the machine in a bigger hurry than I have ever done before," he said. "My mechanic saw at once what had happened, and we quickly got as much sand as we could and threw it on, but it was no use. There were several explosions, and the heat was intense. The whole thing was destroyed in five minutes. I had the narrowest escape I have had for a long time."

AVIATOR'S ILL-LUCK.

All that remains now of the aeroplane is a mass of debris. The accident is particularly unfortunate, coming at the beginning of what promised to be a successful season. Mr. Martin's flying career at Cleethorpes seems to have been dogged by ill-luck. At the close of last year, it will be recalled, he had a machine destroyed in a gale just prior to his leaving Cleethorpes for his home at Nottingham. The year before he had a motor-car destroyed by fire.

His latest machine was an Avro, a brand new one, which, he says is now irreplacable. It had a rotary engine.

The one redeeming feature about the happening is that he was not in the air when it occurred, though a mishap with the same origin is extremely unlikely to happen when flying.

6000 PASSENGERS: NO ACCIDENT.

The 'plane was insured, but whether this covered fire is not known definitely.

"I don't intend to cease flying here if I can get hold of another machine," he says, "but whether I shall manage this, is another matter."

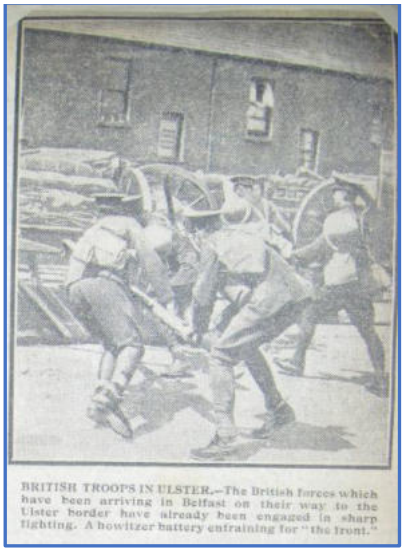
It is worth noting that despite his misfortunes the Cleethorpes flying man has never had the slightest accident when passengers have been aboard. He has taken over 6000 people for flights at Cleethorpes, and on Whit Monday he had a good day, taking over fifty people in an hour and a half.

IRISH CRISIS.

THE PETTIGO AFFAIR.

HOW BRITISH TROOPS DEALT WITH THE REBELS.

FIVE SHELLS CLEAR THE VILLAGE



BRITISH TROOPS IN ULSTER.—The British forces which have been arriving in Belfast on their way to the Ulster border have already been engaged in sharp fighting. A howitzer battery entraining for "the front."

The Irish War of Independence (1919–1921) was a guerrilla ***conflict between the Irish Republican Army and British forces****, including the Army, the RIC, and its auxiliary units. It formed a central part of the wider Irish revolutionary period.*

Wednesday 7 – On deck 7 o'clock. No sticks to light the fire with and no chopper to be found. Fix things up in 5 minutes. **Got a puncture going to work, just past Isaac's Hill.** Left my Grid in a garage and tram it. Not much doing at Cleethorpes. Too rough for small boats. Fix the "Edna's" rudder. Maurice had her in, but nothing doing. Theres rather too much breeze for folks. We had some "roasted cats" [possibly catfish] for dinner today but I didn't care much for them. Read "With Beatty at Jutland" by P.H. Westerman. He's a fine author of sea fights.

Thursday 8 – Awoke at 5.15 this morning and jumped out. Woke Herbert about 5.30. We went off to the "Edna", but no wind. I am going to take her for a spin to get used to her. Billy came along with us at 6 when a fine SE breeze sprang up. I was looking for the prawners ahead and they were astern. She is badly in need of a jib or staysail. She'll not tack without one. We came back in style, passing my skipper going out. Took her down the breakwater. I must get a bit of practice at this. She is difficult to handle with the wind on the bow. I got out again fine. **Bill took a party to Woodhall Spa** at 1 o'clock. After tea, Maurice took Miriam and Edna aboard and I joined them. We fired the "Diadem's" storm jib up and the difference in her sailing could be seen at once. Made a tack and off towards the middle lightship. As strong breeze with a good bit of swell. Went 2 miles out and tacked for home. By gum. We fairly flew along. There was quite an audience on the prom watching us come in. Miriam felt seasick. She was rolling a good deal coming back. I can see her drawbacks now. A good jib is necessary – a good big jib with the sheets aft and I could manage her in a breeze alright. The **band on the prom was entertaining.**

Two fire brigades dashed past at Riby Square this dinner. **The fort has been alight. It only fired one 15-inch gun during the war and every window within a radius of 3 miles was shattered.** People nearly dropped dead thinking the Germans had landed.

Friday 9 - Looks bad over the Humber. Was yarning to "Father Christmas" this morning and "Billy Boy". Got to the office at 9.15. Fixed up a run with the bus to Spilsby; taking a party of cricketers sometime. The "Old Man" took a party out but the wind died away. Bill cleaaning the bus tonight. Wind changing. Paddy's hurricane and 10 in the "Lucy". The water was coming in as she rolled. I scared the whole cargo coming in over the island.

BRAVERY AT SEA.

FINNISH RECOGNITION OF GRIMSBY GALLANTRY.

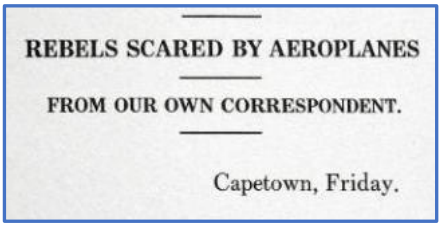
THRILLING RESCUE RECALLED.

For the first time in its history as a Republic, the Finnish Government to-day presented a Grimsby trawler crew with awards for life-saving at sea, in the shape of medals for the skipper and mate and watches for the remainder.

In October, 1919, the ex-Finnish three-masted schooner Anna, while in the North Sea bound for the Medway, with timber, shipped a heavy sea and burst her hatches. She began to founder, and the crew of eleven appeared likely to lose their lives. They were clinging to the masts when the trawler Cortina, belonging to Mr. Neal Green, hove in sight.

TALE OF HEROISM.

The weather was very bad, and the seas so high that Skipper Silas Stephenson made eight or nine attempts before he at last got the trawler alongside the schooner. Seven men jumped aboard. An eighth fell between the two vessels and was drowned. There were still three men aboard the schooner, and the Cortina stood by all night. When morning came the Anna had got so low in the water that it was impossible to get alongside of her, but the remaining three men on board were rescued by means of ropes.



REBELS SCARED BY AEROPLANES

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Capetown, Friday.

SUNK BY GAS BUOY.

MOTOR BOAT FOUNDERS OFF SPURN.

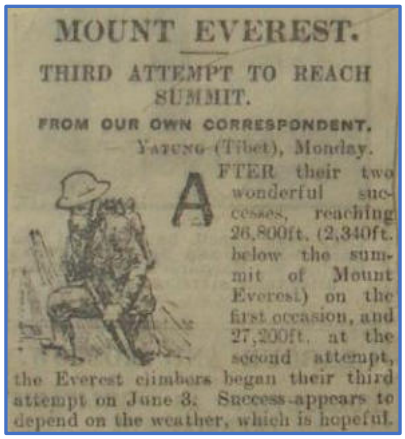
GRIMSBY TRAWLER RESCUE.

After landing her catch at Hull, the Danish motor boat, Gerhardt proceeded to sea, and in hazy weather early this morning she collided with the gas buoy near the Newsome light, off Spurn.

The impact knocked a plank out of her bottom, and she sank.

The crew of four had time to get into their small boat, and they were rescued shortly afterwards by the trawler Hydra, of Grimsby, belonging to Mr. J. R. Mackrill.

Saturday 10 – I will **never take a bicycle to pieces again**. This afternoon I intended to bend my new mudguards on so got the front wheel off. Tres bon! But to get it together again was a different yarn. Lost five hundred thousand nuts, screws, bolts and half a dozen front wheels. The spanners kept going the wrong way and everything, including myself, was playing a game of hide and seek. I got fed up by 5 and shall place it in a solicitor's hand, or somebody's. Anyone's except mine. **Some son of a gun has pulled the plug out of the motor boat.** She's been under 2 tides. Ran down and fixed her up.



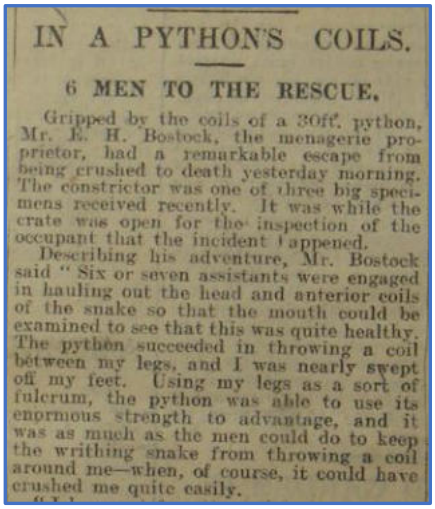
MOUNT EVEREST.

THIRD ATTEMPT TO REACH SUMMIT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

YATUNG (Tibet), Monday.

AFTER their two wonderful successes, reaching 26,800ft. (2,340ft. below the summit of Mount Everest) on the first occasion, and 27,200ft. at the second attempt, the Everest climbers began their third attempt on June 3. Success appears to depend on the weather, which is hopeful.



IN A PYTHON'S COILS.

6 MEN TO THE RESCUE.

Gripped by the coils of a 30ff. python, Mr. E. H. Bostock, the menagerie proprietor, had a remarkable escape from being crushed to death yesterday morning. The constrictor was one of three big specimens received recently. It was while the crate was open for the inspection of the occupant that the incident happened.

Describing his adventure, Mr. Bostock said "Six or seven assistants were engaged in hauling out the head and anterior coils of the snake so that the mouth could be examined to see that this was quite healthy. The python succeeded in throwing a coil between my legs, and I was nearly swept off my feet. Using my legs as a sort of fulcrum, the python was able to use its enormous strength to advantage, and it was as much as the men could do to keep the writhing snake from throwing a coil around me—when, of course, it could have crushed me quite easily.

JUNE 13, 1922.

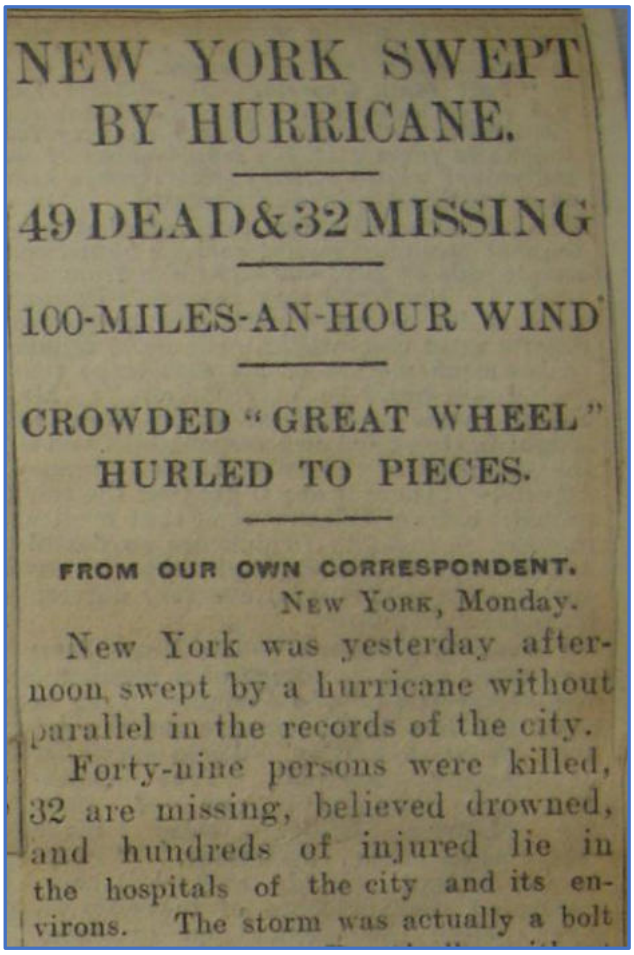
BLOCKADE OF TURKS.

GREEK FLEET CUTS OFF BOLSHEVIST SUPPLIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ATHENS, Monday.

The new operations of the Greek Fleet are not to be confined to the bombardment of Turkish positions along the Black Sea coast.



NEW YORK SWEPT BY HURRICANE.

49 DEAD & 32 MISSING

100-MILES-AN-HOUR WIND

CROWDED "GREAT WHEEL" HURLED TO PIECES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Monday.

New York was yesterday afternoon swept by a hurricane without parallel in the records of the city.

Forty-nine persons were killed, 32 are missing, believed drowned, and hundreds of injured lie in the hospitals of the city and its environs. The storm was actually a bolt

Sunday 11 – **Rigged a hammock up** in the yard. The sun is very hot now. Took a snap of Ena after dinner. It's sickening having nothing to do. About 8 o'clock Billy, George and I decide to go for a sail. Breeze SE. We 'crabbed' out and tacked back. Not much breeze – couldn't fetch the pier. Tacked back again and in, but still no good. The tide was too strong for us. At the third attempt, I sweeped her out and just scraped past the pier end. There was hundreds on the prom watching us, so I decided not to make a fool of myself by tacking again and just anchored (but not in a very good place.) Rowed home in the "Lucy". Talking to Mr Croft.

Monday 12 – Rise and shine at 5 o'clock and call the bo'sun. Get the "Edna" underway at 6. Herbert at the tiller. Anchored her NE of the breakwater. Breakfast and away to the office. Bombarded with questions. Several of them saw me out yesterday. Busy with the boat tonight. Frank and his girl came down. He made rough weather of it. Strong tide and wind together made rowing hard. Got a fine blister on my hand, through going after some laggards. Hector, Stan Bridges and George Cullum and the girls came down. Rowing and racing with Maurice. They are a fine crowd of chaps. We had a fine time last year in the motor boat. Jeff came down with some lads and took the "Scout" out. Postponed the sailing trip – tide and wind 'no bon'. Finished up at 10.30. Speaking to Mr Gaskill; he's a fine chap and he's been all over in ships. Another plug out this morning. Oh, the bounders. It'll go bad with them if they get caught.

Tuesday 13 – Talking to Mr Hull and "Daddy Christmas". He was telling me what a life he had at Bridlington and the conditions there. The photos have come out splendid; not one spoilt. The "Edna" is a treat and so are the others. Plenty to do at the office. Turned in windy at dinner time. NNW. Raining. Prawners came back – too much wind for the. Shall have to shift the boats up if it keeps like this. Sent Cyril down to square up. After tea I got ready. It's blowing a howling gale now, showers of rain and sleet. Well here goes to get them right.

I have **just returned from one of the experiences of my life time and it's only by good management that we got back.** At 6.30 I made preparations for getting the small boats on the slip. Cast off etc and waited for the tide. Get started fine, when Bob Croft comes up and tells me the **"Edna" has broke her big anchor rope.** Good heavens! 'O lor. Well, it's no good looking at her**. Maurice came down and we decided to run out with another rope and anchor.** It's a proper howler now, with surf and waves rolling in sky high. Give Cyril instructions, 'Squeaker' says we won't get out. It's not a question of won't, but a question of we must. She's dragging her small anchor and getting right atop the breakwater. It was a ticklish job getting out and a hot job getting alongside. Crash! She would swing down on a wave – just about settle our ash. **I jumped aboard with the rope end and made fast.** Maurice took the anchor out to windard and dropped. As he came alongside, I jumped and sat down in the bow; the same instant a wave took us yards away and nearly on the piles. We eventually got back; but she wants another anchor out. Two is no good this weather. I run up and borrowed 2 of Mr Croft's anchors and Maurice got another coil of one and half inch rope. We prepared for another trip. It's worse now. A bigger sea is running. We left the slip and going ahead of some fool's boat in the fairway, we started another struggle. **People were watching us from the slip** with bated breath. It was a hard tussle. Several times we were nearly swept on the piles, which would have meant disaster. Our cockle shell was nearly busted trying to get alongside. The "Edna" would rise on a wave and come rushing down like lightning. **I leapt aboard with the anchor rope and made fast. Maurice** took it out again and after a severe struggle with the huge seas he got it right. "I'll take her mizzen down", I yelled as he swept astern. It was nearly impossible to be heard; the gale was so strong. I wrestled

with the mizzen and after a bit down she came. That's good, the mainmast next. But whoa! "Let's get the "Scout" and "Fred" in now ", yelled Maurice. They were too l'ooard of the piles and just beginning to catch the breakers. So, we made tracks for home. A few waves caught us up and carried us away like billy-o, at the same time, half filling us. We manoeuvred through the piles and to the slip. We turned the water out and started off to the "Scout". Cyril came with us. It was an easy job compared to the other. I jumped aboard – pulled the anchors up, handed one to them for a tow and I shoved along with an oar. We got her alongside and out again to Fred. Ticklish job making the painter fast, but let go the chain and soon had her in. The boys, scouts, "Daddy Christmas" and Mr Hull lent a hand and we soon had them stowed away on the slip. **A big crowd had gathered watching our performance.** Maurice and I had a consultation and decided to put another anchor out and get the mainmast down. Mr Lightwood came to our aid with a big anchor and rope. We got a different boat to go out in. **They all said on the slip that we wouldn't get out a third time,** but we started. Me in the bows; pulling away for life and Maurice amidships. The waves would fling us back every time but we stuck it. Two enormous waves caught us and half drowned us. Soaking to the skin and boat half full of water, **I seized my chance and jumped aboard.** Made fast, jumped in the small boat, we both pulled to windard with the anchor. What a struggle. Once we got across her bows. She was leaping right out of the water, and her stern would fly up as her nose went into the seas. The big anchor took some getting out. "Righto -drop it", I yelled as the rope tautened, a wave swayed us back in no time. I jumped aboard, made fast the small boats painter, and Maurice jumped aboard**. We'll cut the stays and rigging he yelled. Aye! Aye! Took some sawing through.** Now for it. The great heavy mast took a bit of getting out, and then down came the six hundred. Nothing was damaged in falling, so we pulled her in-board and lashed down. What a relief. She will ride out there now that brute is down. Our little boat astern, was plunging and dipping in to the seas, shipping a good quantity. Now we had the problem of getting back with a boat half full and high following waves. Maurice jumped for it and got ready. **I jumped as she crashed alongside** and went full length in the bows, and at the same time, a rooster of a sea swept us like lightning to the breakwater. Maurice tried to stop her and his oar became unshipped. Luckily for us we pulled off; we clawed off the breakwater nearly right down, the big waves sending spray and foam over her gun'ale. Once I got up forward to help rowing, but she put her nose down and the **next wave would have sent us under like a submarine**, so I jolly soon jumped astern and just in time. A big 'un came tumbling down on us and nearly sunk us. About 4 inches freeboard left. The confounded boat in the fairway put the tin hat on it. We bumped down the piles and I tried to push off with an oar but wind and tide was too strong. Hard astern! Quick! That's good. Just as no waves came, she got between 2 piles, but hard astern sent us safely to loo'ward. It was lucky. Had a wave come just then, we should have been jiggered and had to swim for it. As I sat astern, the water kept coming in, and I'm certain she wouldn't have lasted another minute amongst those waves. **A dozen hands hauled Maurice and I out as we bobbed alongside. There was (or seemed to be) hundreds of people on the slip watching us.**

Mr Lightwood was very excited, so Cyril says, as we nosed out amongst the waves. "They'll do it. No, they won't. Yes. No." he kept saying as we disappeared in the waves. Cyril stood by to launch another boat in case we went under. The people stood with bated breath. I was told that the dancers on the pier pavilion were all watching us, with every wave they thought we had gone under. Anyhow, **getting the main mast down was good.** She's riding fine now with four anchors to wind'ard. Wet to the skin. Hot bath. Supper, off to bed. We have got shift from there in the morning. It's a gale and a half now. I am supposed to be asleep, but that's out of the question. Every 5 minutes I'm up and got the glasses [binoculars] on her, thank heavens she'll soon be aground. I couldn't get to sleep. I would doze off and then up again, looking out of the window.

Wednesday 14 - Got out and dressed 3.30. Lit the fire, made some cocoa and sat down until 6 o'clock, writing, reading etc. It's still blowing great guns. The tide will soon be up to her. Roused Maurice and Bill and got ready to **shift her down into the bay, which is the safest place.** Ran down and put one anchor out ahead; coiled the rest up and aboard. The tide soon came up. The beach was covered with surf, rushing in at a good rate. As soon as she lifted, Maurice hauled her out. We went ahead of the pile-end and blew down in fine style, Maurice astern steering and Bill up forrard on the lee and me on the windard side, pushing with the big oars. There is some good ones rolling in now. A breaker caught her up forrad and completely smothered me in spray; several times that happened. She came aground near the big breakwater, so I took an anchor out ahead (only 2 or 3 feet of water). There is **not water enough to get her into the bay yet,** so we shall just have to heave-to. The "Delta" chap was also getting her in and she was cutting up rusty. **He tried to get through the breakwater and was up to his thighs pushing her through when he suddenly went up to his neck.** The "Delta" drifting away. We saw him gasping but he climbed out and after his boat. "Some job isn't it", he yelled. It was still blowing a gale, the wind whistling round your ears, and the sky wind'ard looked bad. The low-lying clouds were scudding past. We decided to make another shift and hauled up anchor and off we went, keeping in the creek. Eventually, after bumping into several boats etc we brought up and anchored in the bay, stern of "Daddy Christmas". I took 3 anchors out to wind'ard and one to starboard. Not very rough in the bay. Carried Maurice and Bill ashore and sat down to empty my sea boots but the water ran down my back. I was wet through, so n' importe. At home 8.30 breakfast, dressed in some funny clothes (others wet), white tennis socks, uniform brass button waistcoat and so on. Bill ran me down to Grimsby in the bus and there were the office crowd, waiting for me. They all flocked to the windows. Very busy. After dinner I tried to get a nap in the office, but no bon. Feel very sleepy. Jack Peace and Co went out for a row tonight. I off to bed now, I'll get a decent sleep with that load off my heart.

QUEST RETURNING.

BIRD AND ANIMAL FILM.

WIRELESS PICKED UP AT 10,000 MILES.

After an adventurous voyage full of romance, courage, and endurance the gallant Quest is returning home, and will reach Southampton in September. The Quest, which is now at Capetown, is not returning South, but has visited unknown islands, in accordance with the wishes of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, and has carried out the work of scientific observation and exploration which was originally intended.

Commander Wild is bringing with him a film of bird and animal life, of which new species have been found, and complete geological and biological data gathered in unknown islands.

Mr. J. Q. Rowett, who is mainly responsible for financing the Shackleton-Rowett expedition, said to a *Daily Mail* reporter yesterday that the Quest has carried out the full programme of the expedition as planned by Sir Ernest Shackleton.

On its way home the Quest will visit South Trinidad.

RIVAL CHINESE FORCES.

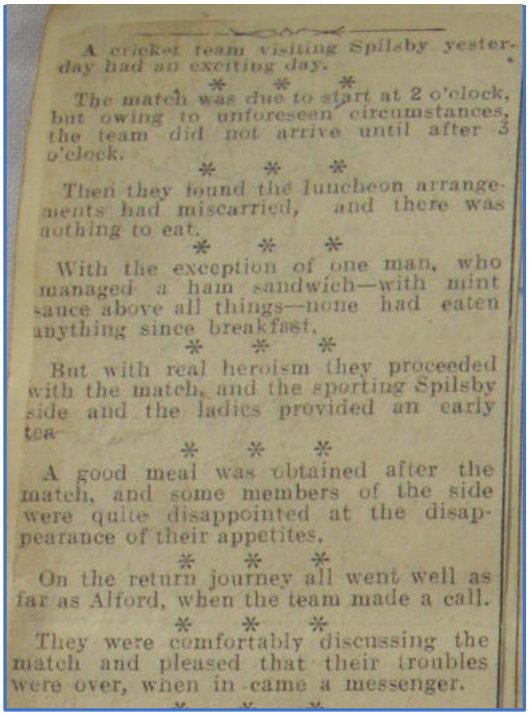
FIERCE BATTLE RAGING.

PEKIN, Wednesday.—The fighting at Shanhaikwan has developed into one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War, with very heavy casualties.

Thursday 15 – Crawl out at 7.30. Busy at the office. Put 2 hours in at the **motor boat getting the engine out.** George brought his **cart and horse** down to take it up. What a horse (old army charger). Quite a lot of spectators were watching its manoeuvres, bucking etc, stuck in the sand half an hour, Full speed ahead and up the Kingsway with a fair breeze. Billy took a **party of cricketers to Spilsby** today [in charabanc]. He's not back yet. Turned in at 10.30.

Friday 16 – Woke up this morning and found myself half dead. My back was aching terrible – I couldn't move a finger without singing out in pain. It took me half an hour to tumble out I think I have **strained my back getting that engine out** yesterday. Crawled to office like a lame duck. The situation gradually eased up towards dinner time but I'm no means 'ready for action'. Bill has not turned up yet. Phoned through from **Alford; the bus has broke-down.** Some more trouble and expense. The office chaps say that I look like one of those tribesmen with poisoned darts when my hair is flying about.

Hallo! Theres a bit in the paper about the stranded cricketers which Bill took to Spilsby. **Billy arrived home by train and left the bus at the "Windmill".** Gear box cog wheel or something gone smash. Want a new 'un now. Oh! Laugh! Father arrived home 9.30.



A cricket team visiting Spilsby yesterday had an exciting day.

* * *

The match was due to start at 2 o'clock, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, the team did not arrive until after 3 o'clock.

* * *

Then they found the luncheon arrangements had miscarried, and there was nothing to eat.

* * *

With the exception of one man, who managed a ham sandwich—with mint sauce above all things—none had eaten anything since breakfast.

* * *

But with real heroism they proceeded with the match, and the sporting Spilsby side and the ladies provided an early tea.

* * *

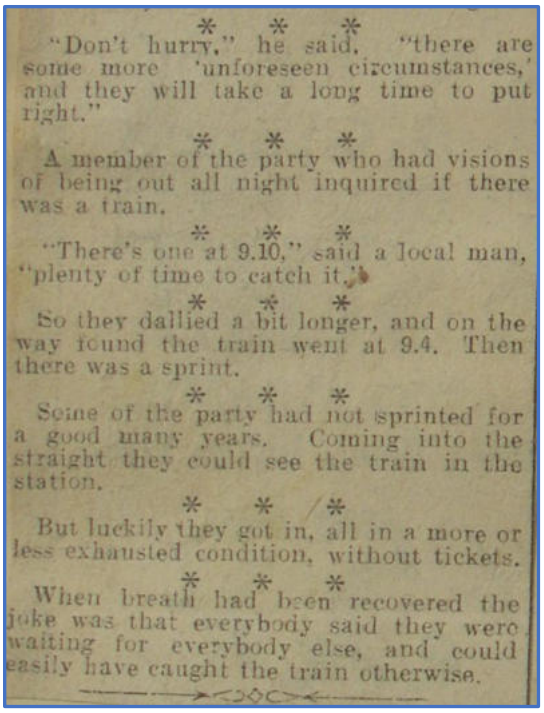
A good meal was obtained after the match, and some members of the side were quite disappointed at the disappearance of their appetites.

* * *

On the return journey all went well as far as Alford, when the team made a call.

* * *

They were comfortably discussing the match and pleased that their troubles were over, when in came a messenger.



* * *

"Don't hurry," he said, "there are some more 'unforeseen circumstances,' and they will take a long time to put right."

* * *

A member of the party who had visions of being out all night inquired if there was a train.

* * *

"There's one at 9.10," said a local man, "plenty of time to catch it."

* * *

So they dallied a bit longer, and on the way found the train went at 9.4. Then there was a sprint.

* * *

Some of the party had not sprinted for a good many years. Coming into the straight they could see the train in the station.

* * *

But luckily they got in, all in a more or less exhausted condition, without tickets.

* * *

When breath had been recovered the joke was that everybody said they were waiting for everybody else, and could easily have caught the train otherwise.

Monday 19 - Went for a **spin with Bill on a motorcycle**. Father is getting some moorings down outside. Mr Lightwood had a couple of tickets, so **I went to the' Royal'** for the rest of the night. A **decent concert-party on**, and a very good young lady violin player. She could make the violin speak nearly. I wish I could play half as good.

Tuesday 20 - Read "Outposts of the Fleet" by Edward Noble. Some very good yarns and a bit of truth about the Merchant Service. I'll be able to do a bit of reading now, as my bike's jiggered (temporarily) and I've to travel down by tram.

Went to the club at 8.30pm. Did some good sighting; shall shoot on Thursday. Mr Clarke and Mr Person were competing against each other. Both, 99 first time. Fish and chips for supper. **Four youngsters, ages 7-10 got in one of our boats moored out and let go the chain. That was about 6. At 9, Cyril went down and found them drifting away, with only one oar, one being lost overboard.** They were getting well away, and it was fortunate that Mr Lightwood's boat was handy, because they would have gone out to sea. Cyril went in pursuit and **brought them back about 11, yelling and crying. Grimsby kids.** Scuttled off like rabbits.

Wednesday 21 - Herbert had a letter from young Sidney at Hull Infirmary. He was run over and had his leg taken off. Brave youngster. He came out on the last trip of the 'Diadem'. [It appears that the families "Royal Diadem" vessel sunk and is now resting 5 fathoms – 30 feet - deep off Cleethorpes.]

Red "The Frigate Bird" from Under Blue Skys by H de V Stacpool. A fine writer about South Seas and the Pacific Islands. It was a good yarn but I could have made a better climax than H de Vere did.

After tea I went down for a game of cricket. **All the family have gone to the Sunday School sports.** The youngsters had a good time last year.

Thursday 22 - This afternoon, the office was in an uproar. Fred and Frank were mimicking Albert's air force talk and what language and voices they used. Things quietened down when the boss came up.

Went to rifle club at 8.30. The Grimsby Centrals are shooting at our place tonight. Some fine chaps amongst them. They have invited me down yonder for a night's practice on 50, 100 and 200 yards targets' I took my time tonight and put 96 up against Pinchbeck. Dan Pratt is seeing about a rifle for me.

Friday 23 -

SIR HENRY WILSON MURDERED.

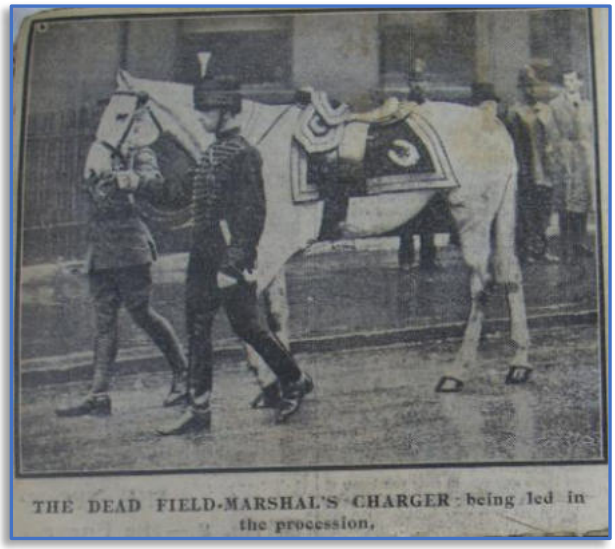
SHOT, SWORD IN HAND, IN LONDON.

IRISH ASSASSINS CAUGHT.

2 POLICE AND A CHAUFFEUR WOUNDED DURING CHASE.

THIRD ARREST LAST NIGHT.

We deeply regret to announce that Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, G.C.B., D.S.O., Britain's greatest strategist, formerly Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and an Irishman who during the last few months has been organising the defences of Northern Ireland, was shot dead as he was entering his house, 36, Eaton-place, London, S.W., yesterday afternoon.



THE DEAD FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHARGER being led in the procession.

A most **dastardly and cowardly murder** was committed in London yesterday afternoon. **Field Marshall Sir Henry Wilson was assassinated by Sinn Feiners.** Everybody seems to be stunned by the news, and it has roused passionate anger in everybody. I feel like tearing the murderer's limb from limb. At work we discussed the matter for an hour and not a bit of work was started until 9.30. I should think this will cause some trouble in Ireland. [Sir Henry Wilson: Senior British army officer and WW1 strategist, later military advisor to the Northern Island government, a controversial figure in Anglo-Irish politics, and MP for North Down.]

Saturday 24 - Out rowing at 7 this morning. Did 4 miles in half an hour. I went half way to the ness buoy. The Boss and Alf Miller and respective wives went out rowing just before tea. There was a good breeze SW and it soon put some blisters on their hands. Get the

"Edna's" mizzen [sail] shipped in the "Scout" and go for a sail. There was a good strong breeze and she flew along. She's a **dangerous boat for sailing:** NE beam; but all the same she can slip through it. Read "The Abysmal Brute" by Jack London. An exciting and holding book.

Sunday 25 - Blowing west. No prawners out today. Maurice and I do a bit of sparring this morning. Have the gramophone for an hour or so. Read another yarn "The Foundered Galleon" by W Chesney, A decent yarn about Spanish gold etc. It's alright but I could write those sorts of yarns myself.

Had a **rough and tumble with the boys** this afternoon. They were all trying to get me down. Finished up by carrying John under my arm and **putting his head under the tap.**

Monday 26 - Plenty muchee murdere lately. Herr Rathenau, Germany's man, shot dead in Berlin. Prince of Monaco dead, etc. £5,000 jewel robbery [£250,000].28.6.22

Hauled up the "Diadem's" big anchor aboard the "Lucy" and took it out to the moorings.

Filled the "Scout" up with youngsters and was **teaching them to row in time.** Took her out themselves after. They were the talk of the prom.

Wednesday 28 - Rowed over to the house boat this morning. The crew are just stirring. Going to take her to Grimsby docks this morning. The boats are on the go tonight and its laughable to see some chaps rowing. We do get some queer 'uns. **Mr Lightwood left me his boat to moor. I pushed her off intending to do so. About an hour after one of the scouts says, "What's that boat drifting out yonder?" I had forgotten all about her.** Cyril soon brought her in.

[A number of recent news articles report on the troubles in Dublin and Ireland. June 1922 saw a **turning point in Irish history, as divisions over the Anglo-Irish Treaty sparked civil war and fractured the republican movement**.]

ON THE ALERT.—A Free State outpost, in charge of an officer armed with automatic pistol, watching for snipers at a street corner in the rebel-infested area of Dublin.

Thursday 29 - Grimsby Gala night tonight. Fireworks etc and a regular good time. Read a book by H.G. Wells, "The Country of the Blind", and other stories. Full of mysteries, scientifical, yarns and unheard-of stuff. Took some understanding.

Went down on the slip. The boats are not very busy. Yarning to the Sea Scouts and out rowing until 10. **Two country yossers came down and Cyril took them out for a row. What a laugh! They tried to row, zigzagging in angles of 90 degrees. When they wanted to pull a stroke, one would say to the other, "You wag that one".**

Another arrival in our family. **Sidney has come from Hull for the summer holidays. He was run over and a leg taken off about 1 month ago in Hull, but he is as cheerful and restless as any youngster now.** Nothing doing with boats. 8 o'clock – See Mr Broughton and arrange for Sunday's trip.

July 1922

Saturday 1 - This quarter is going to be a busy one for me at the office. We have got the "Mops" contract. Bigger than the "Mets" I think. Old "Stick in the Mud" is flying along with two bus loads. She goes alright on land and he deserves a good season for his pluck.

At last, I've **got my bike back.** Thank Evans! Cleaned it, oiled it and made it look like a bike. Never again shall I take another one to pieces. One way or another it has cost me 17 shillings [£45] to make it go.

What oh! Cyril says Mr Broughton is going to Withernsea on the "Excelsior". (A bit smaller than the "Diadem"). That's fine! I'm going as well. Pack up some grub, apples etc. Leaving at midnight they are going whelking. It's blowing hard.

Not going! What a disappointment. There is a gale of wind now, about south, and there will be some sea on outside Spurn. However, we are sent out at 11 o'clock and put another anchor out. Dark, dirty night. The wind is howling past, and squalls of stinging rain fly past, and there is a good sea on. I was pulling the anchor chain on deck, when up came the end and flew round, hitting Tom on the nose. He saw stars for ten minutes. Split his nose and bleeding a deal. We dropped the anchor, squared up and made for home. Very squally. Will go *[to Withernsea]* in the morning.

Sunday 2 - No! I've just seen him. Not going. There will be a mountainous sea outside Spurn. What hard luck! Spoilt a fine trip for me. **Bill took me for a ride to Humberston and back, on the back of a motor cycle.** Jolly fine! There is still a gale blowing SW. That bike can shift. Wants £30 [£1500] for it.

Out rowing at 11o'clock. Out to the "Excelsior" and then off to the bay, took some hard pulling against the wind. Brought Mr Burton ashore. (I chased him and his motor boat all over the Humber one Sunday, putting a chap aboard.) That was 3 years ago, and they still remember it.

After dinner read one of Jack London's books "Burning Daylight". A fine book but I venture to suggest there is no such character like 'Daylight' ever lived or ever will do. Eat apples and ginger snaps which I intended taking with me on the trip.

Monday 3 - Go for a spin along the prom. It's a pretty sight, better going to work on the bike than tramming it. Can get down in 15 minutes. There is plenty to do now. This contract is making things hum. The crock of a typewriter is enough to make anybody swear.

Read "A Study in Scarlet" by Conan Doyle. A detective story mixed with a tragic romance. Anyhow it was a very good yarn. Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson are the two unique characters.

Wednesday 5 - Rain and very windy. Was held up this morning, going to work**. A tree had blown down across the tram lines and it was 15 minutes before they got it shifted. That happened at Suggitt's Lane.**

Went to the Coliseum *[a cinema on the High Street that is now a Wetherspoon's public house]* tonight to see Lieut Locklear, the daredevil airman in "The Great Air Robbery". He jumped from his plane to another, several times, but I was disappointed. I thought it was going to be something extraordinary.

Raining hard. Found we must get the "Scout" on the slip so we all got our oilskins on etc and off. We soon got her up. I think the small boat will hang out alright.

Line fishing dated 11.11.1917. Note the old tarred oilskins and sou'westers of that period.

Credit: Raking up the Past by James Dales

Thursday 6 - The boats are half full of rainwater. No bicycle this morning. Raining. Snowy was nearly drowned **coming up on the rully** [a four-wheeled agricultural style horse-drawn wagon].

At 6 o'clock it fine up, but there is still a good bit wind. The prawners are dipping their bows in to it, and the trawlers coming up the river are making spray fly. Cyril got the small boats up the slip today. Best place just now.

Friday 7 - There is not much news in the papers nowadays. **Just a bit of a war in Ireland, fighting and plotting in Germany, a revolution in Mexico or Brazil, Spaniards still fighting Moors, miners on strike in America, riots and bloodshed between fascists and socialists in Italy, the war between Turkey and Greece is still going on, Bolsheviks murdering all the parsons in Russia, Japanese factory's idle, China forces still mobilised, and a few wars which I have forgotten.**

THE STORM AT SEA.

GRIMSBY VESSELS EXPERIENCE ROUGH WEATHER.

Vessels returning to port to-day report rough weather in the North Sea yesterday.

During the gale on Thursday morning the G.C.R. steamship Nottingham, bound for Grimsby, picked up the Hull steam lighter Halls Avance, which was in difficulties, owing to engine trouble, and towed her into Grimsby.

INJURED BY BIG SEA.

A deck hand on the trawler Lord Ashby, William George, of 169, Cooper road, was put ashore when the vessel arrived in dock last night.

He was badly injured by a big sea which was shipped, and was picked up unconscious. He was taken to the Grimsby and District Hospital in the Borough motor ambulance.

Saturday 8 - Still raining. We did not finish until 2.30 this afternoon. Rough sea, blowing hard SE. Very choppy in the corner so I brought the "Fred" out of it. Brought the "Old Man" off from the "Bermuda". Had a good pull against the tide and wind. **Had some fun riding the waves over the top of the island.** Pack up after a few games of whist.

1925: The Brighton Slipway sits at the centre of the image, with Len's Island to its left; the large white building is the Cliff Hotel and the Bewley house stands immediately to its left.

Sunday 9 - Oh! What a disappointment. There is the "Excelsior" going down the river; has just left Grimsby docks. I would have been aboard if I had known. Read a fine set of yarns by Jack London. "The Son of the Wolf". Some capital reading.

The fort has just been practicing with the big guns. *[This is likely one of the two Humber forts; Haile Sand Fort is the one closest to the resort.]* Reminds me of the **adventure Maurice, Albert and I had on Marsden Cliffs. Sept 1914. We had been snapshotting, and when we were going to take one of the great long cannon, up comes a sentry, bayonet and everything.** Takes the camera and was going to take us to the camp as spies. I thought we were in for it but explanations cleared the mystery. Have just read half of "The Fifth Format St Dominic's" by TB Read. A rattling school yarn.

Monday 10 - Out rowing until 7.30. Went down in the bay. The "Roy" was half full. The "Rose" towed me home. Boats after tea. Things are beginning to look up now; people are coming out to enjoy the sunshine. Go several trips with "Father Christmas" in the "Bermuda". She can skip along with a good breeze. Steered to the middle float and back.

Tuesday 11 - Stan and Grace are getting married today. The Boss is making preparations for his holiday. He is leaving tomorrow with his wife and going for a fortnights tour round Wales on his motor cycle. The boats out again after tea. **A motor boat caused a great commotion tonight and nearly knocked her side out. She was going full speed for the piles and the rudder failed to act.** Crash! She knocked a lump off that post and came full pelt amongst the motor boats. Mr Hull jumped like a scalded cat.

Thursday 13 - Had a **smash up at dinner time on my bicycle. A little girl (about 15) stepped right out in front of my bows**. I endeavoured to miss her but just caught her shoulder and cannoned off alongside the pavement. Missed a tree and capsized to port, coming a cropper on the pavement. But I was rather lucky. No one was hurt. I just consoled her with a shilling [£2.50], straightened my bike out, and off home.

Friday 14 - Father came home tonight for the weekend. Maurice and I went out to fetch a boat in. We did make her shift. Talk about a motor boat. We could have towed one in.

Saturday 15 - Father and Maurice brought the "Edna" alongside the slip this morning. We're going to rig her up. **Mr Martin the airman is back again.** He is flying a plane for some firm. A new Avro a fine (blue?). **This is the third he's had.**

When the "Edna" floated we shoved her nose in the corner of the prom and stepped the mast. Not an easy job. There were quite a few onlookers. She still wants half a turn to starboard.

Monday 17 - Finishing the "Edna" off tonight. Tightening the rigging, bending sails etc. The old man came down for a yarn. He's been ill with lumbago for 4 days. The aeroplane is going up pretty often. **After a long-distance flight, he stunted before landing. I'll bet the passengers had the wind up.** But he's a good airman. I saw him take off one Sunday in a gale and start doing stunts.

Tuesday 18 - Maurice took the "Edna" out this morning. Everybody is **grumbling about the slack season, down on the slip.** Old Stumpy has even put his spoke in about no visitors being down to go out in his boat. Father goes back at dinner time.

Wednesday 19 - Plenty to do at the office. I am busy from morning till night at tallies. Maurice was sailing the "Edna" this morning. It was very puffy and she made a prawner and motor boat look sick. She flew along with a good list but she wants some ballast in.

Thursday 20 - Was scorching down **Clee Lane [probably the present-day Clee Road]** on my bike today. It's a good run on the road.

Fred is going great guns on fish just now. (The boss is away.) Plaice, kippers and Tunney's in quick succession.

Friday 21 - Jimmy has been outpouring a tale of woe to me. He's fed up with office life. The poor kid has got "Adventure Fever" which any English lad would get after being **caged up in a stuffy office for 12 months. It's not a fit or natural employment for a healthy young lad. (A woman's job).**

Saturday 22 - Club swinging in the garage till 7.30. A good exercise.

The boss came back from his holidays today. He has travelled 860 miles around Wales.

At 4 o'clock Maurice and I made the **"Edna" shipshape and took Muriel, Nancy and Edna out for a sail. Passed the Burcom and tacked after reaching the Middle buoy 4 miles out. The girls were waving to the big steamers and trawlers passing us. The trawler "Silicia" came close to us and Muriel and Nancy were quite pleased when "the man in the little box" (so they called the wheelhouse) waved back to them. The officers on the bridge of a French vessel waved back to them.** A big Belgian "The Keltier" altered her course to clear us. Maurice brought her back to the moorings and we soon rowed ashore. Saw Tom Broughton. Shall be going out with him if everything turns out as anticipated. Plenty fish in river. Mr Lee caught some fine big Butts.

"A NIGHT IN HELL."

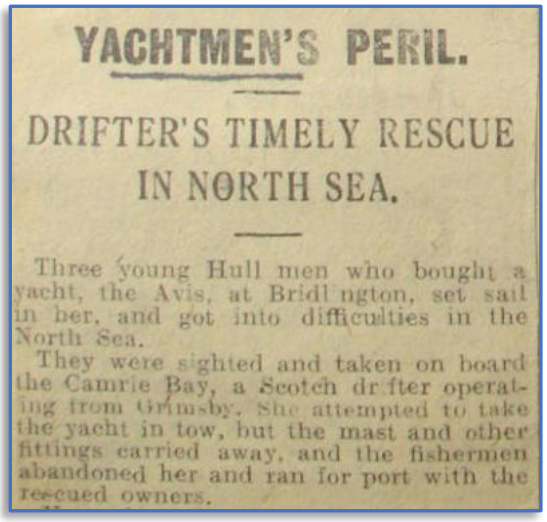
WORLD'S LARGEST SAILING SHIP WRECK.

A HUNDRED MILES' DASH TO RESCUE CREW.

CHANNEL GALE.

THRILLING RESCUES AND LIFEBOATS' VAIN SEARCH.

Numerous tales of woe for seafarers appear in Len's diary but it doesn't deter his desire for the sea


YACHTMEN'S PERIL.

DRIFTER'S TIMELY RESCUE IN NORTH SEA.

Three young Hull men who bought a yacht, the Avis, at Bridlington, set sail in her, and got into difficulties in the North Sea.

They were sighted and taken on board the Camrie Bay, a Scotch drifter operating from Grimsby. She attempted to take the yacht in tow, but the mast and other fittings carried away, and the fishermen abandoned her and ran for port with the rescued owners.

Sunday 23 - Get packed up and off to Tom Broughton's at 5. **We are going whelking, off Withernsea.** Walked down to Grimsby (3 miles) and get things shipshape aboard the "Excelsior". The "Julia Woods" and "Siola" left half an hour before us. The "Magnet" (who picked that drifting yacht up) hauled out and we followed at 7. The Kelvin engine sends

her along fine. A Dutchman or a Dane went rushing past, racing in dock before tide time. Abreast of the Burcom, the three of us went to breakfast leaving the old man on deck steering. The galley stove looked cheerful, burning up bright and starting the eggs and bacon sizzling. A mug of steaming tea each, sandwiches and stuff vanished with great rapidity. I was elated. (It seemed as if the old days had returned, when I used to be skipper of a barque, trading down the Baltic.) Then we started yarning. Cigarettes come out. On deck, the skipper is at the tiller with a pot of smoking tea on the hatch. (The nobs would say ships tea was beastly stuff, but I think it is delicious.)

We cut close round Spurn, **taking a passage inside the Binks.** Sighted the **"Siola" drifting on the Binks with engine trouble.** Passed the big gun and Kelsey beacon in no time. As we sight Withernsea a yacht was tacking out and the "Magnet" was already at her gear. Then we started! I have seen a good few people at different jobs, but this is the hardest and most hazardous work I've ever struck. **It is a real man's job, and I will describe it to the best of my ability.**

A few terms in whelk man language:

Whelk pot – like a lobster pot, with an iron bottom full of holes and about a foot [*30cm*] in diameter. A good weight to haul up.

Shank – a line of 42 (generally) pots at distances of 30 feet *[9m]* from each other, and anchored at each end, buoys marking the ends.

Wash – a whelk measure, holding a good bucketful of whelks.

[Whelks in the 1920s were a significant part of the coastal fishing economy, sold as food and exported, largely profitable on a small scale, and with notable occupational hazards for fishers. Whelks were occasionally used as bait for cod and other fish by coastal fishermen.]

Well, we started, one hand short, Jack was away. Anyhow, we started hauling in the first shank. By the time we were halfway through, I thought my back was broke. Anyhow, two of us hauled the pots aboard, while number 3 man emptied the whelks out on the other deck, baited them, and stacked them aft, ready for dropping, - to be hauled next day – No. 4 man was steering and attending to the engine. [Whelks are scavengers so any strong-smelling decaying flesh, such as fish trimmings or dead fish or crabs, were ideal for baiting the pots]. We were in 12 fathoms [22m] of water. By the time we got the first shank hauled, I found out what hard work was. My hands were not as bad, but my back went through it. Tom said they wear mittens for hauling up, but he never wore any. His hands were used to it, no wonder my hands were covered with blisters at the end of the second shank. Anyhow, with fresh pots baited and stacked we went full speed ahead, no. 3 throwing the pots overboard as they came in turn, where the perforated bottom would soon sink them on the ground for the whelks to climb in and get caught next day.

The whelks are proper hooligans, eating every scrap of fish in the pot and leaving nothing but skin, and a bone picked as clean as the ants pick a carcass in South America. Also, they are as sly as monkeys. The bait is fixed in the middle of the pot by drawing the strings tight with a button, but if the bait happens to be against the side of the pot, the whelks will be alongside and get it through the openings. Once they are in the pot they can't climb out for an inch [2.5cm] of net hung down round the mouth, stops them.

No. 3 has the hardest backbreaking job. He had to empty the heavy whelk pot on the deck, fix flesh bait in, and stack them in order down on the starboard quarter. He is bending down nearly all the time and after 42 heavy pots are finished, he is quite ready for a spell. In the meantime, having shot the first shank, we sort the whelks out, and pack them in bags until we arrived at the number 2 shank buoy. I gradually got used to it and stuck on till we had hauled the 6 shanks, (about 250 pots, and 1000 fathom *[1828m]* of line, although my hands were full of blisters and very sore, not being used to it. Anyhow, we had a big deck full of whelks and I managed to get a snapshot of the crew. We finished hauling about 1 o'clock and then had a look at the 4 baskets on a new piece of ground to see if there were any whelks there, and all the particulars and then as the course was set for home, the 3 of us went below deck for dinner. Hot cocoa, bread and cheese, etc soon disappeared. Working out there in the splendid sea breeze would make anybody lose their appetite and find a donkey's. The old man steering was alright, with his packing up and cocoa on the hatch top. Then the 3 of us started filling the wash and bagging them. This job occupied us till we reached the docks. By the Binks we were overhauled by the GCR steamer "Staveley" and was **nicely entertained going past the fort. They were practicing with big guns, and we could see columns of water shoot up all around the targets. Some of the shells would ricochet and fall 100 yards [91m] past the target.** This woke the slumbering reminisces of Tom and Walter's war experiences and they fell to relating yarns.

Walt was wounded in the leg in 1918. Tom was on an escort and had plenty of excitement. We finished packing the whelks in bags and found our haul was 51 wash – a decent lot. Under the pier they had slung 60 wash the previous day (as not required) and we got those aboard. [If this was common practice amongst the whelk man – it shows significant trust in their peers who would be competing for the same market.] We were the second boat to lay alongside the pier entrance, waiting for the dock gates to open. The "Julia Woods" was the first. Then in about 10 minutes in came the "Magnet", followed by the "Siola". Our skipper had received instructions as to which boat wanted the whelks, (the codmen use whelks for bait, paying 5 shillings a wash for them) [£12] so directly the dock gates opened, we made for our codmen.

Steering nicely, we brought up between the "Gleaning" and the "Ivy West" – 38 and 30 wash respectively – and we set about the task of transhipping our cargo. Its hard work dragging and lifting a big bag of whelks from ship to ship, and especially to me, as my hands were sore with blisters. Next, we glided down the dock past the array of trawlers and put 28 wash aboard the "Hesperus". Then we shaved under the counter of the

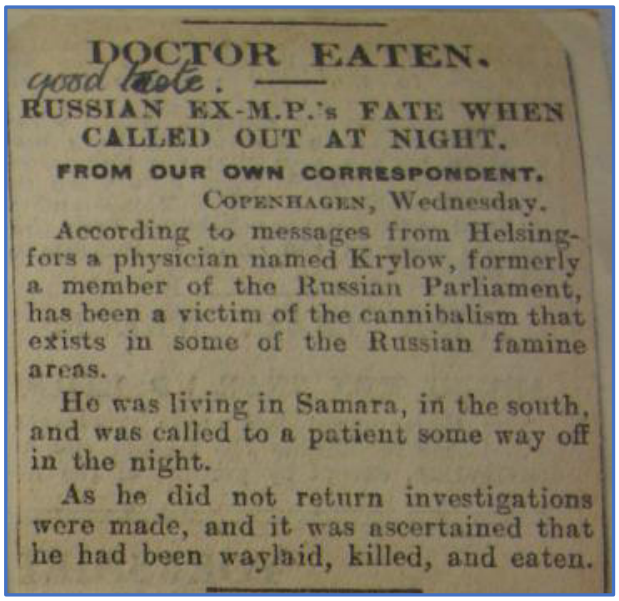
"Monarch", a big trawler and distributed the remainder of our cargo to 3 other codmen. Our days' work was done. We made fast to the pontoon and squared things up. I stood and watched the moving panorama of ships. The "Nordvest", and enormous, flaming red painted "Icelandman", came through the lockpit and entered the dock in stately magnificence. She glided past as noiseless as a ghost, making hardly a ripple at her bows, and continued ahead in search of a berth, ready to land her cargo of fish for Monday's market. The dock was full of ships. Big ships, little ships, new ones, old ones; a stout bluff bowed Dane came puffing in, and sighting her companions, went hard a port and made fast. Another trawler glided in, compelling attention and admiration. A faint musical tinkling of the speed indicators bell came vibrating over the glassy water and told that a ship was going hard astern. Then a tremendous noise, drowning everything. A trawler was blowing off steam. As suddenly as it began, it stopped and peace and silence reigned. It was an impressive scene. But I found it was time we were going, so I went down below, packed up, took a bass of whelks, and said goodbye to the "Excelsior". We all boarded a *[tram]* car at Riby Square and in half an hour, I was getting my tea.

So that was the **end of my first whelking trip.** It was grand. When I think of going to the office in the morning I nearly faint. Despite the rain, (for sailors don't care) I properly enjoyed myself. Am looking forward to next Sunday.

Chopping up bait - usually fish heads or other offal. This is used in crab, lobster and whelk pots.

Credit: Raking up the Past by James Dales

Tuesday 25 - Surf riding. I came in a on a fine wave tonight. **A chap fell in, off the slip. Mr Gracy and I hauled him out.** Read a bit of "The Si-Fan Mystery" and got fed up with it.



DOCTOR EATEN.

good taste.

RUSSIAN EX-M.P.'s FATE WHEN CALLED OUT AT NIGHT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.

According to messages from Helsingfors a physician named Krylow, formerly a member of the Russian Parliament, has been a victim of the cannibalism that exists in some of the Russian famine areas.

He was living in Samara, in the south, and was called to a patient some way off in the night.

As he did not return investigations were made, and it was ascertained that he had been waylaid, killed, and eaten.

PALACE ROMANCE.

SKELETONS OF MAN AND WOMAN IN CLOSE EMBRACE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, Wednesday.

During excavations in the courtyard of a magnificent palace at Velletri, near Rome, two skeletons have been found, one of a man, the other of a woman. Their arms were interlocked in the closest embrace.

A very valuable ring was also found, which appears to show that the skeletons are those of once wealthy people. An examination of the bones has revealed that the corpses had been buried a long time ago.

ITALIAN RIOT.

SEVEN KILLED AND 30 WOUNDED BY TROOPS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, Wednesday.

Following a dispute at Ravenna today between Socialists and Republicans, which developed into a riot in which Fascisti joined, troops were called out.

To protect themselves they were forced to fire. Seven persons were killed and 30 wounded.

A Fascista was clubbed to death. Two bombs exploded.

Thursday 27 - Went for a row to the prawners and back. Did 2 miles in 20 minutes.

Another aeroplane crash in this morning's Mail. Hardly a day goes past without an aeroplane getting smashed up. Lieut. Blake, **on the flight round the world,** is hung up for repairs. ["Airborne once more on July 25, the trio had to turn back almost immediately with a fuel pump impeller malfunction." In 1922, Major Wilfred T. Blake led a bold but **botched attempt to be the first to fly around the world,** wishing to beat any American attempt. The journey was full of dramatic contrasts: some tribesmen shot at their plane, while others offered goat's milk for their radiator. The challenge was abandoned when Blake fell ill with appendicitis, culminating in a **crash that left the two remaining crew members clinging to wreckage in the Bay of Bengal for two days**. The record was later set by the U.S. Army in 1924.]

The pier slipway Maurice and Len despised — a difficult landing compared with Brighton Slipway.

The boats did well tonight. Maurice sailed the "Edna" in but we could not get a load; so, decided to try the pier slip. Mr Fawcett came with us. Caught a fine NW breeze and passed the pier-end in fine style, and tacked in. It's an awful slip for landing. As there seemed no chance of getting a load, we cut out, and back to our headquarters [Brighton Slip]. Finished with small boats at 10.30pm.

Friday 28 - Billy had several **trips to Bradley Woods** yesterday and several punctures.

Went out for a row with Charlie Mothersdill and sighted the "Edna" anchored a mile off the pier. Maurice had gone for a sail with the boys; I'll bet he's whistling for a breeze, as its flat calm now. Sent Herby out for a report. Maurice had landed the crowd *[passengers*]. It had been a scream, he says, watching them climb ashore. We decide to get a bit of supper and bring her back when the tide turns. Started at 10.30pm; easy job rowing her down with the tide.

Sunday 30 – Hector and party are **going to Hull in Mr Sharpes motor boat** "Puffin" for a day's outing. Maurice goes round to liven them up and at 9.30, they all stroll down the slip, white flannels and everything. Set off at 9.45.

Mr Broughton called for me at 10, we went down to docks by 10.15 train**. Travelled down with Mr Burton. He is finishing with his racing yacht, having won his 100th prize.** All aboard and we cast adrift at 11. A good breeze E is going down the river. When the kettle boils and the tea made, we adjourn to the cabin for lunch (or in other words, we get below for a snack.) Charlie is with us today**. His new motorbike fell on him and wounded him somewhat, resulting in losing 6-weeks work.** We fall to, on the victuals. Sandwiches, potted lobster, bananas etc all go the same way home I have had some apples and pears which soon disappeared. After we cleared the board, Tom gave us a treat. He brought his concertina out. With 4 voices going and the concertina we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. All sorts of songs. It was surprising how these rough chaps harmonised in singing opera pieces. It was quite a concert while it lasted. We

tumble out abreast of the headland and get ready. Seaboots and aprons. It's just the weather for hauling now. The dan is reached and we start. At last, the 6 shanks are hauled and shot again. I have been hauling, picking and emptying the pots. We have finished at the pots for today; so off she goes homeward bound. It is about 4 o'clock now so we all get below again for some grub. The "old man" is alright with his grub at the tiller. With all the grub eaten and the cocoa drunk we have 15 minutes sing song. Finish packing the whelks abreast of the fort and wash decks. We arrive at the dock with the "Julia Woods" coming astern of us. Our catch is 58 wash today. Presently the codman "Gleaning" makes fast alongside of us. And the "Magnet" heaves in sight. Then the "Silver Star" and the "Siola" tie up. The dock entrance is full of boats. The tide is above the beam; the dock gates are not open yet. I notice the "Dane" outside, shuffling about. He's wondering when they are going to open, I'll bet. At last, and what a rush when they do open. We lay the "Excelsior" between the codmen and unload about 40 wash. The rest of our cargo is for the "Rannas". Make fast to the dock wall and do a sprint up Fish Dock Road for a car home. Just manage it.

Skipper Fred Cook with one of his crew, c. 1939.

Fred Cook senior and his son, also Fred Cook BEM, with an unknown crew member on board the vessel Magnet, *1920.*

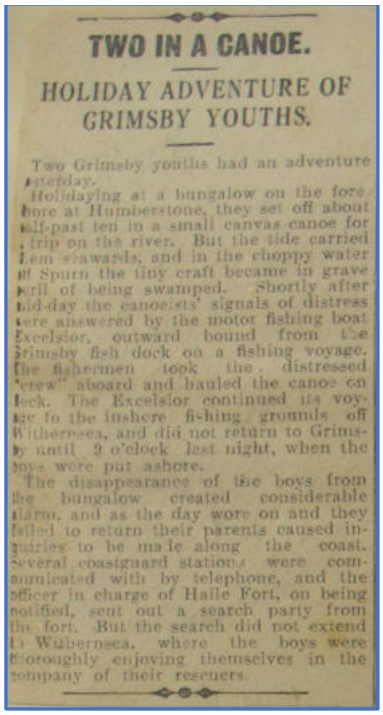
Credit: Raking up the Past by James H Dales

In James Dales book, Fred Cook of Cleethorpes recalls a childhood centred on Brighton Slip. Around 1900, he was one of the "Slippers" — boys who spent every spare moment at the slipway. Only the toughest were admitted, and they prided themselves on knowing the tide times and when the shrimping boats would come in. For helping to land the boats and haul the shrimps up the slipway, each boy earned a penny. If the tides clashed with school hours, the Slippers had no shortage of excuses for missing lessons — until the schoolmaster caught on, turned up unexpectedly at the slip, and punished any boys he found there with 100 lines after school.

Monday 31 – **Went to the Empire** to see "Three Men in a Boat": a fine picture. I laughed till I cried. Also, a good concertina player on. I have got a bit of a cold.

August 1922

Tuesday 1 – Crawled out and staggered down to the office on my bike. **A canoe has been blown out to see with chaps in, so Maurice told me this dinner time. What oh! Excelsior! I see in tonight's paper that my ship has picked up the chaps in the canoe.** I am nearly dead.



TWO IN A CANOE.

HOLIDAY ADVENTURE OF GRIMSBY YOUTHS.

Two Grimsby youths had an adventure yesterday.

Holidaying at a bungalow on the foreshore at Humberstone, they set off about half-past ten in a small canvas canoe for a trip on the river. But the tide carried them seawards, and in the choppy water off Spurn the tiny craft became in grave peril of being swamped. Shortly after mid-day the canoeists' signals of distress were answered by the motor fishing boat Excelsior, outward bound from the Grimsby fish dock on a fishing voyage. The fishermen took the distressed "crew" aboard and hauled the canoe on deck. The Excelsior continued its voyage to the inshore fishing grounds off Withernsea, and did not return to Grimsby until 9 o'clock last night, when the boys were put ashore.

The disappearance of the boys from the bungalow created considerable alarm, and as the day wore on and they failed to return their parents caused inquiries to be made along the coast. Several coastguard stations were communicated with by telephone, and the officer in charge of Haile Fort, on being notified, sent out a search party from the fort. But the search did not extend to Withernsea, where the boys were thoroughly enjoying themselves in the company of their rescuers.

WARSHIPS RUSH TO TURKEY.

OUR FLEET TO BE AT FULL STRENGTH.

"TINO" PROMISES TO OBEY.

British warships are hurrying to Constantinople to bring our fleet in those waters up to full strength in order to deal with any emergency arising out of Greece's request for permission to occupy the city.

While the British Prime Minister declared yesterday that the Greek Government has "reaffirmed its positive assurance" that the Greek army will not enter the neutral Constantinople zone without Allied authorisation, the Greek King Constantine ("Tino," the ex-Kaiser's brother-in-law) has defied the Allies by setting up self-government in the province of Smyrna.

Months ago the Allies declared that Smyrna must be restored to the Turks.

Wednesday 2 – A **regatta is going to be held here on the 19th. Races for every sort of boat.** Among the shrimpers, I should say that Jack and Ern Croft with the "Endeavour" should come in first. She is like a witch, sailing. The "Excelsior" will get first prize for motor fishing boats. She's got a spanking Kelvin engine. I would like to enter the yacht race with the old man's boat. A good breeze and I'd make her spin. **Billy got a run round Ravendale way,** today.

Thursday 3 – Maurice has been doing the small boats up. Painting and varnishing. They will look alright for the regatta. The "Puffin" or the "Delta" should come out top, in the motor boat race.

Friday 4 – **Eight years ago today, war was declared. How well I remember that Sunday (2nd August) when father got his mobilisation papers.** (I've still got them). "Oh! It will only last 3 months at the most", he tried to assure mother. It was a big 3 months. Father has arrived on his holidays. Talking until 11.

Saturday 5 – I rubbed Jimmy's face with an oily bicycle rag this morning. The crowd are discussing holidays. Albert is having Monday, so is Jim. I'm too busy.

Maurice and I went for sail round in the "Edna" and then brought her into the slip. Nothing doing much. Looking after the small boats until 8 o'clock. Have been getting my weekend stores in. Leave about 6 in the morning, for the whelk grounds.

Sunday 6 – On deck at 4.30. I made some cocoa and settled down read No. 2 instalment of "Called Up" Tres Bon. It looks as if it is going to be a fine day. A great ball of fire is rising above Kelsey, away over the river. There is a nice little breeze ESE. I see it is the sixth today, and I have been told to be careful (August is our unlucky month.) **Nine years ago, tonight, we were nearly wrecked off Whitby, in the "Diadem".** Had to claw off a lee shore in a gale, in a pitch-black night. [lee shore – a shoreline onto which the wind is blowing]. Someday I will explain how we did it. **Two years ago, tonight we just came back from the last trip we ever took in the "Diadem".** It was a glorious moonlight night; one I shall never forget. At 6 o'clock, Tom gave me a shout and we set off to the docks, walking along the beach. **Oh! Someone had been sneaking our bait when we got on the dock.** We followed the trail and found it aboard the "Julia Wood". Have you been pinching our bait, roared Tom, to the skipper. (Kit, one of the biggest bullies down there; he would knock a man down for nothing.) "Well, I didn't know it was yours", he lied. "What the _____ ____ ____?" said Tom. [Len is too polite to even write any cussing] He didn't make any bones about it. However, we went and took it aboard the "Excelsior". A decent breeze SE. All hands below for breakfast! On the job at 10 o'clock. It's glorious out here now. Put some hard work in. I took a snapshot while we were crossing the binks – rough water. (Tom told me about the canoeists which they picked up. It was a near squeak for the lads. They lay on the deck most of time, covered up.) **Got a photo of "SS Staveley" – Great Central Railway passenger steamer – just passing the fort.** We slung 30 wash under the pier, but our catch was 56 wash. Walt and I had a walk around the docks, till the lock gates opened. We were the leading ship through the lockpits and dropped straight down on the "Ivy West" where we put 28 wash aboard. That's all! We get made fast and prepare for home. I was watching the trawlers come in. The "Cortina" was first. This used to be my skipper's and mate's old ship. Then the "Ocean Monarch" and a few more. We packed up, me with me whelks, and off home. It's been a fine day out yonder. Yarning until 10 and eating whelks – jolly fine.

Sacks full of whelks on deck

Credit: Raking up the Past by James Dales

Monday 7 – August Bank Holiday - At 4 o'clock father roused us. It was blowing a gale SE. The little boats are all moored off. Big breakers are rolling in and rain and everything. **(9 years ago, this morning, it was just like this; we were flying through the Race, off Flamboro Head, and the sea was a mass of foam. Nobody believed we came through the Race when we got to Bridlington.)** Maurice, father and I donned oilskins etc and down to the slip. By, it's rough. The "Lucy" filled about 6 o'clock. **Mr Hull came running up, for the loan of the "Fred", moored off, so he dived in and swam to her, threw us a rope and in she came. His boat is right on top of the piles. We rowed out and saved her, just in time one plank cracked.** (A drifting boat ran foul of her and lifted one anchor.) **One of our small ones is capsized** out yonder. One broke away, but she came in fine. **Several are sunk – motor boats**. I expect any minute to see our lot break adrift from the "Edna". All standing by. There! No! She's gone! No! she rises again. They are completely hidden by waves at times, and my heart is in my mouth. The tide is going down, however. Maurice and father are going out to them. I've got to get to work. I'm wet to the skin, get changed, hot bath, breakfast and off to work.

What weather. Thousands of people will be disappointed. Albert has gone to Mablethorpe. Jimmy has gone to Rhyl for the week with the Brigade [possibly a territorial or volunteer military group]. We leave the office at 2 o'clock. The rest of the day is holiday. I got some apples, and a book, intending to read but no! The tide is coming in fast. It's blowing harder and we want the small boats in. There has been a good few boats smashed. The motor boats "Iris "and "Delta" are smashed up, with the "Venture", and several are full of water. There are a few which will break up tonight, I know, if they don't get them in, we have been lucky. No real damage done and only a bottom board or two lost. It's howling now, Stinging rain. **Everybody is on the beach pulling their boats knee-deep through the surf. They are taking them to the bay where they will be sheltered.** The tide comes rolling in. The "Edna" and "Scout" are going to ride it out at the moorings. They are afloat now, plunging and sending showers of spray all over. By 5

o'clock we had all our small ones at the top of the slip. They will be safe, at all events. We make a waterlogged boat securely anchored and go up, for tea. It's whistling now. Regular squalls. Some whopping breakers are rolling in now. At 6 o'clock it was **"All hands-on deck" several people came running round to the back door. Our assistance is wanted. Ther are two chaps anchored out yonder waving for help. They keep bailing out. Mr Hurst has rung up for the Grimsby lifeboat, but they cannot get out. They might send a tug down. Father and I went down to the slip and had a look round – and prepared. We launched straight off from the slip and away. It was a good pull out. We were nearly capsized by one wave and were half full when we reached the boat. I'll not go into details. We got back safe and landed. I was flabbergasted, between 500 and 800 people began cheering and carrying on, kissing father and blessing him. Someone had started a collection and they made us take £5.5.10½ [£250 in 2026]. It was quiet 10 minutes before I could force my way out of the crowd. Then a lot of asses looking out of windows started clapping. I scuttled down the passage with chaps following me with hats full of pennies. Mr Fawcett and everybody stood waiting for me. I was flabbergasted. The lady who started the collection came round with her husband and family and we were yarning until 10 o'clock.** (There was a very interested yarn about 2 devoted brothers.) Maurice and father are going down to the "Edna" and "Scout" after supper, when the tide goes down. It's still blowing great guns and there's surf on. Several good boats have gone.

August Bank Holiday - something is sure to happen on that day with us. What weather! Thousands of holidaymakers are disappointed. (They certainly saw some thrills when we went out. **Some of them were pleased they didn't go to the pictures.) The picturehouses are crowded out. 42 boats rushed round to the bay [Bunkers Bay] this afternoon.** I was wet through 3 times altogether; had 3 changes of clothing. I'm turning in now, have been up at 4 o'clock these last two mornings.

Tuesday 8 – It's calmer now. Father woke me at 7. I was an hour looking for some clothes to go to work in. The "Scout" filled during the night, but everything is alright. A good few boats have gone under. We have about one dozen off our job today. Everybody who meets me in the street want to know all about our little row out yesterday. The "Edna" took two loads of passengers out tonight. The weather was not suitable for boating, however.

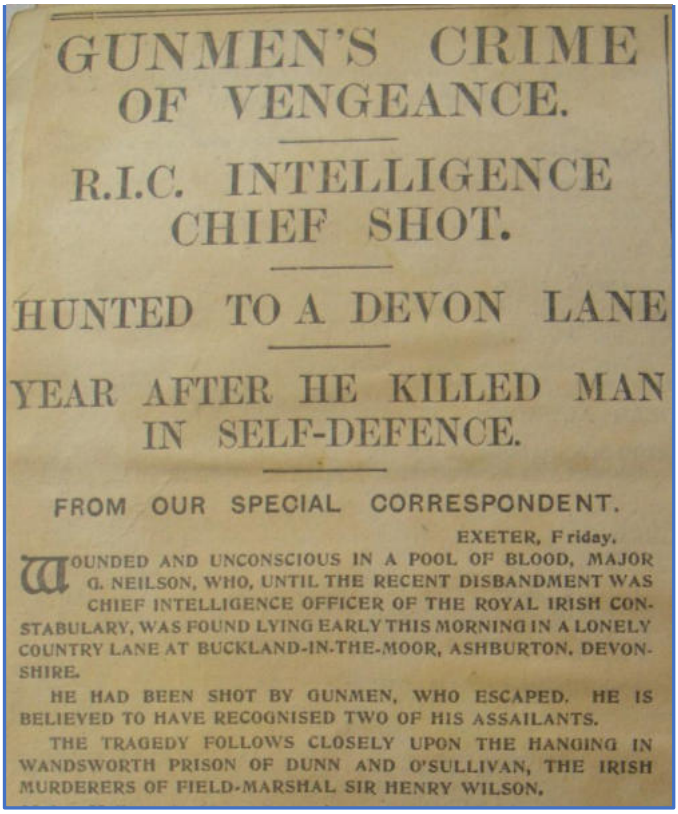
Wednesday 9 – **Father is going over to Spurn with passengers if a breeze gets up.** It's all in the "Daily Mail" about bringing those chaps ashore. What a terrible fuss they are making. (They put father's name in wrong.) When Fred and co at the office read it, oh my word! I could n'tget on with a bit of work. They were making cardboard medals for me and making themselves a nuisance. Came in rough this afternoon. NE. All boats off to the bay. **The "Edna" nearly had her gun'al under with only the mainsail up. All the kids were aboard.**

Thursday 10 – I've got a splendid cold. Shivering like a jellyfish. Father and I took 2 loads out in the "Edna" tonight. Good breeze. A big swell and jump on. About a dozen were seasick.

Friday 11 – The boats did a little bit tonight. The tides are too late for the "Edna". Cyril was flying about in the surf tonight. Wet through when he came in. **There is a good few casualties amongst the boats lately; the slip is full of them.** The "wireless boat" and the "roundy come soundy" has gone and sat on an anchor. The "Firefly" leaks and the "Scout" and several more.

Saturday 12 – My docks photos have come out fine. Everybody at the office seems to have a cold. Father, Cyril and I brought all the small boats in and moored them close in**. What oh! The lifeboat is out. They are having a lifeboat display tonight, off the slip. Everything went off alright, including the rockets and flares. Sea scouts were hauled ashore in the breeches-buoy etc, but it was calm enough for any landlubber. Mother was down there and she heard one or two remark that Monday night's rescue was far more exciting and entertaining.**

Sunday 13 – Out rowing with the boys – racing. My shipmates are not sailing today in the "Excelsior". At 10 o'clock I saw Mr Croft starting for his prawner, packed some grub and was just in time. So the anchors weighed, we started for the shrimping grounds. This is the first time I've been out shrimping for 6 or 8 weeks. There is a fine NW breeze so we let go for a pull up. The "Endeavour" came foul of us at the edge of the hole. It was an hour before we got going again, and nearly all our shrimps gone. **Plenty traffic on the river. 2 Gt Central steamers, 2 Hull Fruiters, a big passenger liner and a good number of steamers.** "Fanny Bob" out soloing. Had 3 hauls, finished at 5 o'clock. Caught about 5 stone, 3 pairs soles, 1 crab and 1 dogfish. Took the crab and some shrimp's home.



GUNMEN'S CRIME OF VENGEANCE.

R.I.C. INTELLIGENCE CHIEF SHOT.

HUNTED TO A DEVON LANE

YEAR AFTER HE KILLED MAN IN SELF-DEFENCE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

EXETER, Friday.

WOUNDED AND UNCONSCIOUS IN A POOL OF BLOOD, MAJOR G. NEILSON, WHO, UNTIL THE RECENT DISBANDMENT WAS CHIEF INTELLIGENCE OFFICER OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY, WAS FOUND LYING EARLY THIS MORNING IN A LONELY COUNTRY LANE AT BUCKLAND-IN-THE-MOOR, ASHBURTON, DEVONSHIRE.

HE HAD BEEN SHOT BY GUNMEN, WHO ESCAPED. HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE RECOGNISED TWO OF HIS ASSAILANTS.

THE TRAGEDY FOLLOWS CLOSELY UPON THE HANGING IN WANDSWORTH PRISON OF DUNN AND O'SULLIVAN, THE IRISH MURDERERS OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.

Wednesday 16 – **Fishing party went out at 8. The "fishermen" were asleep and dead drunk in the "Edna" at dinner time.** At 7 o'clock its "All hands-on deck", again. **Some swine has let the "Scout" adrift. I have a good idea who it is. Went to the beach with Herbert. Took Mr Croft's big boat and away we went and soon got up to her. Made fast and anchored. I have a half mile pull against the wind and tide with 2 heavy boats.** However, after a spell or two at anchor, we got ashore, Maurice was down. Things will alter! Some of the "natives" will get a surprise packet.

Friday 18 – Everybody is getting ready for the regatta. There is no 4 oared race and no race for local sailing boats. That's put the kybosh on us. But **all our boys are in for rowing race under 16.**

Saturday 19 – I have examined my bike and found out what is wrong. There is only the stern brake smashed, the forrard break adrift, handlebars and grips broke, port pedal out of gear, saddle broke off, and several other items (and I race motors on that.)

The regatta is over at last. It has not been a success. The racing boats were too far away for the people to make them out. However, the shrimpers has a spiffing NW breeze for sailing. "Bonny Belle" (Osborne) came in first. Mr Parrot in the "Effort" was second. The "Senga" third and the "Endeavour" last. The "Bonny Belle" just got ahead of the "Effort" a few yards from the winning post. The "Endeavours" balloon jib broke adrift on the first leg and he never caught up after that. He was leading and would have won, I'm confident. The yachts were set off badly. Some of them were sailing round the pier end when they should have been a mile away. **The "Corona" won. She's a fine little boat; Mr Hind has won over 100 prizes with her.** I don't know in what order the others arrived. The motor fishing boat was next. Kit Harper in the "Julia Wood" came in first. The

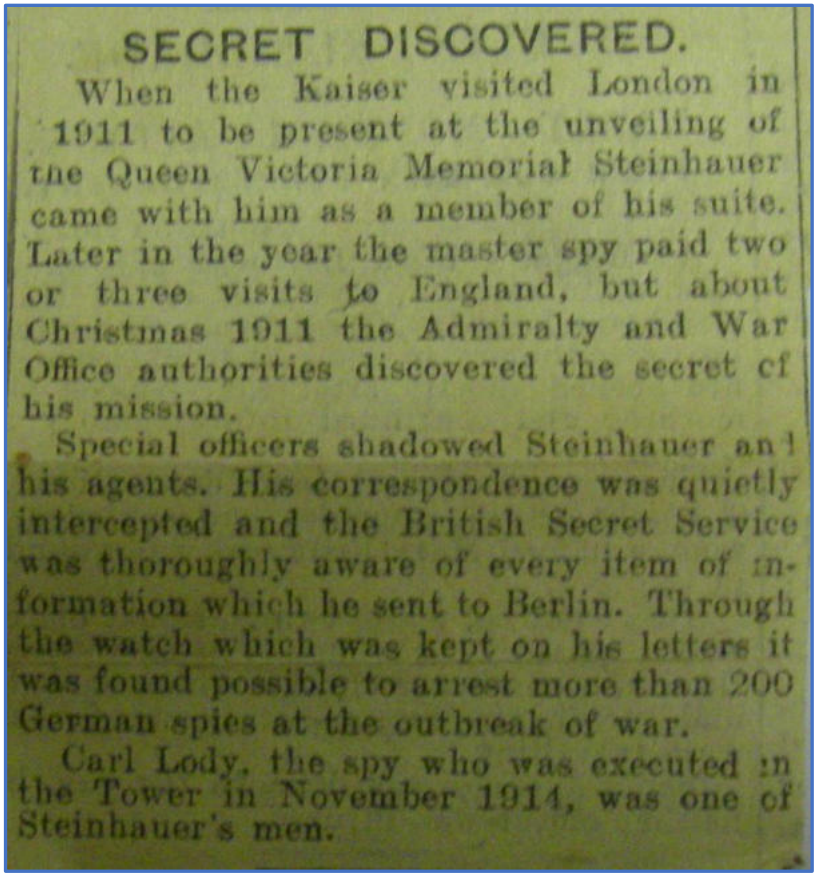
"Excelsior" got second place and the "Siola" third. The "Yucation" and the "Charlotte" went off home after the first leg. It's a pity old JW would not have her cleaned for the race. (The "Excelsior" – my ship.) He would have won comfortably. Then came our boy's race. Cyril won as was expected. John put up a good show and beat Herby by a length, so Herby got third prize. Colin had a hard pull. He got right down to loo'ard, against tide and wind. No prize for him. The swimming race was in progress, but no one could make out the winner. Then the motor pleasure boat race. The "Puffin" came first, as she was certain to do. Dead heat second place between the "Pola" and "Florrie". I think most of the people were disappointed. The tide would have served better next Saturday and not on a neap tide. So that's that. Much ado about nothing. At 8 o'clock off **go the boys to the "Glasshouse" where medals and prizes are being presented. They returned at 10.30 with a cheque each.**

The "Glasshouse" was the Kingsway Pavilion, later becoming the Café Dansant, opposite the Winter Gardens. It was demolished around the mid-1960's and the site is now cafe.

Wednesday 23 – Haul the boys out at 7 and away down to the slip. I launched the "Lucy" off without any oars and a gust took me away. "Call out the lifeboat!" "No, it don't marrer." Pulled a seat up and managed to paddle back with that. Then and set the boys and Vic off and raced them to the "Edna". Collin came first, Dave next, then Vic, then Roy. (Collin was presented with a yachting cap, seeing he did not get a prize.) Sailed the "Firefly" to the bay under jib alone.

MASTER SPY OF GERMANY.

STEINHAUER RETURNS TO LONDON.



SECRET DISCOVERED.

When the Kaiser visited London in 1911 to be present at the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial Steinhauer came with him as a member of his suite. Later in the year the master spy paid two or three visits to England, but about Christmas 1911 the Admiralty and War Office authorities discovered the secret of his mission.

Special officers shadowed Steinhauer and his agents. His correspondence was quietly intercepted and the British Secret Service was thoroughly aware of every item of information which he sent to Berlin. Through the watch which was kept on his letters it was found possible to arrest more than 200 German spies at the outbreak of war.

Carl Lody, the spy who was executed in the Tower in November 1914, was one of Steinhauer's men.

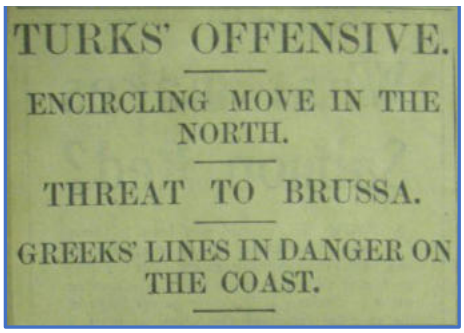
Thursday 24 – **It's some high tide this morning. Very high and the waves that are rolling in are some of the largest I've seen here; sweeping right up the slip.** I launched a boat and nearly got sunk. A wave swept the punt off the slip and it fell on us. Took several small boats round to the bay. **The "Gladys" has been off yon end slip. She looks like drifting out to sea. I've no anchor, rope or anything. However, made fast to her keel (she was capsized) and towed her stern first in shore. Cut my boats painter and made fast to a chap's offside anchor. That's saved her at any rate.**

Saturday 26 – The **Hippodrome was burnt down completely early yesterday.** "The Vital Spark" must have set it alight. The boats are doing a little bit tonight but the tides are getting late now. Had a row with another bloke belonging to the tribe of "Meggies". **Mr Hall is just off to Spurn – 10.30. Lively time with a dozen or so drunken chaps.** Aeroplane with lights flew past about 11.

Sunday 27 - Blowing hard SSW. Mr Croft will not go out if it keeps like this. However, I packed some grub up and rowed out to the "Edna". Sat there reading till 12 o'clock. She was rolling a good bit, but it was fine, and warm in the sunshine. I kept the "Providence" afloat till 1 o'clock and then Mr Croft appeared so I promptly changed my mind. Shot below the beacon, weathered the range finder and carried on past Tetney fort, then back again. It was a poor catch for the ground we covered. A dozen soles etc and about a stone of shrimps. Our second shot gave us about 2 stone of shrimps and some soles and skate this time. Was home at 7, took a bass of shrimp's home. Read "The Shadow of the Yeoman" by Ben Bolt – a good yarn.

Monday 28 – Herbert has been with some of the fishermen away past Donna Nook, soling.

Tuesday 29 – Cyril has been over to Spurn with Mr Sharpe in the "Puffin".


TURKS' OFFENSIVE.

ENCIRCLING MOVE IN THE NORTH.

THREAT TO BRUSSA.

GREEKS' LINES IN DANGER ON THE COAST.

Thursday 31 – A year ago, tonight, I had just started on **my holiday in the trawler "Douro".** I had a glorious time and the best of weather.

September 1922

Friday 1 – Maurice's birthday today; he is 22. **Went to see Jerry Thompson, the boxer. I am going to get him to put me through it**. Have an "audience" with Billy, about the car.

Monday 4 – Mr Osborne is anxious to get aboard his prawner. Mr Sharpe towed me ashore in the "Puffin"; she is a powerful motor boat and very fast. **Had a fine spill going to work this morning. Was turning Albion Street corner when a horse and cart started hard a starboard, right-on top of me.** I up with me helm but no use. Went flying under the horse's head. Over the pavement and amongst a crowd of children. Fortunately, I steered clear of them but in to the wall I bumped. What a commotion! I fell off, the saddle flew off, a paper went flying down the street, youngsters scuttled out the road and the horseman ran to pick me up. But except for half my leg being scraped of, I was not hurt. My bicycle _____? How it squeaked as I took it to the office. I'll bet that horse got a fright.

Tom and co. sailed in the "Pioneer" for their first trawling this season. I shall be on the "qui vive" next weekend. Frank is off to Scarborough for his holidays and the boss is at London, so it's quite a peaceful little office staff we've got now.

Tuesday 5 – By this morning's paper, **the Greeks have had a big defeat.** (It's the Turkey on the Greece this time.) **Boss arrived at 10. Motor cycle smashed up outside London, not much injury. Came home by train.**

Wednesday 6 – Out rowing. Mr Sharpe was out in "Puffin" so I got a tow. She's a fine boat. There has been a colliery disaster in Cumberland. I reckon that is one of the most dangerous and badly paid jobs in the country just now. **John has won a 3rd prize somewhere – a fine little No.2 Brownie camera.**

Thursday 7 – Was talking to Bert Symonds last night. I did not know he is an amateur boxer. A dozen or so medals etc he has won. He was relating some amusing yarns about his fights. He is going to polish me up a bit on the noble art.

BRIGANDS CAUGHT IN PALESTINE.

LEADER KILLED AND LOOT CAPTURED.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

JERUSALEM, Tuesday.

As a protest against the proclamation here by Sir Henry Samuel, the High Commissioner, of the mandate establishing a national home in Palestine for the Jews, the Arabs closed all their shops throughout Palestine yesterday.

At a banquet after the proclamation Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, the High Commissioner of Egypt, delivered a speech eulogising Sir Herbert Samuel.

There was an important exploit by the police at Ramleh, near Jaffa, to-day, when a gang of brigands was broken up. The leader of the gang was killed and many members, with their arms and loot, were captured.

AIR CIRCUIT OF BRITAIN.

13 PLANES REACH GLASGOW.

ALL-METAL MACHINE TRIUMPH.

WOMEN PASSENGERS.

TO-DAY'S TIME-TABLE.

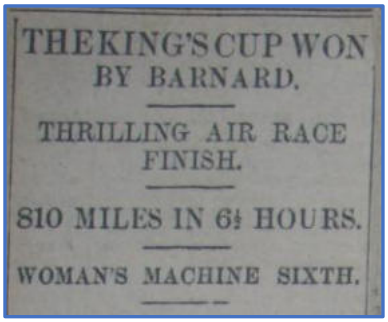
Of the 21 machines which started from Croydon Aerodrome yesterday on the first stage of the two-days air race round Britain for the King's Cup 13 reached Glasgow, whence the return journey will start this morning.

Friday 8 – Put a few boats astern of the "Edna". Coasted down the prom **looking for an oar that was lost by youngsters yesterday**. Very rough after tea. We got all the boats on the slip and then took the "Fred" around to the bay. What a time. **For a bit of fun, I headed over the island.** Cyril was rowing bow, and me astern with Vic sitting astern. We were towing the "John". About a dozen foaming waves hit us, driving us back on the piles, but we pulled clear, wet through and tired. But now the waves and wind were astern, as we headed for the bay. I thought the "John" would be smashed up or break adrift, as **she leapt and crashed in to us like an express train. A** wave would sweep her to the painters length ahead, and sometimes a breaker would catch her and put her in the air beam ends. It was exciting. We swept through the gateway without touching and in to another lot of "rough". **People were lined on the prom watching us get in.** We soon blew down in to the bay "where all was calm and bright". Anchored, made shipshape. Presently, the "Providence's" motor could be heard and we picked her out of the sea, coming down. The "Nilda" followed. All anchored, we turned for the shore – there was 7 of us in the "John" going ashore. She was nearly gun'ale under. A good job no sea was rolling in. Carried her to the grass bank and made her comfortable. Then it was all hands homeward bound.

Saturday 9 – **Get my new suit today.** I bet it stays in the drawer until it gets too small for me. My old trouser and geurnsey are what I like to wear. **Herbert had all eyes on him this afternoon. He's got a truck and having rigged a square sail up he sailed down the Kingsway at some speed, with a strong speed astern. Motor drivers opened their eyes when they saw what was passing them.** Talk about Fords! Reading, eating plums

and sweets, bananas and all sorts. Some big waves rolling in. Schooner sunk in Grimsby Roads [a mooring space in the mouth of the Humber for shipping].

Sunday 10 - Blowing hard, some surf and bounce. Saw a Dutchman flying up the river, under jib and mainsail, with engines. After breakfast the "Allen" went under. Every wave spilt some aboard until under she went. A topsail schooner came flying round by the fort, under reefed fore, main and mizzen. She looks as if she's been knocked about. Her mizzen topmast was gone and no foresail set. A tug had a job to keep up with her, but the old man was a good 'un – no tugs required. She raced up herself, bending to the breeze.

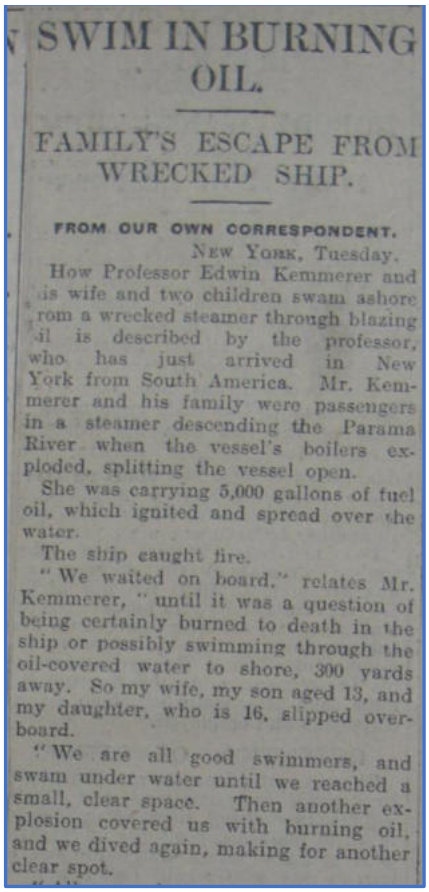


THE KING'S CUP WON BY BARNARD.

THRILLING AIR RACE FINISH.

810 MILES IN 6¼ HOURS.

WOMAN'S MACHINE SIXTH.



SWIM IN BURNING OIL.

FAMILY'S ESCAPE FROM WRECKED SHIP.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

How Professor Edwin Kemmerer and his wife and two children swam ashore from a wrecked steamer through blazing oil is described by the professor, who has just arrived in New York from South America. Mr. Kemmerer and his family were passengers in a steamer descending the Parama River when the vessel's boilers exploded, splitting the vessel open.

She was carrying 5,000 gallons of fuel oil, which ignited and spread over the water.

The ship caught fire.

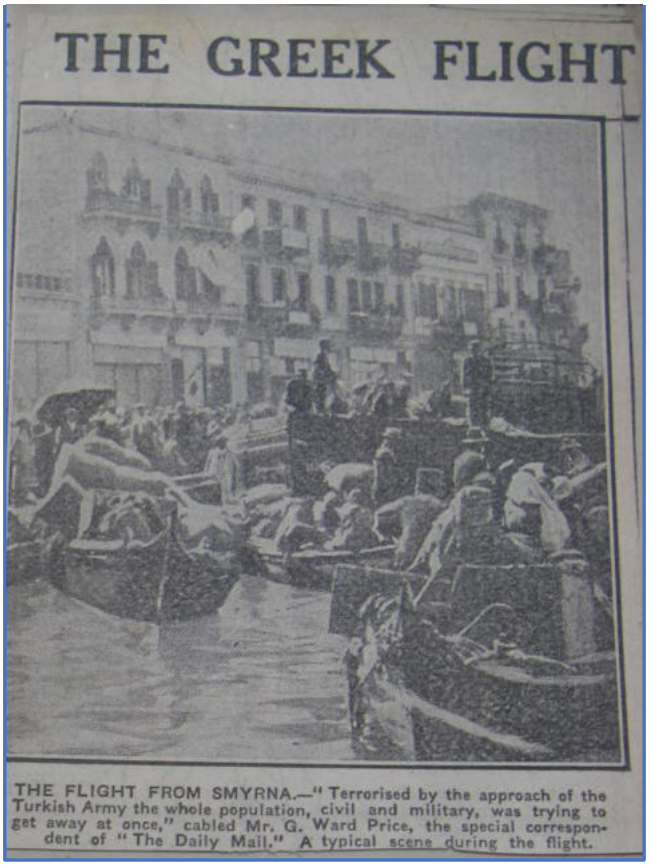
"We waited on board," relates Mr. Kemmerer, "until it was a question of being certainly burned to death in the ship or possibly swimming through the oil-covered water to shore, 300 yards away. So my wife, my son aged 13, and my daughter, who is 16, slipped overboard.

"We are all good swimmers, and swam under water until we reached a small, clear space. Then another explosion covered us with burning oil, and we dived again, making for another clear spot.

Monday 11 – Rise and shine at 6.30. Club swinging before breakfast. [Swinging wooden Indian clubs was a popular form of group exercise in Victorian times. By the mid- to late-1920s, however, the practice was already in decline.] **Big liner sunk.** The "City of Valencia" left Hull only a few weeks ago. Bill tried to get a job aboard her. Took the two tomboys out for a row.

Tuesday 12 – Was showing the chaps how to work this afternoon, unloaded 300 boxes in 15 minutes, throwing them to Alf. The carter and he are two bright sparks. "Very bright indeed". Bulldog Bob says he is going to take me down docks for a fortnight. Stuff to give 'em. Rowed the tomboys out and got chased by the "pirates". Had an exciting time.

"A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."—A typical example of the armed Turkish peasant irregulars who took part in the occupation of Smyrna. (*Daily Mail.*



THE FLIGHT FROM SMYRNA.—"Terrorised by the approach of the Turkish Army the whole population, civil and military, was trying to get away at once," cabled Mr. G. Ward Price, the special correspondent of "The Daily Mail." A typical scene during the flight.

Friday 15 – It has been a rough howling gale all night, but the "Edna" survived. The "Boy Jim" was completely filled by one wave. It's calming down a bit now (8pm). Plenty trawlers waiting for the tide. There is some "rough" on the Binks. A can see the white caps on the "Haile" 10 miles away. A good deal of shipping is waiting for a lull. **By gum, there is a good few casualties on the beach. "Boy Jim" sunk. "Iris" sunk, "Nancy" sunk. And half a dozen other nearly full.** The waves have been extraordinary this time.

Saturday 16 / Sunday 17 – A good hot drop of scotch (porridge, not whisky) is the best cure for blue noses and frosty weather. There is a hard breeze WSW. How she whistles. The waves race ahead but the spray is blown back like a snow shower. Clear up at the office at 1.30.

Tom and crew are **sailing tonight in the "Pioneer"** so I will be going with them. Get packed up and a patch sewn on my trousers to port. That's done it. I've not enough thread so I shall leave one side. I dare say it will hang on. Rigged my "spats" on, got a topcoat as heavy as a ton of feathers, and all serene. It was some job carrying our dinghy across the sands, to get aboard with, Great Scott. When a halt was called, I thought my arms had been pulled out of their sockets. At last, we launched her – rowed out. It was blowing a gale off the land. The spray flying and 5 chaps in the cockleshell. By the time we reached her, we were nearly all drowned. All aboard, Cast off! Walt gets the stove going, Jim the engine. Just past the beacon, Alf (youngest brother come for a trip) turns in. This is going to be exciting. We are just off when we shoot. Everything is in darkness,

as it would not do to let them see ashore. The “boys” know every rope in the dark so tres bon. The trawl is towing fine. The first thing to dodge is the “schooner” – an old sunken wreck, then we go below, leaving one man steering, on deck. Blinkin’ eck its cold; I pleased I brought that “overcoat and a half”. Songs on deck. Just listen to the chorus. The howling wind cannot silence us. The harmony of “Il Trovatore” by the ship’s crew cannot be beaten. Poor Alf, “Leave me alone”, he says to his tormentor. Haul at 3. I m a Johnna. The cod end torn and most of our catch lost. What luck. We get about 10 pairs of splendid soles out of the net pockets. We ought to have had 50pair for that haul. Fix the net temporarily and shoot again. Blowing hard. Picking our way with the lead. [Before modern electronic navigational aids, sailors gauged the shifting river bed by moving slowly along the water while lowering a rope line marked in fathoms over the side.] “Ware” wreck (coal steamer). Hot cocoa – piping hot. Fruit for the second course, banana etc. I lay down on the deck forr’ard for a snooze. Oh! That coat – it’s a blessing. “The moon hath raised her lamp above.” Haul oh! Haul oh! Tumble up you sleepers. The sky toe he east’ard shows the arrival of the morn and aboard comes our trawl. A fine red sunrise, but the clouds seem to resent the intrusion until only a glimpse is seen now and again. Heave away. Walt and I on the fore trawl head. Soon she is aboard. Not so bad. A few sprags have found the way in the net, codlines and gear ready. That will soon be the next item. Away for the moorings and we make feast 7 o’clock (Sunday morning). We decided to mend the net, ready for tonight. Not much good going ashore yet as the folks will not be up yet. Ha Ha, look what’s come on deck. Here’s Alf just crawled out-he is quite lively. All hands ashore 9am. (Caught 50 pairs of soles altogether.) Breakfast, now I’ll turn in for a sleep. Oh no! **Mr Fawcett wants me to take 3 chaps fishing.** I will refrain from any comments but I wouldn’t have picked this weather for line fishing. Wind squalls and jolly cold (Forgot my coat.) Stuck it till 1 o’clock, then they had had enough. Not a bite! Home for dinner. Turned in at 3 o’clock and turned out at 5. Get ready for tonight’s trip.

All ready. Aboard at 7.30 and all gear made ready. There is still a good breeze. Cast off at 8. Shoot and as everything is quare, so we go below. Tea all hot so we fall too. Alf is not aboard this trip. Had enough. Got fast. 10pm. Haul and come clear. Not many this time. There is a good bit sea on now – she’s rolling some.

What oh! Now the fun commences. Raining. **Fuel pipes stopped up.** Clear the _____ and stand by riding to our trawl. What the Dicken’s. I was holding the riding light over the engine room hatch when **she rolled over to one and on the rebound sent me sliding along the dock on the back of my neck**, still hanging on to the light. Came smack against the corner of the hatch. My poor ribs and sternpost. I jumped up with the light intact and kept my weather eye open. Walt nearly got his fingers off between the gun’ale and swinging tiller. Oh Columbus! I’m having the time of my life. Fuel pipes right; up with the net and clear out quick. Heave. “Yo ho, yo o, and a bottle of rum” D____ and set fire to it, the wrong bridles, fore and aft. Changee for changee Johnee. Up she comes, all aboard. Full speed ahead – off for the docks. I’m just beginning to enjoy the fun. By gum,

she rattled down the river at a spiffing pace, putting her bows under and sending showers of spray all over. The green light of the Burcom, we passed in fine style. **The trawlers anchored outside waiting to go in docks** made a fine show of lights and the dock entrance looked alright. Ah! There is the green light (signal for coming in dock.) First section advance. Already, their riding lights are on the move. I crept up in the bows, (I remember doing the same in the "Diadem" when we were outside the piers; very big seas) and watched her plunge down to the hawse holes and jump out again. Walt shouted, "You'll get wet there and just then a sheet of spray caught me. I soon cleared out. I'm look out man. Walt stood off with the riding light and Tom steering. A dark form, showing no lights glided in ahead of us. A Dane, I think. Trawlers masthead lights approaching astern. We rounded the pierhead in to calm water and dashed down the lockpit. Tom brought her in fine, slowly, ahead a bit, stop. We decide to lay on the Ivy West's quarter so 'stern a bit. I jumped aboard with our rope and made fast to the dockside. "All fast" On with the kettle. We'll have some cocoa after that do. All hands below. We will leave everything till the morning. Hot cocoa, bananas, cream puffs. Chuck got in a mess, he had brought 2 jam tarts, all wrapped up in paper and he got in to difficulties in unwrapping them. It was a scream! By the time he had finished he was like a flycatcher. I turned in the bunk. Walt wound the old clock up and set the alarm for 6. It's 3 now and the others turn in for a nap. Tom did an acrobat turn, lying down on the port locker. He balanced just right. Chuck curled himself up forrad and Walt lay down on the foc'asle floor. So, we slept.

After 6 hours sleep out of 80 its very tempting to stay asleep. Tom jumps on deck, we all succumb and doze off to sleep. At 6.30 "All hands-on deck", Tom is shouting. Gut the fish, clear up**. At 7 o'clock I packed up for going ashore (It's the bally office at 9).** What a guy I looked going home. They gave me about a stone of fish and I said farewell to the crew and the gallant "Pioneer". They will land the fish and get oil etc ready for tonight and then off home. Well, here I am going up Fish Dock Road. We will start up top. Hair wet and straggly, coat seams busted, dirty face and sleepy eyes, trousers half patched and half wet, "tennis" shoes wet and filthy, holy stockings half dried, big topcoat slung over me arm, camera underneath and a bassfull of fish in my starboard paw. Fine spectacle. No wonder people gazed with curious eyes. Talk about the "wild man from Borneo". I dropped anchor Riby Square and had to wait 10 minutes for a car. Home 7.40. There's nobody awake, not a soul. Climbed over the wall and soused them. That was the finish of the trip. I wish it was the beginning of another.

Tuesday 19 – Read "False Evidence" by E.P. Openheim. 'S'alright but there was some horrible "love making" which bored me stiff. Too much, I think for one book. Hang me. Oh Maud, dearest, beloved, sweetheart, precious, sweetest, darling, angel and so on until 2 o'clock in the morning. Oh, these lovesick idiots – Oh Maud-er. Ho Ho. The "Skimmer" has sailed! Good! We'll see about my holidays. She will be in next week.

CUTTY SARK SAVED.

The old British sailing clipper Cutty Sark, which used to sail to China at the speed of a fast steamer, has been purchased by Captain Dowman, of Falmouth, Cornwall, in order to save her from being broken up. She is now owned by a Portuguese firm, and was berthed in London Docks on a visit in December 1921.

On arrival at Falmouth she will be restored as nearly as possible to her old state and turned into a training ship for boys.

One of the 1st Brigade

WAITING FOR THE GUNS TO GO OFF.

BRITISH DECISION TO HOLD CHANAK.

FOCH'S GRAVE WARNING.

"100,000 MEN WOULD BE NEEDED."

NEW WITHDRAWAL OF FRENCH & ITALIANS.

OUR TROOPS NOW ALONE IN ALL NEUTRAL ZONES.

French and Italian troops were yesterday withdrawn completely from the whole of the neutral zones on the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

The British, who have been reinforced and who are supported by the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, now hold these zones—Ismid, opposite Constantinople, and Chanak, opposite Gallipoli—alone.

From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Thursday.

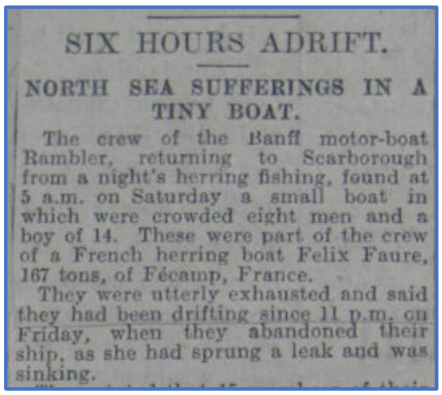
The British Government still refuse

Thursday 21 – If I had £5,000: by Fred. [£250,000] What he would do and what he wouldn't do. Of course that set them all on. Playing football with our boys after tea.

Friday 22 – What a hullabaloo about this new war. The "Daily Wail" [sic] wants shooting and some fools who put letters in want their brains washing. I think Lloyd George has a card up his sleeve. Anyhow, I don't care if he hasn't. He ought to know what he's doing by now.

Had a spill coming home at dinnertime. A "Ballymary" (commonly called girls) got on the wrong side and careered about and I went smash in to her. Knocked her front wheel into a figure 8, but nobody hurt. I straightened the wheel a bit, it was like a bit of tin, or elastic. 'Nother half dollar out my ribs. Then the chain came off. Talk about a game.

Rotten luck. Tom has lost his trawl. He got fast on Monday night on the "schooner" broke buoy line and warp but could not get her up. I think it is a bad job. She's in a bad place. But Tom is not a man to be beat. He will get it.

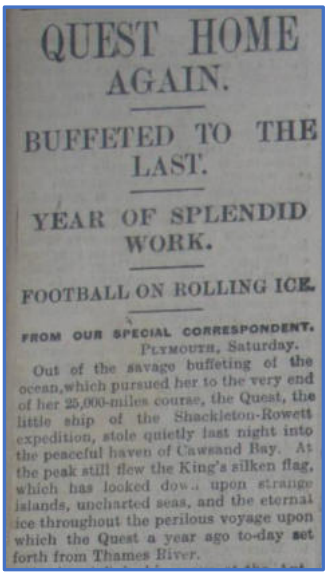


SIX HOURS ADRIFT.

NORTH SEA SUFFERINGS IN A TINY BOAT.

The crew of the Banff motor-boat Rambler, returning to Scarborough from a night's herring fishing, found at 5 a.m. on Saturday a small boat in which were crowded eight men and a boy of 14. These were part of the crew of a French herring boat Felix Faure, 167 tons, of Fécamp, France.

They were utterly exhausted and said they had been drifting since 11 p.m. on Friday, when they abandoned their ship, as she had sprung a leak and was sinking.



QUEST HOME AGAIN.

BUFFETED TO THE LAST.

YEAR OF SPLENDID WORK.

FOOTBALL ON ROLLING ICE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PLYMOUTH, Saturday.

Out of the savage buffeting of the ocean, which pursued her to the very end of her 25,000-miles course, the Quest, the little ship of the Shackleton-Rowett expedition, stole quietly last night into the peaceful haven of Cawsand Bay. At the peak still flew the King's silken flag, which has looked down upon strange islands, uncharted seas, and the eternal ice throughout the perilous voyage upon which the Quest a year ago to-day set forth from Thames River.

SACRED SOIL.

ANZACS READY TO DEFEND THE STRAITS.

IMMEDIATE RESPONSE TO THE MOTHERLAND.

The Dominions are ready, if the necessity arises, to send troops to guard the Dardanelles and protect the neutral zone round Constantinople. In response to a message from the Mother Country, both Australia and New Zealand cabled by return responding to the call. To the Australasians, Gallipoli is sacred soil—and the Turks fear the Anzacs more possibly than any other foemen they have ever met. Thus the news of the willingness of the Dominions to protect Europe from the Turk will doubtless have a more steadying influence over the Kemalists than anything else which is likely to transpire during present negotiations.

Tuesday 26 – Had a rum experience this afternoon at the office. Jimmy, our office boy, was fooling about and while I was busy, he caught hold of my neck with both hands, (strangling fashion) and held on. I could do nothing but splutter. He let go, I slid off the seat an on to the floor and fainted. Of course, the chaps (except Fred) thought I was acting (I could hear them laughing at me very faintly) I woke up and asked what was the matter. I had been kicking up a gargling row nearly all the time. The little beggar is getting too funny, it strikes me.

KEMALISTS IN CHANAK ZONE.

CAVALRY WITH MACHINE GUNS.

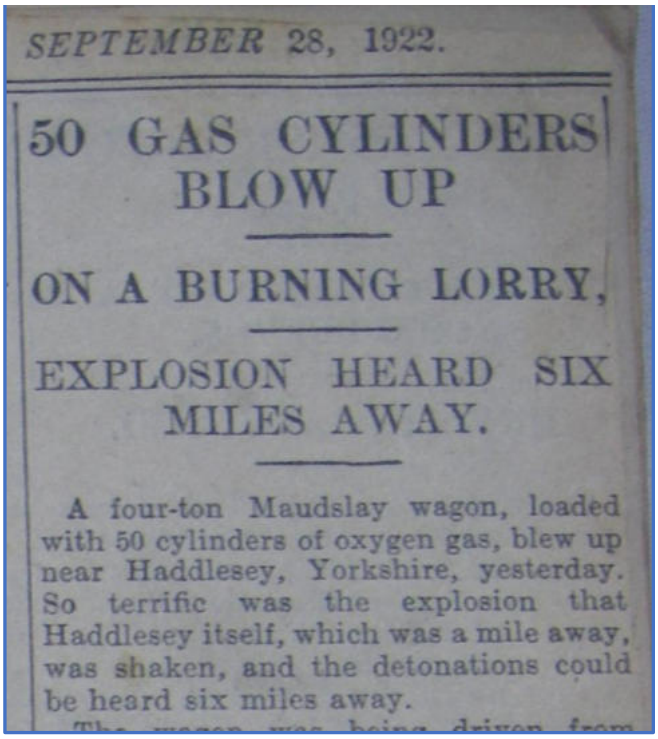
RETURN AFTER A WITHDRAWAL.

ALARM AT MASSING OF BRITISH.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday.

The force of Turkish cavalry which withdrew yesterday from Erenkeuy, in the Chanak zone, under a white flag returned this morning in increased strength, roughly estimated at 2,000 sabres.

A British mobile column has taken up a position halfway towards Erenkeuy ready for eventualities.



SEPTEMBER 28, 1922.

50 GAS CYLINDERS BLOW UP

ON A BURNING LORRY,

EXPLOSION HEARD SIX MILES AWAY.

A four-ton Maudslay wagon, loaded with 50 cylinders of oxygen gas, blew up near Haddlesey, Yorkshire, yesterday. So terrific was the explosion that Haddlesey itself, which was a mile away, was shaken, and the detonations could be heard six miles away.

Thursday 28 – The chimney sweep commenced operations just before breakfast. It's "Spring Cleaning" today. Whitewashing and papering**. I knocked a motor car over this dinner time. To be precise, a motor van knocked me over.** I was doing a nice 6 knots when she comes alongside and then gets ahead. Then before I could say "Jack Robinson" he flung his derrick out and went hard a port round a corner, right across my bows. Unfortunately, I could not go hard astern so I hit his stern and did a somersault. Handlebars take 4 points to starboard and the reef knots brake adrift. Saddle goes flying down the street. The blinking motor kept on his course and then onlookers made a few comments. However, nobody killed so all serene.

Friday 29 – Saw Rowston today. That man is a thief. "Beware of everybody" in the future. That is going to be my motto. What a superstitious old ass is Mr Hall. When he sees a new moon, he turns his money over and mutters, "good health and good wealth". It is surprising to know how ignorant some folks are. Father arrived 10 o'clock.

Saturday 30 – Playing footer in the garage. Endeavouring to discover an elucidation to motor tangle. Went to Brown and Sons, Solicitors. At the office - business will be very slack this quarter. I remember when our railway bill was £20 [£1,000]. Now it is over £130 [£6,470] but will drop to £50 in October [£2,500]. Jimmy has got the sack, so have several of the chaps downstairs.

The skipper is in! They made me stay to dinner and I had a fine crack with him. War experiences etc. Sailing during the week but not sure when. Good! He did make me laugh.

October 1922

Sunday 1 – Went to chapel. The **Harvest Festival was held tonight.** Mr and Mrs Spurgeon came about 8.30. He's sailing tomorrow in the "City of London". That's fine. I'm all packed. Turned in 11 o'clock but did not get to sleep until after 1 o'clock. Too excited.

Monday 2 – I went to the office and squared things up there till 11.30. Then, with me bag across me shoulder. I marched down to the skipper's house and stayed to dinner. He's not sailing this tide, but in the early morning. No difference. I went down dock with him to get the log book and settle things up in his new ship, "City of London". She is the best of the fleet. He has **left Bascomb's and is sailing for Ohlson.** Went down to the Board of Trade, fixed things up and went down to Bascomb's about an anchor and chain which the skipper found. Then to the **board of Arbitration. The "Retako", one of Sleights ran across his bows last trip and the fathead lost his log line. My skipper showed them how the affair happened, with model, and he was acquitted from blame.** I had a look round the pontoon. The "Excelsior" is redecking. The fish merchants are like a swarm of bees. Busy as anything. **The fine new pontoon is just about finished.** Well, we did some trotting about, but everything is ok now. I took 3-time exposures of the skipper and his wife. I am taking 3 spools out with me. I made for home at 4 o'clock. Shall go down to the skippers at 10 or 11 tonight and stay there till 5. Then off down docks and away.

Friday 6 (estimated date due to missing notes) -

"Get the anchor up," sings out the skipper. We get a move on and stand by our section leader. They are a long time getting in, are the first section. At last, we make a move. Get on number 5, get on. He's jolly slow in making the lockpits. Our skipper handled his ship in fine style. He rushed her to the entrance, nearly touching the "Yulan's" stern. The "Eider" followed us in. I stood in the bows with Jock and Bob, ready with fenders. But with the nicest precision, our skipper lay on the quarter of a good-sized trawler and at slow speed, nosed in and berthed her. [Many trawlers would berth along the North Wall of the docks, bows first, perpendicular to the quay.] Fenders were hardly needed. I jumped off with the mooring rope, hauled it along and made fast to the bow of another boat. Finale! "Get your bag", sang out the skipper. It was on the wheelhouse already packed and before you could say Jack Robinson, we had left the "City of London" and were homeward bound. "Won't the missus get a surprise," says the skipper. Saw John and sent him to get the films developed. **Since 6am Thursday, I've only had 6 hours sleep.** I'll turn in now, or I will wake up and find myself asleep.

Saturday 7 – Here we are again. Slept like a log. Turn out at 7. Down to Grimsby this morning. Down at the boats [on Brighton Slipway]. Baptised my seaboots; I never had them on once aboard. Ran about in my bare feet first two days. Scrubbed the "Edna" out. The slip was full of stuff **(they are making a bathing pool) – in bunkers bay and it was a ticklish job landing.** Nearly got wet. Home at 7. Crikey! The photos have come out splendid. Just look at the skipper. There's Jock and Bob and old Whiskers. Just look at the "chief" – he's emptying the ashes. I'll bet he goes on when he sees that. The skipper got a good one of me. Only one spoilt. (The mate had a wee drop of scotch that time.)

I took the boys photo today. They all had masks and false noses on, so goodness knows what the photo will turn out like. Shall be going with Tom in the "Pioneer" tomorrow if the weather improves.

Sunday 8 – Turned out at 5. Packed my grub etc. Started off at 7 but missed the train. We all walked down. Some poor folks were standing outside churches an hour too soon. They had forgotten to put the clock back.

It does not look promising. Decided not to go, so we cleared up, squared the royals, trimmed the jib and walked home across the sands. Some walk, trying to leave each other behind. We did 3 miles in half hour.

The Skipper and Mrs Spurgeon came down tonight. He was pleased with the photos. **Maurice has gone to Hull to try again for his Second Mates ticket.** I hope he succeeds.

Monday 9 – I should go to the office this morning, but I'm not going to. Am **off whelking in the "Pioneer" with Tom and Co**. All ready at 8 o'clock and off down docks. Cast off and away amongst the trawlers. Tom had left 40 wash of whelks on the Ness, so we got

them aboard as we went down. The crabs have been after them; lost about 14 wash. Passed under the stern of "Estafette", the French fishery cruiser, and altered our course to let the trawler "Median" cross our bows. They don't care much about running anybody down. Had a **rough time crossing the binks.** Look out! We weren't quick enough. A sheet of spray flew across our decks and half drowned us. The pots of tea on deck were filled up. Started hauling at 11 o'clock. **Two of the codmen, the "Hesperus" and the "Chancellor" have followed us. They are in a hurry for whelks, to bait their lines and get to sea. After the first haul, we put 20 wash aboard the "Hesperus". They will be able to start baiting now.** Put an oilskin apron on, got astern of Walt and started hauling. Carried on with the third shank. We put 16 wash aboard the "Chancellor." There was a good swell rolling in from the norrard, and she didn't half plunge coming up to loo'ard of them. "Look slippy and sling them aboard", sung out Tom as we got alongside. Righto. Let go! All clear. Finished getting the shank aboard. Tom has got 5 down here. My back gave me some stick after that lot. Bending and hauling. Put another 10 wash aboard the "Hesperus" and turned her nose for home. They shouted breakfast but it's 3 o'clock. We did not have time for breakfast this morning. On deck, by the time we reach the binks and sort the whelks out. We got 32 wash and 26 from the ness made 58. Went spiffing up the river, washed the decks and made the ship look in fine condition. Chuck, Walt and myself stood up forrard singing 'Il Trovatore' etc. A fine trio. Passed the trawlers at anchor waiting for the tide. A great old mud dredger lay across the entrance, so hard a port, round the pier end and made fast to the piles. I climbed ashore and made for the "City of London". The skipper might be aboard. "City of Hull" and "City of Belfast", her sister ships, lay alongside. Jumped aboard, crew not there, only the workmen doing her up.

Picking up the marker buoy which is attached to strings of whelk, crab or lobster pots lying on the seabed.

Credit: Raking up the Past by James Dales

Made for the Skipper's. Had tea. He's taking the 'London' out again. She's getting fitted out and put right. Skippers taking my camera.

Tuesday 10 – Bally office again. I would just like to be going along with the skipper this morning. What oh! You chaps. I got a warm reception. The fellows downstairs shouted ship ahoy and all sorts. Joe said, "I was thinking of you on Friday morning. I'll bet you brought your breakfast up," he says. (When we came round Spurn about two dozen ships and trawlers were sheltering so there must have been some wind on.)

Mother and father married 23 years ago today. Doris died 5 years ago today.

Wednesday 11 – I have caught a cold. It's rotten. Had a nice feed of whelks; Tom brought some round last night. Got away [from the office] 5.45. Rushed home on my bike and just managed to get in before lighting up time.

Thursday 12 – Rise and shine 6.30. The mornings are colder now. **Went for a run on my bike along the prom. I nearly went over the edge of the prom. Approached the end at a good speed and put my brake (I only have a half of one) on, but it would not act. Jumped off just in time.** At the office this afternoon, we had a good laugh. They did jaw.

Friday 13 – Hooray! Joe Beckett beat Moran in last night's fight. I am jolly pleased to see Joe get his man. Good luck.

LINER ON FIRE.

300 PASSENGERS TAKE TO THE BOATS.

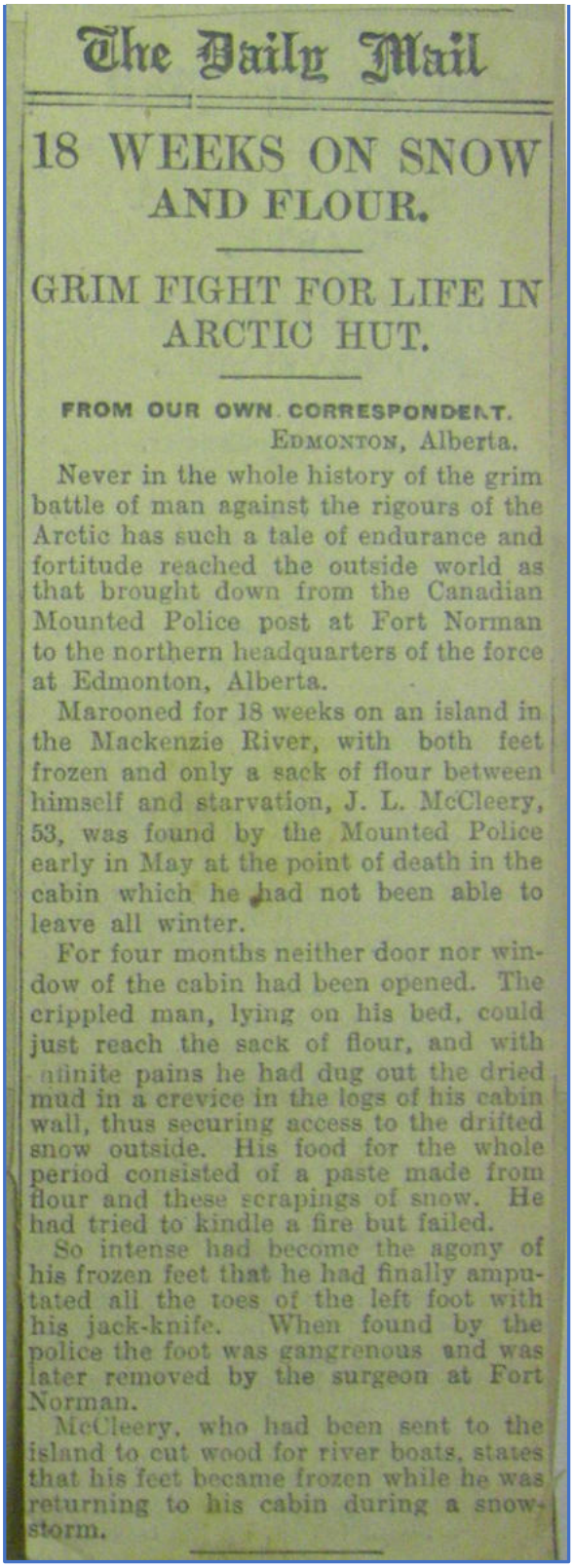
SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday.

The steamer City of Honolulu is on fire two days off Los Angeles, California. She is in a dangerous condition.

She has 300 passengers on board, mainly American tourists returning from Honolulu. A wireless message says that the passengers have taken to the boats.

The last wireless sent out by the City of Honolulu said "Captain and crew are leaving the ship. Good-bye to you all."—Reuter.

NEW YORK, Thursday.



The Daily Mail

18 WEEKS ON SNOW AND FLOUR.

GRIM FIGHT FOR LIFE IN ARCTIC HUT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
EDMONTON, Alberta.

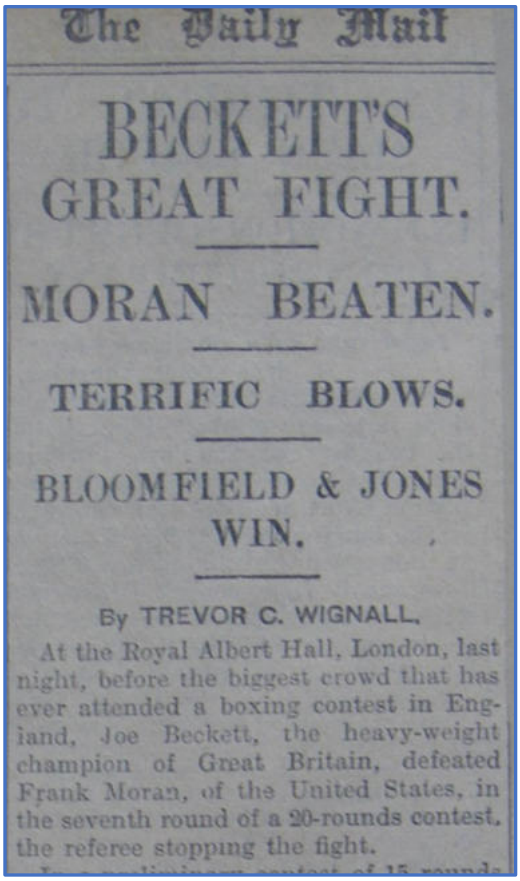
Never in the whole history of the grim battle of man against the rigours of the Arctic has such a tale of endurance and fortitude reached the outside world as that brought down from the Canadian Mounted Police post at Fort Norman to the northern headquarters of the force at Edmonton, Alberta.

Marooned for 18 weeks on an island in the Mackenzie River, with both feet frozen and only a sack of flour between himself and starvation, J. L. McCleery, 53, was found by the Mounted Police early in May at the point of death in the cabin which he had not been able to leave all winter.

For four months neither door nor window of the cabin had been opened. The crippled man, lying on his bed, could just reach the sack of flour, and with infinite pains he had dug out the dried mud in a crevice in the logs of his cabin wall, thus securing access to the drifted snow outside. His food for the whole period consisted of a paste made from flour and these scrapings of snow. He had tried to kindle a fire but failed.

So intense had become the agony of his frozen feet that he had finally amputated all the toes of the left foot with his jack-knife. When found by the police the foot was gangrenous and was later removed by the surgeon at Fort Norman.

McCleery, who had been sent to the island to cut wood for river boats, states that his feet became frozen while he was returning to his cabin during a snowstorm.



The Daily Mail

BECKETT'S GREAT FIGHT.

MORAN BEATEN.

TERRIFIC BLOWS.

BLOOMFIELD & JONES WIN.

By TREVOR C. WIGNALL.

At the Royal Albert Hall, London, last night, before the biggest crowd that has ever attended a boxing contest in England, Joe Beckett, the heavy-weight champion of Great Britain, defeated Frank Moran, of the United States, in the seventh round of a 20-rounds contest, the referee stopping the fight.

Saturday 14 / Sunday 15 – Out at 7. Frosty morning. It makes one jump about club swinging. It's a good exercise. At the office I gave Tim a hand. Filled one tank, iced it, packing fish and all sorts of jobs. Had affine time.

Two trawlers are manoeuvring about inshore here. They will be aground on the ness in a minute. A whopping oil tanker has just gone down, also that big 6 master. [Probably a 6-mast sailing vessel.]

I am **going to sleep aboard the "Pioneer" tonight.** Tom is ill. Charlie says they will be going early in the morning., so I will be down there ready. Charlie says they were two German trawlers. One has his propellor fouled and he is going to beach her. The other towed him about 100 miles.

Saturday night – Had a fine old time. We were just in time to get the "Pioneer" before the lock gates opened. Hauled her round the bullnose and made fast, while Chuck got the engine going. Walt and I stood on the wharf watching all the trawlers come in. It was dark and cold, but I could have stayed there all night. The "Diamond" was followed by an Icelandman, the "Wimpole" and then came some of the old brigade. The "Shade" seine netter, the "Athenian", "Ann Lewis" etc. As some of the trawlers kept coming in, some of the crew would ask us for news. "How's the Town got on?" "Did Bombardier Wells win?" "How did Becket get on?", "Who won the 2.30?" and all sorts of stuff.

GY337 ATHENIAN (built 1919). Still a modern-looking trawler in Len's day, she and her sister Sardinian were the oldest operational UK trawlers and the last coal burners; after two years laid up, they left Grimsby in 1964 on their final voyage to Belgium for scrapping.

Credit: https://www.deepseatrawlers.co.uk/index.php/2020/06/23/athenian-gy-357/

We stayed there till 11 o'clock and saw the "Orice Leo" go ahead for number 2 dock. Presently, we jumped aboard, and went astern, toward the jetty and made fast. Walt says we get the bait and paraffin aboard here. So, after the chocolate was shared out, we went along to the strand. **Four baskets of cod heads for the whelks to lick at.** Two dock coppers came along and held their lamps aloft while we filled the baskets. Now for the oil. Four big drums to carry and three little chaps to carry them, with Walt the wrist

sprained. That tin handle nearly cut my fingers off. Anyhow, we got the stuff aboard and filled the tanks. Hatches down, we passed the lock gates and brought up in the dock basin, made fast. All hands below, turn in. Walt and Chuck on the cabin floor and me in the bunk. Arthur (another brother) is coming down at 5, same as the "old man".

Now you sleepers, show a leg! It was jolly cold during the night. Thick fog. **Arthur made us smile – he's a sport. Kettle boiling. Pears! dozens of them. Arthur walked round an orchard this morning. (Motor cycled from 13 miles away, started at 3 o'clock).** Then out with the concertina. Oh, we had a splendid time. It's too foggy to go out this morning. Packed up – off home. It's a merry party we were, trudging down the streets. I don't know what the people thought who saw us. Don't care either.

Monday 16 – I've got a rotten cold – had this for several days. Lloyd George has made a fine speech at Manchester. He made several parties look like fools and has given the Daily Mail some stick. That's the stuff! Good old Lloyd George! **The gliding competition has started.** There are a lot of well-known airmen going in for it. Could hardly stand today. A touch of the flu, I think. Turned in as soon as I got home. Hot milk etc.

Tuesday 17 – took Miss Hilda Bellamy to hear Mark Hambourg play at the [Grimsby] Town Hall. He is a wonderful pianist. To hear some persons play "The Wedding March" and then hear him, you would think it was a different piece altogether.

A NORTH SEA THRILL.

LIFEBOAT HELD BY CAPSIZED SHIP.

A thrilling narrative of their experiences in a heavy gale in the North Sea was told by the shipwrecked crew of the Danish sailing vessel Danneborg, who were landed at Hull yesterday by the trawler Polly Johnson.

Captain M. Hansen, who was in charge of the Danneborg, was accompanied by his young wife, who was making her first voyage, and carried a crew of five hands. When they were about 250 miles off Spurn on Saturday, the vessel sprang a leak. There was a heavy gale at the time, and the vessel quickly began to fill. The crew worked at the pumps with the water washing over them until they were standing up to their waists.

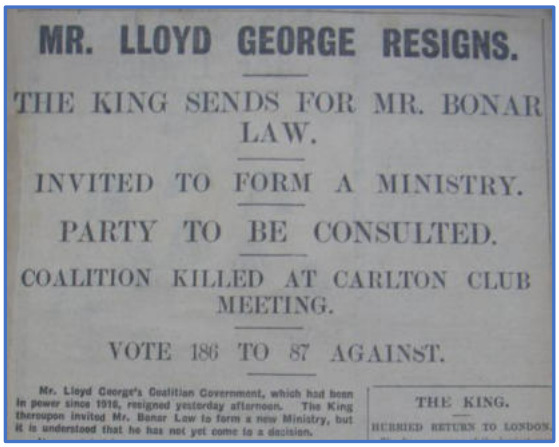
Realising their plight, the crew lowered the lifeboat, and had hardly got into her when the Danneborg heeled over. The small boat became entangled in the rigging, and was in great danger of being swamped. When the vessel heeled over two of the crew and the captain and his wife were on board, and were thrown into the sea.

The captain was able to scramble on the keel of the vessel, and afterwards pulled his wife out of the water. Then he joined with his crew in chopping at the ropes until the rigging was all cut away, and the lifeboat was liberated.

Fortunately all the crew were able to get into the lifeboat, and they ran up an improvised sail in the hope of being seen by passing craft.

In their soaked clothing they were tossed about in the lifeboat for four hours before the Polly Johnson picked them up.

The sailors spoke in admiration of the bravery of the captain's wife.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE RESIGNS.

THE KING SENDS FOR MR. BONAR LAW.

INVITED TO FORM A MINISTRY.

PARTY TO BE CONSULTED.

COALITION KILLED AT CARLTON CLUB MEETING.

VOTE 186 TO 87 AGAINST.

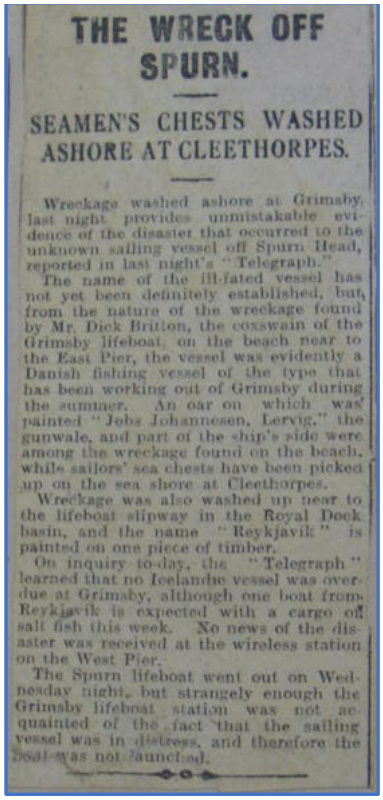
Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government, which had been in power since 1916, resigned yesterday afternoon. The King thereupon invited Mr. Bonar Law to form a new Ministry, but it is understood that he has not yet come to a decision.

THE KING.

HURRIED RETURN TO LONDON.

Wednesday 18 – Jolly rough. Dirty night – hail, snow, blow. There is a crowd of ships sheltering behind Spurn. Right down to the Ness, their lights go.

Thursday 19 – The "City of London" got home alright. It's been disastrous for ships round Spurn during the gale. **One Hull trawler, the "Mafeking" got on the binks and went under, but all the crew were saved.** A small sailing craft got ashore and the crew's fate is unknown. By jingo, but it is rough. I wish the small boats in the bay were packed away. Raining, snowing and blowing as bad as ever. Fish will be an awful price in a day or two. Can see the ships lights stretching halfway down the river. I'll bet they are pleased they are not out in this. Spurn is a fine shelter for ships when it is blowing hard northerly or easterly.



THE WRECK OFF SPURN.

SEAMEN'S CHESTS WASHED ASHORE AT CLEETHORPES.

Wreckage washed ashore at Grimsby last night provides unmistakable evidence of the disaster that occurred to the unknown sailing vessel off Spurn Head, reported in last night's "Telegraph."

The name of the ill-fated vessel has not yet been definitely established, but, from the nature of the wreckage found by Mr. Dick Britton, the coxswain of the Grimsby lifeboat, on the beach near to the East Pier, the vessel was evidently a Danish fishing vessel of the type that has been working out of Grimsby during the summer. An oar on which was painted "Jobs Johannesen, Lervig," the gunwale, and part of the ship's side were among the wreckage found on the beach, while sailors' sea chests have been picked up on the sea shore at Cleethorpes.

Wreckage was also washed up near to the lifeboat slipway in the Royal Dock basin, and the name "Reykjavik" is painted on one piece of timber.

On inquiry to-day, the "Telegraph" learned that no Icelandic vessel was overdue at Grimsby, although one boat from Reykjavik is expected with a cargo of salt fish this week. No news of the disaster was received at the wireless station on the West Pier.

The Spurn lifeboat went out on Wednesday night, but strangely enough the Grimsby lifeboat station was not acquainted of the fact that the sailing vessel was in distress, and therefore the boat was not launched.

Friday 20 – The crew of the trawler got away but the others - **Spurn lifeboat got within speaking distance, and then the waves swept away the mast, and the men clinging to the rigging**, and the boat disappeared in the foam. Oh, what a fate for those poor chaps. It must have been terrible to hear them cry out as they were swept away. Two sea chests have been washed ashore, Mr Hull got one and Allan Matthews the other. **Wreckage is strewn across the beach** and she evidently was a Danish or Dutch fishing boat. With the glasses I can see the Hull trawler, or I can see her masts and funnel sticking up out of the water. The binks are covered in foam. It's a veritable graveyard for ships.

Lloyd George has resigned. The government has collapsed and Bonar Law is going to form another one. The conservative party is very much in evidence and the Daily Mail wants shooting. But then there is life in the old dog still, I'll **bet Lloyd George gives some of the rotter's some ginger before he finishes with them.**

Saturday 21 – Several boats have gone under in the corner. They have lost their stern sheet and seats and other gear. The **scout's big black boat was swept right off the slip and over the wall.** She came ashore on the beach just past the bathing pool. Our boats have hung out well.

Sunday 22 – I don't think the "Pioneer" will go out today. It still blowing hard. Mr Croft and Jack have just taken their prawners in to the bay. Best place. The old "Unity" is hanging out yet. She will break up one of these tides. He has put out 3 anchors I see. A barge went down the river under full canvas. She was dashing along. That stern of that wrecked vessel washed up on the slip this morning's tide. She was a Danish fishing boat, I think.

IMPRISONED CREW RESCUED.

CAPTAIN'S TRIBUTE TO LIFEBOATMEN.

The crew of the Newcastle steamer Hopelyn, who for three days had been crowded in the Marconi room on the boat deck, wearing lifebelts, after their ship struck on Scroby Sands, near Yarmouth, were rescued on Saturday by the Lowestoft motor-lifeboat manned by Lowestoft and Gorleston men.

"I never saw finer seamanship," said Captain Gibson, of the wrecked steamer. "The lifeboatmen dropped their anchor, veered down to us, threw a rope on board, and we dropped down the rope into the lifeboat. We were all rescued in eight minutes."

Captain Gibson.

"And if the weather had become worse so that the lifeboat could not approach we should all have been finished," added the first mate, taking his breakfast at Yarmouth Sailors' Home.

Captain Gibson said "This is our

WORLD'S RECORD GLIDE.

FRENCHMAN'S FEAT IN "DAILY MAIL" £1,000 CONTEST.

MACHINE UP 3 HOURS 22 MINUTES.

DESCENT IN THE DARK.

Soaring and hovering like a great night hawk over the top of Firle Beacon, Sussex, on Saturday evening M. Alex Maneyrolle, the French pilot, won *The Daily Mail* £1,000 gliding prize and beat the world's record for an engineless flight, on the last day of the gliding contests at Itford Hill, near Lewes, Sussex.

FACING DEATH IN BLAZING SHIP.

CREW'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE OFF THE HUMBER.

EVENTFUL VOYAGE FROM GRIMSBY.

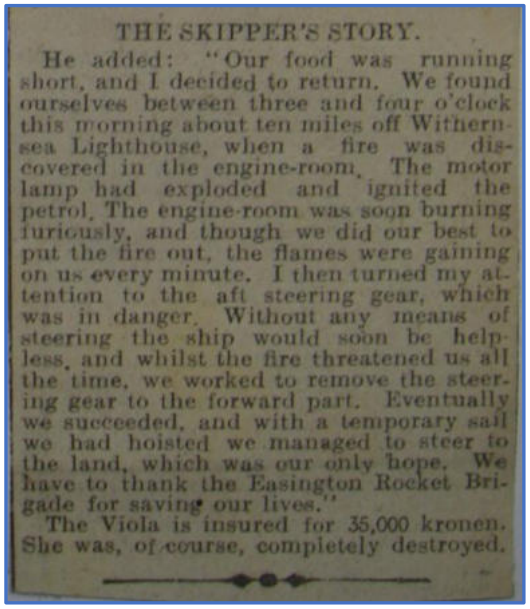
The Iceland motor fishing-boat Viola, which has sailed out of Grimsby throughout the past summer, has been destroyed by fire off Easington.

She left Grimsby on the 14th inst., and had been beaten about in rough weather for several days. The skipper, F. Finnbogason, who is joint owner of the boat with L. Ludvigsson, of Rejkjavik, decided to put back to Grimsby owing to shortage of food.

When about ten miles from Withernsea lighthouse a fire occurred in the engine-room through a lamp exploding and igniting the petrol tank.

The flames rapidly spread, and the ship was headed for shore as quickly as possible.

Mr. T. Sinderson, the Grimsby agent, was acquainted with the mishap yesterday by the receipt of a wire stating, "Iceland fishing boat Viola ashore Easington; also afire. Efforts being made to extinguish. Crew of five saved life saving apparatus."



THE SKIPPER'S STORY.

He added: "Our food was running short, and I decided to return. We found ourselves between three and four o'clock this morning about ten miles off Withernsea Lighthouse, when a fire was discovered in the engine-room. The motor lamp had exploded and ignited the petrol. The engine-room was soon burning furiously, and though we did our best to put the fire out, the flames were gaining on us every minute. I then turned my attention to the aft steering gear, which was in danger. Without any means of steering the ship would soon be helpless, and whilst the fire threatened us all the time, we worked to remove the steering gear to the forward part. Eventually we succeeded, and with a temporary sail we had hoisted we managed to steer to the land, which was our only hope. We have to thank the Easington Rocket Brigade for saving our lives."

The Viola is insured for 35,000 kronen. She was, of course, completely destroyed.

Monday 23 – My skippers photos have not come out very well (I lent him my camera). He sailed yesterday. Mrs Spurgeon came down tonight. She stayed yarning till 10, **telling us some fine yarns of when she was on munitions.** She is a proper lady. ['Munitions' factories in Grimsby included a National Shell factory on Victoria St North, near Lockhill and a Mill-type hand grenades factory in Granville Street. Many of those employed in the unglamorous work were women.]

WWI Ammunition factory, Victoria Street, Grimsby

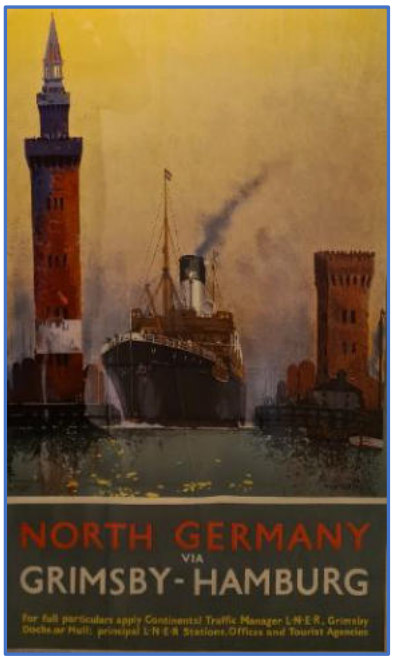
Credit: Lincs Inspire Local History Library

Wednesday 25 – **Maurice has got a ship.** The "Southland Grange" 12,000 ton sailing for the River Plate next week. He went under during his last exam. Good old Lloyd George. He has been giving the Conservatives something to put in their pipes and smoke. He's the man to fix them.

Saturday 28 – **I wrote the fatal letter today.** The die is cast. There will be no looking back after this. But I am prepared for a rough time.

Sunday 29 – Billy woke me up at 7. He "is on the job". Good. I turned out and lent a hand. All clear at 8.20. Fine. **I'll show Rowston** [a local man Len is not on good terms with] **something now. I have worked this trick alright.** Breakfast at 9**. It was rather amusing this morning. We went in, and the big ferocious watch dog never made a sound.** He sat down seeme quite interested in the proceedings.

I made a course over the sands and had a fine walk (3 miles) to the docks. I'm going to have a look round this morning. Passed the trawlers ready to land and watched the **"SS Staveley" GCR steamer come in the dock basin**. I got a good snapshot of her. There is the wireless cabins where we lay in 1912. I remember talking to the coastguard on the pier head (I was about 9 then.) Had a look around the lifeboat. I think she is in an awkward place for launching at low tide.



1928 poster: The Great Central Railway operated a fleet of steam ferries that maintained regular services from Grimsby to western and northern Europe and across the Baltic; the SS Staveley was among these vessels.

Waitied until the lock gates opened and watched the tawlers come in. “King Richard” was the first trawler to arrive. There were 2 or 3 dozen people watching them pass. When about 16 had passed, several Dutch trawlers, hailing from Ijmuiden, came through with pilots aboard. I didn’t know they had to take pilots. **No. 1 dock was full by now;** the dockmen gave each trawler a check as she rounded the bullnose and berthed against the new pontoon. No. 2 dock, pilot, rang out one of the officials, to a Dutchman the “Derika XV”. There are plenty of ships in for tomorrow. I wonder where the “City of London” is. I’ll bet she’s roughing it.

Got the family together in the yard and Mabel took our photos. Made some lemonade in the teapot and sat near the fire reading. Maurice left at 6 o’clock. His ship signs on on Monday. Bon voyage. Off to the Argentine for frozen meat. Turned in 9 o’clock. **I wonder if they [Rowstons] will make a counter attack? Rowston will foam at the mouth when he finds out.**

FASCIST COUP IN ITALY.

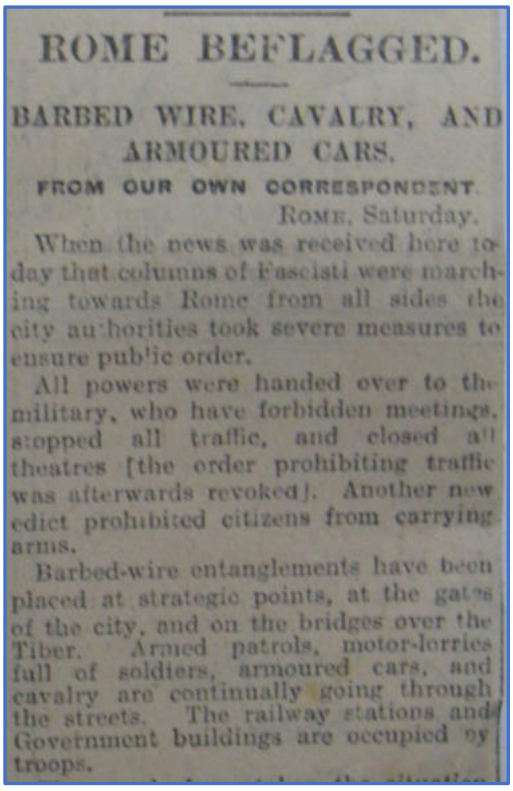
NEW SORT OF REVOLT.

MUSSOLINI AS PREMIER.

SENT FOR BY THE KING.

Dramatic political events have taken place in Italy during the week-end, resulting yesterday in King Victor's asking the Fascist leader, Signor Benito Mussolini, to form a Cabinet.

It is one of the most remarkable forms of peaceful revolution in history. The Fascisti have been offered power, not because of any influence in Parliament, where they have only some 30 seats, but because they are the strongest organisation, both militarily and politically, in Italy, and because they threatened to use their power against the Government.



ROME BEFLAGGED.

BARBED WIRE, CAVALRY, AND ARMOURED CARS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

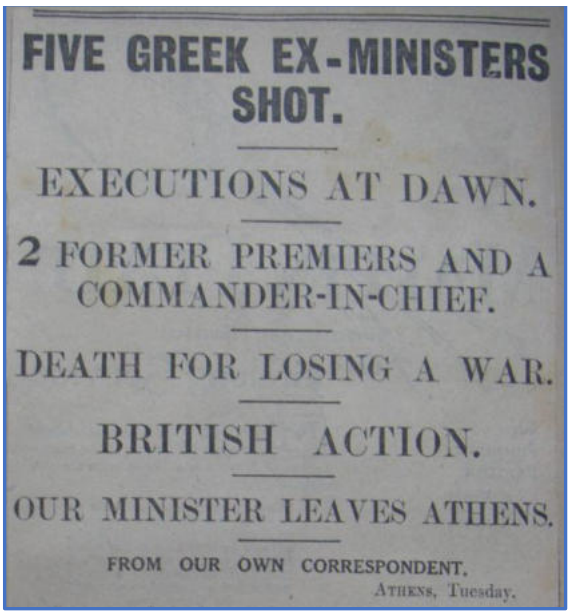
ROME, Saturday.

When the news was received here today that columns of Fascisti were marching towards Rome from all sides the city authorities took severe measures to ensure public order.

All powers were handed over to the military, who have forbidden meetings, stopped all traffic, and closed all theatres [the order prohibiting traffic was afterwards revoked]. Another new edict prohibited citizens from carrying arms.

Barbed-wire entanglements have been placed at strategic points, at the gates of the city, and on the bridges over the Tiber. Armed patrols, motor-lorries full of soldiers, armoured cars, and cavalry are continually going through the streets. The railway stations and Government buildings are occupied by troops.

Monday 30 – Show a leg, me hearty tars. There has **been a revolution in Italy,** and there will be several wars if someting doesn't happen soon. Called in at the skippers after dinner. He landed Sunday midnight; says it has **been a rough trip. Seas as high as the mast.** The old girl rushed them down in fine style when she was off the binks. I wish I had been there. Took their photos and finished spool. **Billy brought his lorry and we scuttled down to Grimsby with the tyres. All square! Fine. I'll show Rowston what's what now.**



FIVE GREEK EX-MINISTERS SHOT.

EXECUTIONS AT DAWN.

2 FORMER PREMIERS AND A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

DEATH FOR LOSING A WAR.

BRITISH ACTION.

OUR MINISTER LEAVES ATHENS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ATHENS, Tuesday.

November 1922

~~ Missing entries ~~

Wednesday 11- Skipper came in yesterday. Not much fish. Trawls lost. Gales nearly all the time. At the gym tonight, I put some good time in. Had a go with "Lightening" and got my left home in style. He knocked the wind out of my sails though. Now my finger will need some attention after that lot. Went home with a thick lip.

Thursday 12 – Albert has gone mad; crossed in love, poor chap**. I nearly got it this time. Going downhill on my cycle between horse and cart and a motor. He came across my bows – no brakes – so I jumps off astern, the wheels scrape past my legs, the port light window bangs open and her head swings off to port** – 'San faire'an' - carry on. (And that was all through a lady.) **I dashed through the railway crossing gates just as they were closing. Near squeak!** That's the third time.

Wednesday 13 – What a **lot of bankrupts there are just now. In tonight's paper there are 5 local failures alone.** It's not safe to put money in any concern now. It's either pinched or goes smash. Dozens of big firms have gone broke just lately. Went to the pictures tonight and saw "Nanook of the North". A fine educational film of Esquimo [sic] life. It was very good. Seal killing, hunting, and everything.

~~ Missing entries ~~

Monday 27 – One man has lost his bearings I see and come ashore at Dimlington. He hasn't had the lead going, that's what's the matter.

Tuesday 28 - At the gym tonight, we went for a run. I was the only one to keep up and go as far as the champion. Went about 6 miles. I haven't done so bad. Punchball etc on the go.

Wednesday 29 – Running with Dave and Herby this morning. I made them puff along the prom. The Greek Ministers have caught it where the chicken caught the chopper. Some more critics in the "Wail". Damn them" They can talk but they can't do.

Thursday 30 – Took Cyril to the Prince of Wales Theatre to see Rigoletto. It was great; excellent both acting and singing. The book I bought – "Stories from Opera" made things quite clear. The music was a treat.

December 1922

Friday 1 – December ahoy! Another trawler ashore. Off to the rifle club tonight. I put another 95 on for my match. Our team is doing alright. Wrote to Maurice in South America. Wish I was there.

Sunday 3 – Tumbled out at 6.30. Chuck called at 7.20 and we just missed the train so we walked down dock. We had some fun getting the bait aboard. Nearly slipped in several

times – very muddy. Hello! **Here's the "Salacon" in the dock basin, with the salvage steamer "Recovery" alongside. She must have got off on last night's tide. Sighted several wrecks when crossing the binks.** We are late this morning. Turned cold. Northerly swell. Hauled the first two and last two shanks. My hands are OK. Stuff to give them. We got 29 wash, not so bad. Past the trawlers lying off the gates, waiting. The "Salacon" was just being towed in dock by two tugs, the "Ada" and "Lynx". We had to wait till she went through. Plenty of people on the pier head. Then right down the dock to the "Boy Chy". She got the whole of our whelks. The "Dundina" WY was alongside. Scuttled off to our moorings. The trawlers are coming in now. Crossed the "Fentonian's" stern and ahead of the "Erinside". The "Grey Night" berthed alongside us. One of Alf Bannister's made the pontoon rattle. Hard astern man, hard astern. **The "Atmosphere" is in I see. Two Mates were lost overboard from her.** Someone's siren goes. "That's like the "Succession"", Walt says. That's a day's work done. Pack up! Arrived just in time for tea. Mr and Mrs Spurgeon down tonight. The skipper sails in the morning on the "Remagio", one of Sleight's. The "Gardenia" wouldn't tow her gear so he left her. Sand at "25 fathoms, skipper, go ahead." 50 fathoms – red hot cinders – full speed astern.

GERMANY & RUSSIA

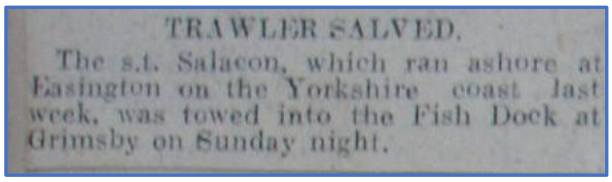
SECRET AGREEMENT.

"THE WAR OF REVENGE."

A TEN-YEARS PROGRAMME.

We print below a memorandum which "The Daily Mail" has received from a person in close touch with the best-informed German circles in Berlin and Munich. It states that the Germans are planning a war of revenge, that they are determined to secure the control of a great military force, and that for this purpose they have concluded a secret military agreement with the Soviet Government of Russia. The memorandum gives the outline of the agreement, and many facts of importance regarding it.

The German idea is that Great Britain, the United States, and Italy would hold aloof from any future war in which Germany, with Russian and German troops attacked France. "Next time," they say, "we shall have only France to deal with. Last time we had five Great Powers to fight."



TRAWLER SALVED.

The s.t. Salacon, which ran ashore at Easington on the Yorkshire coast last week, was towed into the Fish Dock at Grimsby on Sunday night.

PLANS FOR WORLD CIVIL WAR.

MOSCOW COUNCIL OF ALL THE REDS.

22 LANGUAGES IN CZAR'S THRONE ROOM.

"HANSARD," TELEPHONES, AND BATHROOMS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Moscow.

What the Vatican Council was to the members of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, so the fourth congress of the Third International, now sitting in the throne room of the Russian Emperors at Moscow, is to the Communists of all lands.

This assembly openly incites its followers in every land save Russia to overthrow not only their Governments, but also their whole governmental and economic system, and deliberately to inaugurate a world-wide civil war of the classes.

TRADE WAR.

From the commercial standpoint this Russo-German alliance would put Germany once more in a position to compete with her greatest rival, the British Empire. It is true that she has lost her colonies, but the energies thus released can be directed towards an enormous trade expansion in Russia. With cheap Russian labour and unlimited supplies of Russian raw material she will be able to undersell Great Britain and the United States in the world markets.

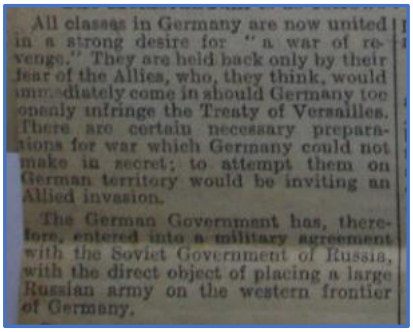
The German military party regard it as essential that before bringing on such a war the French and British should have retired from the Rhine. France,

Germany can never be self-supporting, and the blockade of her coast by the Allies during the Great War helped to bring about her collapse. Russia, with time, is capable of feeding both herself and Germany, when the position of both countries would be unassailable, so far as blockade by sea is concerned.

POLAND TO BE CRUSHED.

With regard to (4):

For Russia and Germany to be in direct rail communication for the movement of troops and the supply of food it is necessary to efface Poland from the map, as she at present lies between them. She has suffered too much in the past from both ever to make an alliance with either, so that an attack on her is the only means available by which contact with Germany can be secured by Russia.

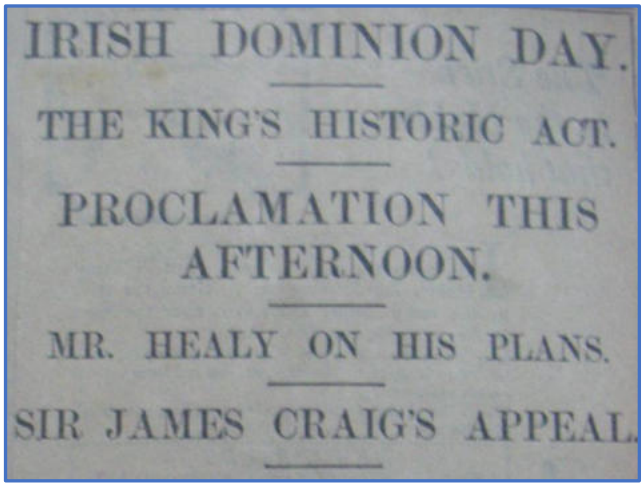


All classes in Germany are now united in a strong desire for "a war of revenge." They are held back only by their fear of the Allies, who, they think, would immediately come in should Germany openly infringe the Treaty of Versailles. There are certain necessary preparations for war which Germany could not make in secret; to attempt them on German territory would be inviting an Allied invasion.

The German Government has, therefore, entered into a military agreement with the Soviet Government of Russia, with the direct object of placing a large Russian army on the western frontier of Germany.

Monday 4 – Half skinned my fingers and can hardly write. Was playing football and Davey sent me over on the concrete. **Ran over a dog, a big rough haired terrier. Could feel my tyres over his head. He jumped up and chased me right down the street. – The vicious brute.** Put some good work in at the gym tonight.

Tuesday 5 – Ran down on my bicycle to the gym. Boxed 3 rounds with "Murphy". Matt says he is leaving.



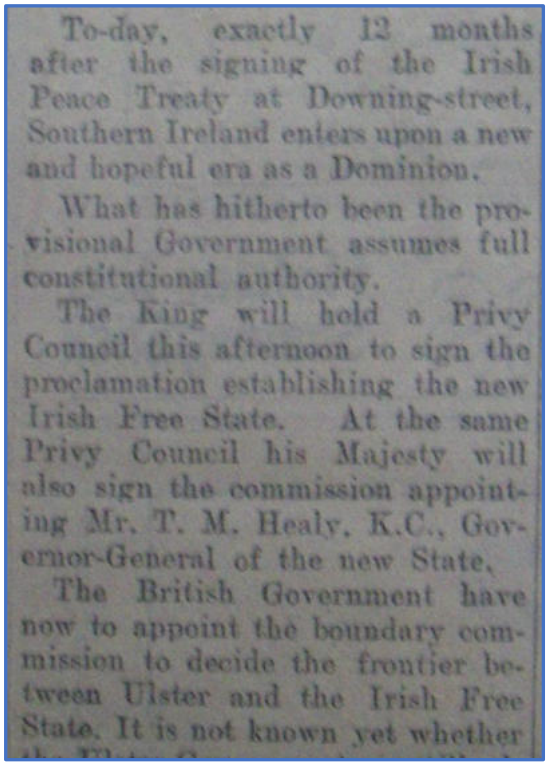
IRISH DOMINION DAY.

THE KING'S HISTORIC ACT.

PROCLAMATION THIS AFTERNOON.

MR. HEALY ON HIS PLANS.

SIR JAMES CRAIG'S APPEAL.



To-day, exactly 12 months after the signing of the Irish Peace Treaty at Downing-street, Southern Ireland enters upon a new and hopeful era as a Dominion.

What has hitherto been the provisional Government assumes full constitutional authority.

The King will hold a Privy Council this afternoon to sign the proclamation establishing the new Irish Free State. At the same Privy Council his Majesty will also sign the commission appointing Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., Governor-General of the new State.

The British Government have now to appoint the boundary commission to decide the frontier between Ulster and the Irish Free State. It is not known yet whether

Friday 8 – Raining. **Knocked a youngster down coming home tonight, in the dark. The little beggar! They will play in the streets. Some of them ask for it.** At the gym I did some good exercising. Did 2 rounds fast shadow boxing tonight. I'm coming on fine. Developing a good left punch.

Saturday 9 – Read "Station X". One of the strangest books I've ever read. There are dozens of books dealing with the Martian theory and life on other planets, but this one takes the cake. Getting ready for tomorrow. Tom is going with us; he has had 9 weeks illness.

WRECKED BY WAVE.

TRAWLER'S WHEELHOUSE & TWO MEN CARRIED AWAY.

FISHERMAN'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

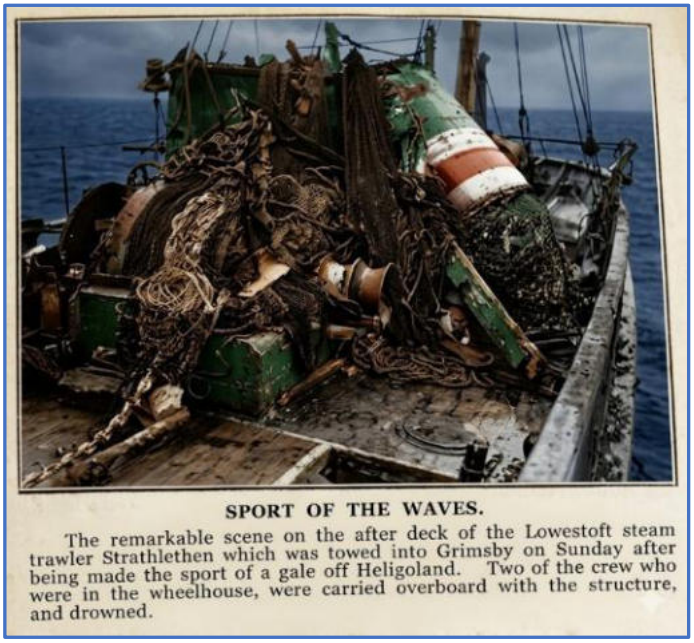
SKIPPER'S STORY OF DISASTER.

The Lowestoft steam trawler Strathlethan lies crippled in Grimsby Dock following a stirring experience in the North Sea.

On Wednesday a heavy sea swept over her, carried away two members of the crew, and did considerable damage to the vessel.

The victims were the mate, Fred Richmond, and a deck-hand named Sandwell, both Lowestoft men with families. They were carried away with the top of the wheelhouse.

The ship was towed into Grimsby by the Newcastle steamer Greenbat, which sighted her signals of distress on Friday. It was fortunate that help arrived, for the Strathlethan was in a dangerous plight.



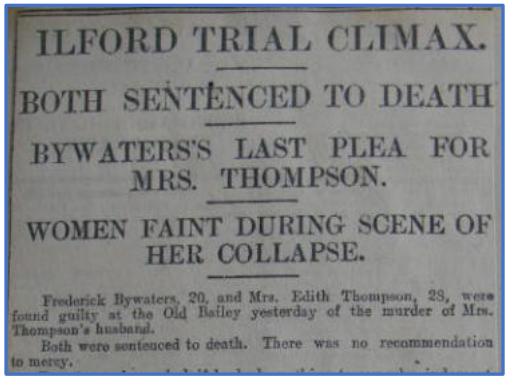
SPORT OF THE WAVES.

The remarkable scene on the after deck of the Lowestoft steam trawler Strathlethen which was towed into Grimsby on Sunday after being made the sport of a gale off Heligoland. Two of the crew who were in the wheelhouse, were carried overboard with the structure, and drowned.

Sunday 10 – Tom called at 7.30 and we walked down dock. Walt and Chuck have **brought their duck gun** along. Passed the trawlers and saw an amazing sight. The Lowestoft trawler "Strathlethan" was moored to the dockside. **The front side had nearly been smashed in. The wheelhouse gone, funnel lying over the deck, gallais broke down and everything in confusion. A big wave had swept over her, carrying the mate and second hand overboard. They were never seen again.** It was a picture. I'll bet those men have gone through something. Nobody realises the power of water unless they see such a disaster. Quite a crowd were around her, and a burgee was flying half-mast.

Cast off about 9 o'clock and away down the river. Chuck knocked the feathers out of a seagull's tail. It didn't half scoot. Tom brought one down and then Walt. Only saw 5 ducks – out of range. SW1/2 S, 50 miles an hour. Crossed the Binks. Now for it. The cold wind and sea came down on us from the norrard. **This is the roughest weather I've ever been whelking in.** She put her nose in to the waves, and jumped out, her bows high out and ready for crashing into the next. It was laughable to see us get our sea boots etc on. I was rolling all over the fo'c'sle. About 11 we got down to the buoys and started. **It was quite a job finding our feet, never mind hauling.** I only took one shank on, as my finger

was too bad for hauling. A wave hit us broadside on and half drownded [sic] Chuck who was near the scuppers. We got 31 wash. Set a course for home at 3 o'clock. We went along fine, with a following sea rattling us along. "Get the lights on deck", sang out the skipper. At 4.30 it was dark. **We shall have to go round the binks as there are too many wrecks at low tide, and in the dark. That means 5 miles extra steaming.** Picked the "Albert" up near the outer buoy. **She has been "spragging".** [Cod was categorised in to three sizes – Codling -a very small, immature cod. Sprag -a medium-sized young cod. Cod -a fully grown, large adult fish.] **It's going to be a hard race now.** At the chequer shoal buoy, we were racing neck and neck, dashing through the water like racing boats. They were just a few yards to port of us, shouting and asking all sorts of questions. At the Bull, they had gained a length lead, creeping up inch by inch. Very dark now, passed Bull, Fort, Ness and Burcom, all lights on. I walked the deck singing in harmony with the boys. The "Albert" steamed between the piers and we soon followed. Slung our catch and made for the basin. Made fast and packed up. All hands ashore at 6.30. **We did look a rum looking crowd amongst the 'dressed up' pots on the car.** Tackled my dinner at 7 o'clock.



ILFORD TRIAL CLIMAX.

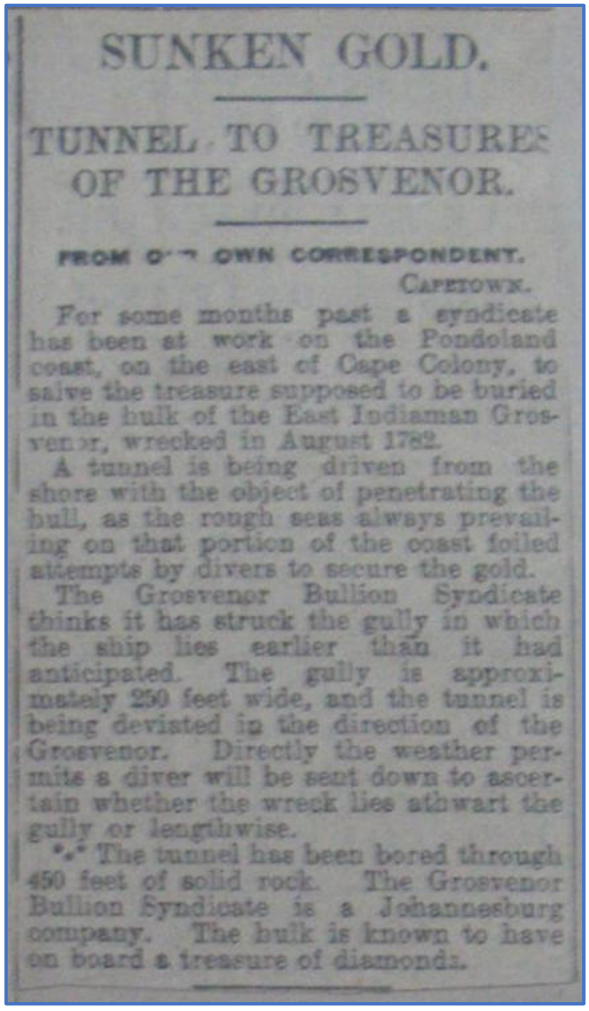
BOTH SENTENCED TO DEATH

BYWATERS'S LAST PLEA FOR MRS. THOMPSON.

WOMEN FAINT DURING SCENE OF HER COLLAPSE.

Frederick Bywaters, 20, and Mrs. Edith Thompson, 28, were found guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday of the murder of Mrs. Thompson's husband.

Both were sentenced to death. There was no recommendation to mercy.



SUNKEN GOLD.

TUNNEL TO TREASURE OF THE GROSVENOR.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

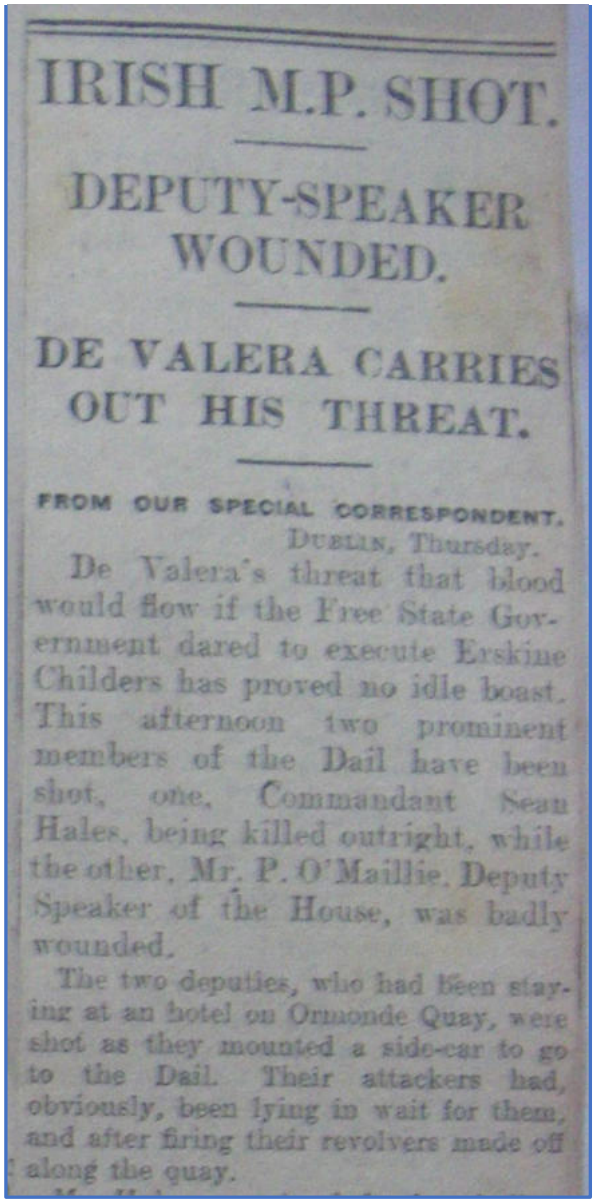
CAPETOWN.

For some months past a syndicate has been at work on the Pondoland coast, on the east of Cape Colony, to salve the treasure supposed to be buried in the hulk of the East Indiaman Grosvenor, wrecked in August 1782.

A tunnel is being driven from the shore with the object of penetrating the hull, as the rough seas always prevailing on that portion of the coast foiled attempts by divers to secure the gold.

The Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate thinks it has struck the gully in which the ship lies earlier than it had anticipated. The gully is approximately 250 feet wide, and the tunnel is being deviated in the direction of the Grosvenor. Directly the weather permits a diver will be sent down to ascertain whether the wreck lies athwart the gully or lengthwise.

*** The tunnel has been bored through 450 feet of solid rock. The Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate is a Johannesburg company. The hulk is known to have on board a treasure of diamonds.



IRISH M.P. SHOT.

DEPUTY-SPEAKER WOUNDED.

DE VALERA CARRIES OUT HIS THREAT.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, Thursday.

De Valera's threat that blood would flow if the Free State Government dared to execute Erskine Childers has proved no idle boast. This afternoon two prominent members of the Dail have been shot, one, Commandant Seau Hales, being killed outright, while the other, Mr. P. O'Maillie, Deputy Speaker of the House, was badly wounded.

The two deputies, who had been staying at an hotel on Ormonde Quay, were shot as they mounted a side-car to go to the Dail. Their attackers had, obviously, been lying in wait for them, and after firing their revolvers made off along the quay.

Thursday 14 – Blowing hard. **Another trawler lost with nearly all hands. That is two White Sea boats gone within a week.** Went to the club tonight and put 96 on my match card. The first team are having some hard luck. Our team are still in for the cup, having beaten our last opponents by 13.

WRECKED IN A SNOWSTORM.

10 TRAWLERMEN DROWNED.

SURVIVORS TRAPPED IN GALLEY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.

The Grimsby trawler Celerina, owned by Trawlers (White Sea and Grimsby), Limited, has been wrecked near Vardoe, Norway, during a snowstorm. The ship broke in two and 10 men perished.

Two were rescued with great difficulty and taken to hospital

The fishermen have had a rough time of it, this last few weeks.
10 men lost on the Celerina,
2 on the Strathlethan,
2 on the Tribune and
1 on the Syringa, besides those which have been driven ashore. It is always the case with the trawlers at Xmas time

WARSHIP RESCUES AEROPLANE PILOT.—During naval exercises observers in H.M.S. Delhi noticed this aeroplane in the water. After rescuing the pilot, who was clinging to the tail, the crew salved the machine and took it to Devonport.

DECEMBER 15, 1922.

BANDIT RULER'S MEMOIRS.

AFTER 62 YEARS IN PRISON.

12,000 TROOPS TO CATCH HIM.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, Thursday.

Carmine Donatello Crocco, who more than 60 years ago was a brigand ruler in Southern Italy, has written and just published his memoirs from the prison in the island of Elba, where he has been for 62 years serving a life sentence.

He began his career in the army of the King of Sicily. During a review Crocco stepped out of the ranks up to King Ferdinand and asked him to look after his 10 motherless little brothers; otherwise, he said, "I'll give you something to worry about."

He was arrested, but killed the guards and escaped. Rearrested, he escaped again, and after many adventures became practically dictator of Southern Italy.

He occupied 25 villages, defeated the Regular troops sent against him, collected taxes, and appointed mayors and officials.

Eventually 12,000 soldiers were required to drive him into the Pontifical States, where he was captured. Crocco is now 92.

Friday 15 – Skipped 200, shadow boxed 8 rounds and went 3 rounds with "Jerry". Then I boxed 3 rounds with a chap. He didn't half sail in to me with his body punches, knocked my wind out. I got him a treat with my left. It's a nice long reach. I'm getting it off fine. Finished up with punchball.

I have just got to know that Jock Campbell was mate of the "Celerina". He was drowned with the others. He was a close friend of Mrs Spurgeon and had asked my skipper to go with him several times. He was a fine chap by all accounts. **The skipper of the "Celerina" was making this his last trip, intending to settle down. It's hard luck. Mr Campbell leaves 3 kiddies.**

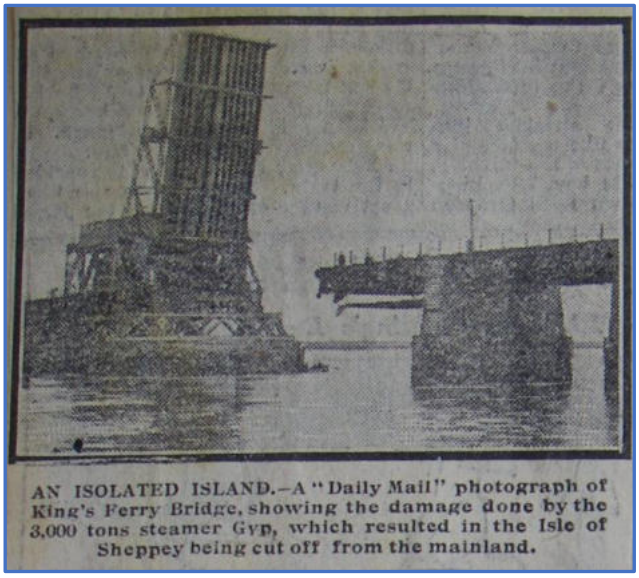
Saturday 16 – Albert brought his "flying kit" to have his photo taken. His heart is mended I am pleased to say. Went out rowing this afternoon – fine exercise. **The Sea Scouts were after a boat (there last one was smashed to pieces against the prom last year.)** I raced them from the bay by miles. There are crowds of people out now, Christmas shopping. It's a change to see the shops lit up and crowds round.

ISLAND CUT OFF.

BRIDGE TO MAINLAND DAMAGED.

STRANDED MOTORISTS.

The Isle of Sheppey has been cut off by road and railway from the mainland of Kent owing to the 3,000 tons steamer Gyp yesterday fouling one of the buttresses supporting King's Ferry Bridge. It was the only bridge linking Sheppey with the mainland.



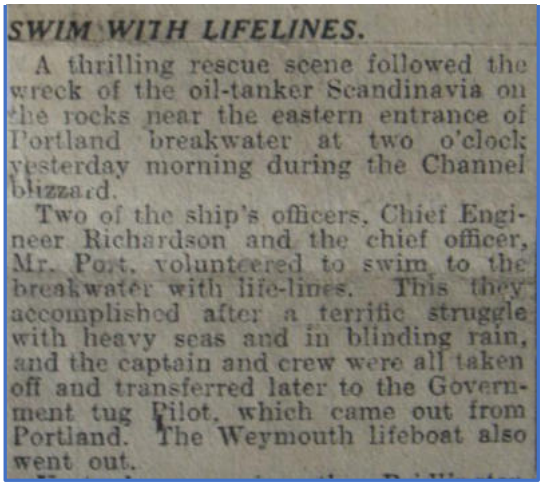
AN ISOLATED ISLAND.—A "Daily Mail" photograph of King's Ferry Bridge, showing the damage done by the 3,000 tons steamer Gyp, which resulted in the Isle of Sheppey being cut off from the mainland.

Sunday 17 – I jumped out of bed like a scalded cat. It's after 7 I know. It was 7.15. Tom knocked for me before I was dressed. Jumped down the steps and run all the way to the station, catching the boys up outside. It was a race. We just caught the 7.20 train. As she was going, I flopped down and didn't move until we got to [New] Clee station. Let go at 9 o'clock. Music and song till we reached the binks. Four London barges have just set off together. They have got a decent NW breeze and I bet they race neck and neck right down. Our gear is a lot further out this trip and not so far down. Sighted half a dozen trawlers making for port. The "Consort" went racing past us and the "Coronatia" ploughed her way past for home.

Started hauling about 11. Some trawler had run in to our No. 4 buoy and sunk it. It was all smashed where the propellor had hit it. The trawlermen thinks its fine fun to knock them under. We got 33 wash and set a **course for home at 1 o'clock.** Arrived at Gy 2.30. ['GY' is the registration code for vessels registered at the port of Grimsby e.g. GY 637.) The "Magnet" and the "Albert" two of the codmen were already there. In five minutes, the gates opened and we dodged in first and along to the "Boy Chy" where we put 27 wash of whelks. Then off to the **new pontoon** to get our bait for tomorrow. **The trawlers started coming in by the time we made fast. Then one of them the "Desire" I think, got nearly broadside on and this upset all the others. A Dutchman, "Dertha II" went full speed astern, nearly snapped his head rope. Her skipper didn't half swear. "Why didn't you slack away you ____ ___ ____! Then the "Wisteria" nearly knocked the pontoon away. Smashed a 2-foot-thick beam. It was a sight.** The "Beru" came in and went astern, swung round on the "Eaglet's" stern, and another Dutchman the "Louisa" got foul of them. Tom rushed for a fender and what do you think. In steamed my trawler, the "Douro", all painted and fitted up spanking new, followed by my skipper's old ship, the "Skimmer". They came ahead and it was about 20 minutes before they got moored. The Dutchy hung on to the "Skimmers" quarter, one of the crew pulled out his knife and slashed it in two. Full speed ahead. That's it. Now "Wisteria", get ahead. But I'm hanged if he could get round the "Kimberly's" stern. It was a dangerous time for the motor boats in the corner. "Pass that rope to his bow", sang out one skipper. "Heave away, slack, slack away", yelled the mate, nearly letting go. "Come on ahead skipper!" Now then, go astern! I said. Full speed! But the fool wouldn't. "Stern a bit", he says. "Full speed", he sang out, but it was too late. There you are, I told you. I was intensely interested for a quarter of an hour. Only one Iceland man, the "Houbara" went through to No. 2 dock. Things quietened down after a bit so we made tracks home. The skipper of the "Albert" came up with us. "Who pelted that rotten egg," he says. (Tom threw an egg aboard his ship in the lock-pits.)

Monday 18 – Plenty training at the gym tonight. A coal-heaver knocked me round the ring for 3 rounds and Herbert, our champion, had me for 2 rounds – cut lip, knuckles skinned.

Tuesday 19 – Went to the club at 8. Our Christmas shoot. Made 95, with a 15y bull on a 25y target – 4 off – I got 2 boxes of ammunition as a prize. Last year, I got a silver spoon. We had some fun. Mr Wilkinson won a pork pie and when he lifted it – well. He fell down, the pie dragging him down to the floor. After a strenuous struggle, he got it on the table. He's a card. Talking to Mr Fawcett tonight. Trade has been bad for him this winter. **Was pinching the raisins for the Christmas pudding tonight.**



SWIM WITH LIFELINES.

A thrilling rescue scene followed the wreck of the oil-tanker Scandinavia on the rocks near the eastern entrance of Portland breakwater at two o'clock yesterday morning during the Channel blizzard.

Two of the ship's officers, Chief Engineer Richardson and the chief officer, Mr. Port, volunteered to swim to the breakwater with life-lines. This they accomplished after a terrific struggle with heavy seas and in blinding rain, and the captain and crew were all taken off and transferred later to the Government tug Pilot, which came out from Portland. The Weymouth lifeboat also went out.

"Klods Hans," Copenhagen.

"My son gets threepence a day for his pocket money."
"Threepence a day, and only six years old! That's a lot."
"Yes; but he puts it into the gas meter. He thinks it is a money-box."

Wednesday 20 – Rotten weather. Skipper's wife came down after tea. We went to the pictures and saw "East is West". (I don't believe it). Rotten picture. Yarning all night. He got 100 boxes this trip, fishing 80 miles out. Blowing a gale WNW and raining hard. It's Heaven help the sailors on a night like this. By, listen to the wind! It's a howling gale now. I'll bet the trawlers will be standing head on to this. Good job it's not easterly.

Thursday 21 - Blowing and raining. The skipper sailed this morning in the "Rosareno" [This was likely one of G.F. Sleight & Sons' vessels, as many of their ships were traditionally named with an "R" at the beginning and an "O" at the end.] He says he is going lay off if it keeps blowing like this. They will be out for Christmas. Went to the gym tonight. Went 3 rounds with the coal heaver. Skipped 200 as a start. I can see the trawlers lights out yonder. They are sheltering under the Lincolnshire coast, from this SW gale. The skipper is amongst that lot, I'll bet. The ships in the Channel are having a rough time – half a dozen ashore, several lost etc.

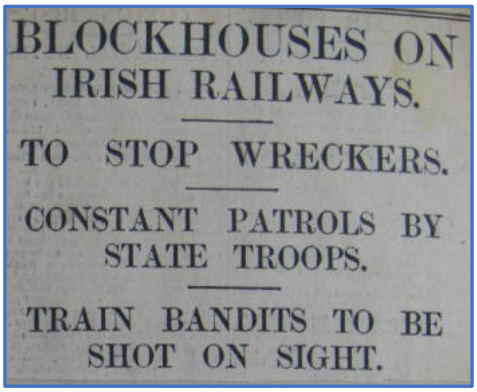
DECEMBER 22, 1922.

REBELS BURN IRISH TRAIN.

SET GOING TO FAN THE FLAMES.

HEAD-ON COLLISION.

As the result of another coup by the train-wrecking incendiaries little remains to-day of one of the finest expresses in Ireland but a mass of blackened and twisted iron. It was the Belfast-Dublin mail on the Great Northern Railway, which was stopped by an armed gang at Castlebellingham, seven miles south of Dundalk, shortly before seven o'clock on Wednesday evening.



BLOCKHOUSES ON IRISH RAILWAYS.

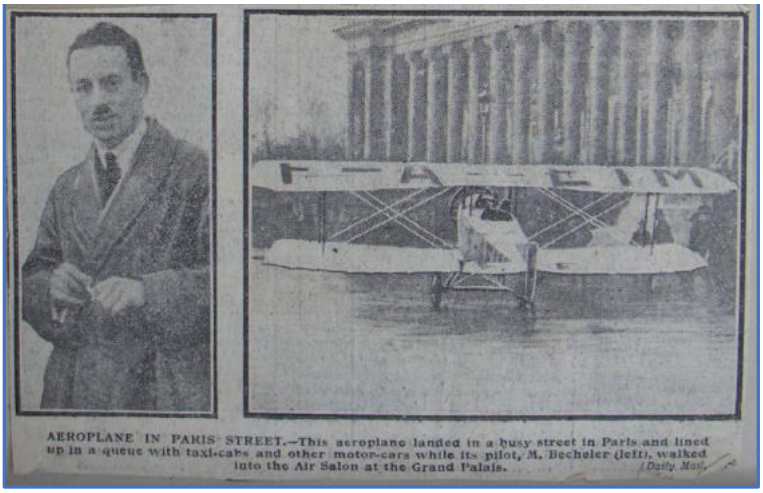
TO STOP WRECKERS.

CONSTANT PATROLS BY STATE TROOPS.

TRAIN BANDITS TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT.

Sunday 22 – Still blowing hard. It's a beastly sou'wester this time and make no mistake. The trawlers are still sheltering. I'll bet fish will be dear next week. Father came home at 7.30. At the gym, I made the coal-heaver run round for 11 rounds. I wounded him in the second round.

Jerry came in – an awful sight – he had been round to the Docker's Club (they have got it in for us), and four of them set on to him. He knocked one out, but they forced him to the ground, stood on him, scratched, etc. His eyes are swollen, like oranges, his jaw swollen and he looks a picture. But he still laughs, he doesn't care, he's a fighter. Just wait till they get a mauling. I've been in the wars – my nose is all swollen, chin and lip cut. That's the stuff.



AEROPLANE IN PARIS STREET.—This aeroplane landed in a busy street in Paris and lined up in a queue with taxi-cabs and other motor-cars while its pilot, M. Becheler (left), walked into the Air Salon at the Grand Palais. (Daily Mail)

Saturday 23 – Still blowing. It's a week this gale has been on now.

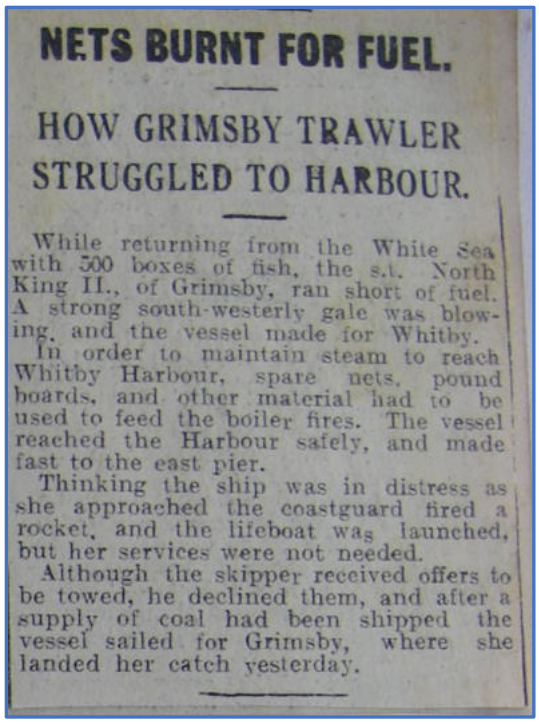
Still showery. It's a week today Jack has been on navvies. Closed up at the office 1.30 for Christmas holidays. The wind has moderated somewhat now. I see the trawlers are leaving their anchorage now. Bon voyage skipper. Good luck!
A picture called "Submarine Gold" was showing at the Coliseum, so I went to see it — a very good picture, — a few little faults, and perhaps strained certain scenes — very exciting. I enjoyed that picture.

Sunday 24 – All hands-on deck at 8.30. Colin and I went for a run before breakfast. Turned out a fine day. **Was helping to fill the children's stockings up.** There will be a few surprises I doubt. Turned in 12 o'clock.

Monday 25 – Christmas morning. The youngsters came tumbling down before I had lit the fire. There was about an hour's excitement before things quietened down. Everybody was happy and smiling. David caused some fun undoing a big parcel. After numerous wrappings, boxes and tins he found one penny in the bottom. The girls had a doll each. Baby was delighted. **John got some "football boots" which were worn through 6 months ago.** There was some fun. Mother got a few nice presents. The kids didn't want any breakfast. They made a horrible orchestra out of some tin instruments and kicked up a nerve breaking noise. However, everything went OK till dinner time, when the leg o'

pork and plum pudding came on the scene. It's a wonder they had room for nuts etc afterwards.

We had some fun over a game. The boys did not require much tea. After tea they started a concert. Talk about laugh! Funny beggars! They got dressed up like the 'Pirates of Penzance' and went out singing carols. Things quietened down when they turned in. Turned in 11 o'clock.



NETS BURNT FOR FUEL.

HOW GRIMSBY TRAWLER STRUGGLED TO HARBOUR.

While returning from the White Sea with 500 boxes of fish, the s.t. North King II., of Grimsby, ran short of fuel. A strong south-westerly gale was blowing, and the vessel made for Whitby.

In order to maintain steam to reach Whitby Harbour, spare nets, pound boards, and other material had to be used to feed the boiler fires. The vessel reached the Harbour safely, and made fast to the east pier.

Thinking the ship was in distress as she approached the coastguard fired a rocket, and the lifeboat was launched, but her services were not needed.

Although the skipper received offers to be towed, he declined them, and after a supply of coal had been shipped the vessel sailed for Grimsby, where she landed her catch yesterday.

Wednesday 27 – **Father's birthday. He is 53 today.** He is going back north by the 10.30 train. Off to the gym at 7. Put some good exercising in and went a good 4 rounds with the coal-heaver.

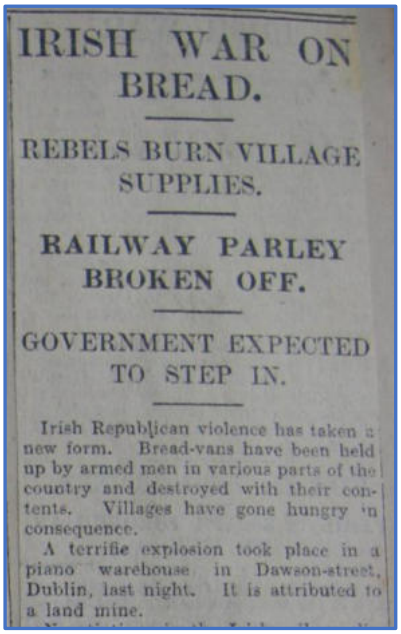
Thursday 28 – The "Rosareno" is in I see. Fish is very dear, so I hope the skipper has got a good catch. At the gym I skipped 450 without stopping. Everybody had skinned knuckles tonight, with the punchball.

Friday 29 – Grimsby is the muddiest town in England, especially Fish Dock Road. I don't like cycling this weather. I skipped 650 at the gym tonight. I could keep on long enough at skipping, but 4 rounds with our champion got me beat. He landed some smart punches on me, but I got in with a right and nearly knocked his false teeth out.

Saturday 30 – It's blowing hard again. I think my new fountain pen is going alright. It's one I got from Santa Claus. Very busy at the office. Banked £15 today. [£746 in 2026]

Sunday 31 – **The last day of the year.** I read a book entitled "Schoolboy Grit"; it was a decent yarn about school life. I cleared the kids off to bed by 8 o'clock. **At midnight, dozens of boats in the river started blowing the sirens and kept it up till the new year was 5 minutes old.** There are plenty of people out. It's a fine moonlight night, hardly a

breath of wind. Here's to a Happy New Year. I don't know where I'll be this time next year, or what changes I'll have; but I hope everything turns out better than it did in 2022. I wonder how Maurice is going on now? Yes, I wonder.



IRISH WAR ON BREAD.

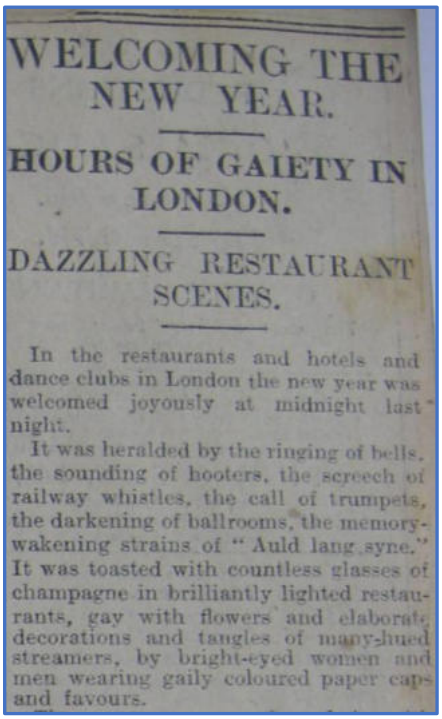
REBELS BURN VILLAGE SUPPLIES.

RAILWAY PARLEY BROKEN OFF.

GOVERNMENT EXPECTED TO STEP IN.

Irish Republican violence has taken a new form. Bread-vans have been held up by armed men in various parts of the country and destroyed with their contents. Villages have gone hungry in consequence.

A terrific explosion took place in a piano warehouse in Dawson-street, Dublin, last night. It is attributed to a land mine.



WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR.

HOURS OF GAIETY IN LONDON.

DAZZLING RESTAURANT SCENES.

In the restaurants and hotels and dance clubs in London the new year was welcomed joyously at midnight last night.

It was heralded by the ringing of bells, the sounding of hooters, the screech of railway whistles, the call of trumpets, the darkening of ballrooms, the memory-wakening strains of "Auld lang syne." It was toasted with countless glasses of champagne in brilliantly lighted restaurants, gay with flowers and elaborate decorations and tangles of many-hued streamers, by bright-eyed women and men wearing gaily coloured paper caps and favours.

The Daily Mail

LOOKING BACK.

PROMINENT EVENTS OF 1922.

Jan. 2.—Arrest of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, Hay (Breconshire), solicitor. [Hanged for murder of his wife by arsenic, May 31, 1922.]

Jan. 7.—Sinn Fein Parliament votes (64 to 57) ratification of Peace Treaty setting up Irish Free State.

Jan. 22.—Death of Pope Benedict XV.

Jan. 29.—Twenty-six hours' snowstorm results in collapse of roof of the Knickerbocker Kinema, Washington, U.S.A., under tremendous burden of snow. One hundred and nine persons killed.

Jan. 30.—Sir Ernest Shackleton's death announced [as occurring Jan. 5, from heart seizure, aboard Quest, off South Georgia].

Feb. 6.—Election of Pope Pius XI. (Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan).

Feb. 14.—Failure of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd. Gerard Lee Bevan disappears. [Arrested in Vienna in June. Convicted of frauds and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, Old Bailey, December 1922.]

Feb. 28.—Marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles in Westminster Abbey.

Mar. 9.—Strike riots on the Rand.

Mar. 10.—Resignation of Mr. Montagu, Indian Secretary, on a question involving the principle of collective Cabinet responsibility.

Mar. 10.—Arrest of Gandhi, the Indian extremist leader.

Mar. 23.—Twenty-two drowned in submarine H.42, lost in collision with destroyer off Europa Point, Gibraltar.

Mar. 31.—Irish Treaty Bill receives Royal Assent.

May 1.—Budget speech. 1s. off income tax.

May 10.—First woman barrister in England, Miss Ivy Williams, called by the Inner Temple.

May 29.—Horatio Bottomley, then M.P. for South Hackney, sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude for frauds connected with his Victory Bond and other clubs.

May 31.—Derby won by Lord Woolavington's horse Captain Cuttle.

June 8.—Reprieve on ground of insanity of Ronald True, murderer under revolting circumstances of Gertrude Yates (March 6), excites wide unfavourable comment. Matter later brought up in the House of Commons, when Mr. Shortt, then Home Secretary, urged that the law left Home Office no other course.

June 14.—Mt. Everest (29,140ft. high) ...pedition. News received that two members of the party, with one Gurkha, had attained 27,200ft., using oxygen.

ASSASSINATIONS.

June 22.—Assassination of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. [Two Irish gunmen resident in London were executed for the crime on Aug. 10]

June 24.—Assassination of Dr. Rathenau, German Foreign Minister.

June 30.—Irish Government troops force the Four Courts, Dublin, held for many weeks by a Republican garrison under Rory O'Connor.

Aug. 1.—Lord Balfour's Note points out that war debts could not be cancelled by this country without ruinous sacrifice, unless cancellation universal.

Aug. 7.—French Premier (M. Poincaré) attends London Conference on War Debts and Reparations.

Aug. 9.—H.M.S. Raleigh, new cruiser, stranded in fog near Point Amour, in the Straits of Belle Isle, becomes total wreck.

Aug. 12.—Sudden death of Mr. Arthur Griffith, President of Sinn Fein Parliament and founder of Sinn Fein.

Aug. 14.—Death of Viscount Northcliffe. [Funeral service in Westminster Abbey August 17.]

Aug. 22.—Michael Collins, Commander-in-Chief of Irish Free State Army, shot in ambush by rebels near Bandon, Cork.

Aug. 29.—Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor resume offensive against Greek Army. Greeks cleared "bag and baggage" out of Asia Minor (Sept.).

Sept. 9.—Mr. F. L. Barnard, piloting a D.H. 4.a. aeroplane (entered by Sir Samuel Instone), driven by a 350-h.p. engine, and carrying two mechanics, wins the two-days' air race round Britain for the King's Cup.

Sept. 14.—Kemal Pasha, leader of Turkish Nationalists, in conversation at Smyrna with *Daily Mail* correspondent, states peace terms as return of Constantinople and Thrace to Turks who were willing that Straits should be kept free.

Sept. 16.—British Government's manifesto concerning freedom of the Straits, indicates call to Dominions. Dardanelles crisis, and danger of Anglo-Turkish collision at Chanak ended by Kemal's acceptance of the Allied Note inviting him to a conference (Sept. 27).

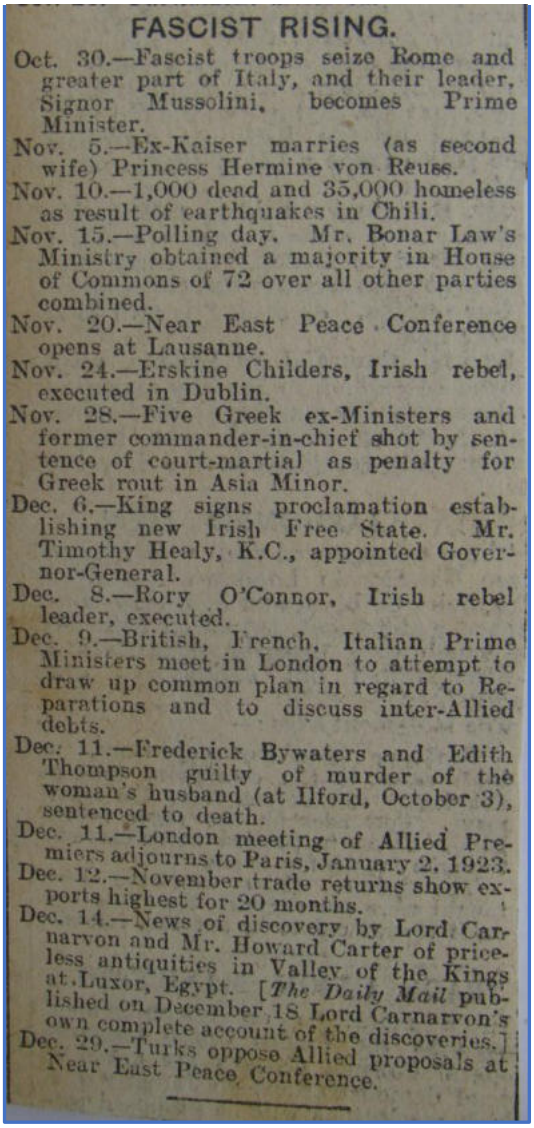
Sept. 16.—King Constantine of the Hellenes abdicates and goes into exile for the second time in two years.

Oct. 19.—Fall of Coalition Government.

Oct. 23.—Mr. Bonar Law becomes leader of Conservative and Unionist Party in succession to Mr. Chamberlain, and accepts office of Prime Minister.

Oct. 23.—M. Maneyrol, French pilot, wins *Daily Mail* £1,000 Gliding Prize, beating previous world's record for engineless flight [3 hours 10 minutes by the German Hentzen, at Fulda, Hesse], by remaining in the air 3 hours 22 minutes.

Oct. 26.—Parliament dissolved.



FASCIST RISING.

Oct. 30.—Fascist troops seize Rome and greater part of Italy, and their leader, Signor Mussolini, becomes Prime Minister.
Nov. 5.—Ex-Kaiser marries (as second wife) Princess Hermine von Reuss.
Nov. 10.—1,000 dead and 35,000 homeless as result of earthquakes in Chili.
Nov. 15.—Polling day. Mr. Bonar Law's Ministry obtained a majority in House of Commons of 72 over all other parties combined.
Nov. 20.—Near East Peace Conference opens at Lausanne.
Nov. 24.—Erskine Childers, Irish rebel, executed in Dublin.
Nov. 28.—Five Greek ex-Ministers and former commander-in-chief shot by sentence of court-martial as penalty for Greek rout in Asia Minor.
Dec. 6.—King signs proclamation establishing new Irish Free State. Mr. Timothy Healy, K.C., appointed Governor-General.
Dec. 8.—Rory O'Connor, Irish rebel leader, executed.
Dec. 9.—British, French, Italian Prime Ministers meet in London to attempt to draw up common plan in regard to Reparations and to discuss inter-Allied debts.
Dec. 11.—Frederick Bywaters and Edith Thompson guilty of murder of the woman's husband (at Ilford, October 3), sentenced to death.
Dec. 11.—London meeting of Allied Premiers adjourns to Paris, January 2, 1923.
Dec. 12.—November trade returns show exports highest for 20 months.
Dec. 14.—News of discovery by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter of priceless antiquities in Valley of the Kings at Luxor, Egypt. [*The Daily Mail* published on December 18 Lord Carnarvon's own complete account of the discoveries.]
Dec. 29.—Turks oppose Allied proposals at Near East Peace Conference.

NORTH SEA PIRATES.

STRANDED SHIP LOOTED.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

COPENHAGEN.

The Swedish three-masted schoone Sjofaglen, Liverpool to Copenhagen wit salt, stranded a few nights ago on th German North Sea coast. The cre launched a boat and reached the sma island of Pellworm.

A couple of days later when the stor had moderated the crew returned to th ship, which had withstood the storm, bu found that the vessel had been com pletely sacked. Subsequently the learned that people ashore had seen th ship boarded by the crew of anothe ship.

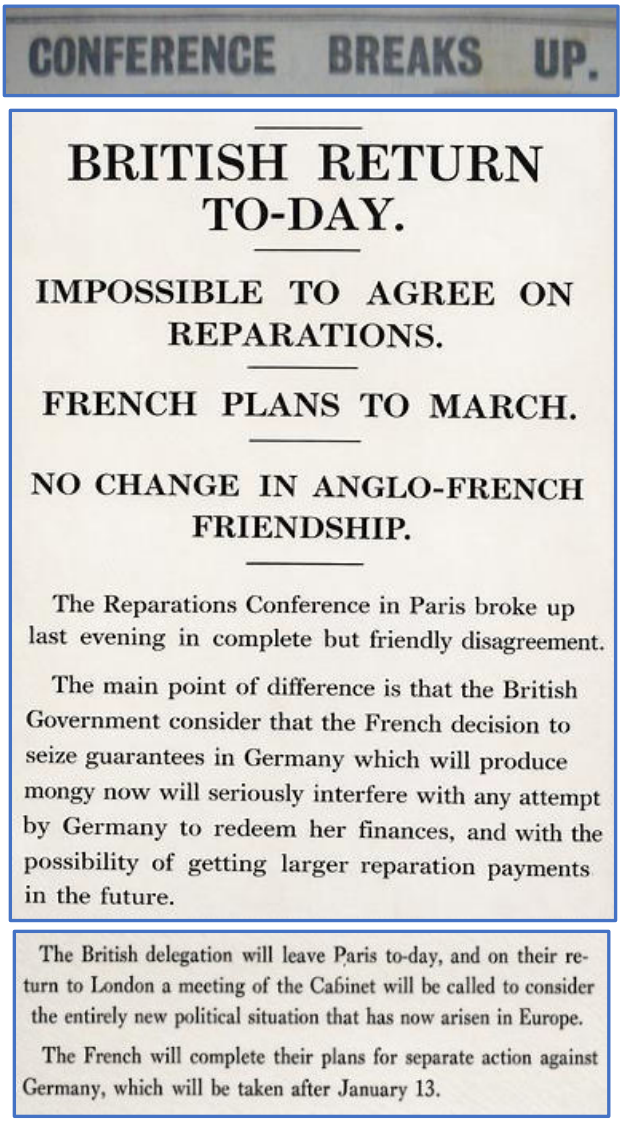
1923

January 1923

Monday 1 – I have made no resolutions, so I shall not be able to break any, but I shall do my best in everything. Jumped out at 6.45, called Collin, and we went for a run. It was a lovely morning. **I ran 2 miles. From the steps [now the memorial gateway that leads from High Cliff to the Central Promenade] to the glasshouse [later known as the Café Dansant – now the Kingsway Kiosk café, prior to the leisure centre] and back to the pier.** A fine run. Cycled down to the office. Everybody is in high spirits. [Although January 1st has been a bank holiday in Scotland since 1874, it was not declared such in England until 1974.] Saw Tom and Chuck. The "Pioneer" got under the jetty and broke some of the combings away but they will soon get it done.

I took two photos of the boys and the "Saucy Jack". Played a few games of "31" for a mince pie. Davy won, but who ate the pie? S'nice – s'mince – s'pies – very! Turned in at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday 3 – Hauled John out at 7 and **we went for a run. From the steps to the Kingsway end, Alexandra Road and the pier and home.** A jolly fine run. Mother and Lizzy were busy making stuff for a party, coming off tomorrow and we were busy eating the tarts. Lizzy made a cake for me, and I soon sent it back. All sorts of stuff inside. Playing cards till 10.



CONFERENCE BREAKS UP.

BRITISH RETURN TO-DAY.

IMPOSSIBLE TO AGREE ON REPARATIONS.

FRENCH PLANS TO MARCH.

NO CHANGE IN ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIP.

The Reparations Conference in Paris broke up last evening in complete but friendly disagreement.

The main point of difference is that the British Government consider that the French decision to seize guarantees in Germany which will produce mongy now will seriously interfere with any attempt by Germany to redeem her finances, and with the possibility of getting larger reparation payments in the future.

The British delegation will leave Paris to-day, and on their return to London a meeting of the Cabinet will be called to consider the entirely new political situation that has now arisen in Europe.

The French will complete their plans for separate action against Germany, which will be taken after January 13.

Tuesday 4 – Things look bad in this morning's paper, with regard to the conference. Three bags of apples came for the boss today. Good. Last year we left about 3 stones [19kg] of rotten apples out of 3 hundredweight [50kg]. **A party tonight – when I got home, everything was in full swing. Had a very good time, what with games and plenty to eat. At 12 o'clock things quietened down. Six of the boys ran off to set one girl home. They are roosters.**

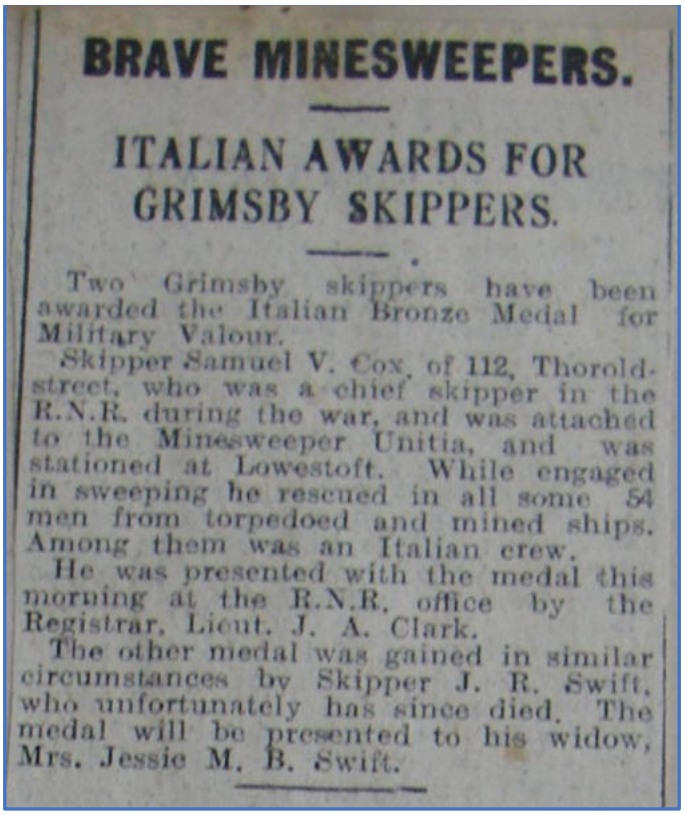
Friday 5 – I don't care if the conference has broken down, because England has won the test match with South Africa. Good: But all the same, Boner Law is right; the French are asking too much. You know, the Frenchmen think they are "it" every time, and the papers would make you believe that the Earth was round, if you didn't know it. A lot of asses

have got their names in the paper (Daily Wail) about making Germany pay, etc etc. They make me laugh. France will make a fine hash of things before she's done. Look before you leap is a good motto.

Albert and I made a raid on the boss's apples this afternoon. Jolly fine is stolen fruit**. There are another 5 or 6 fish merchants gone smash.** I see that Alec Hurst is among them. They spend money like wildfire, so it serves the majority right. Read a magazine and turned in at 10 o'clock.

Saturday 6 – After tea I rushed down docks. I guess the skipper will be in this tide. At the swing bridge, I found the "Rosareno" had just gone through, with the "Salacon" first. Just too late. The "Garth" passed, and the "Mitres" passed, swinging her stern against the docks side. I jumped aboard. That jump saved me a half mile walk. They will take me across the dock to where my ship is. We crept in the corner just nicely, with the "Garth" to port and the "City of Aberdeen" to starboard of us. But where's the "Rosareno"? There's only 3 ships in this corner, the "Salacon", "Resmilo" and the "Garth". Jumped ashore and had a look round. Ah! There she is, in the NE corner. I ran down, but the crew had all gone ashore. I made tracks.

The skipper was just reading his wife's letters when I got there. He says they have got a good catch. 40 boxes of plaice, 10 score cod, haddock, roker etc. If the market is good, they ought to make £300 [£15,000 in 2026]. He is coming up for tea tomorrow. I am going out with the boys tomorrow, all being well, so get my gear ready. Good night.



BRAVE MINESWEEPERS.

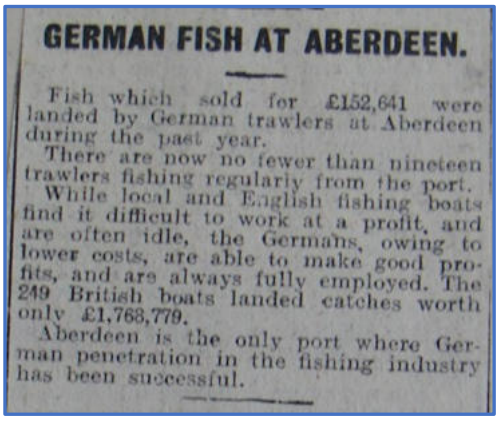
ITALIAN AWARDS FOR GRIMSBY SKIPPERS.

Two Grimsby skippers have been awarded the Italian Bronze Medal for Military Valour.

Skipper Samuel V. Cox, of 112, Thorold-street, who was a chief skipper in the R.N.R. during the war, and was attached to the Minesweeper Unitia, and was stationed at Lowestoft. While engaged in sweeping he rescued in all some 54 men from torpedoed and mined ships. Among them was an Italian crew.

He was presented with the medal this morning at the R.N.R. office by the Registrar, Lieut. J. A. Clark.

The other medal was gained in similar circumstances by Skipper J. R. Swift, who unfortunately has since died. The medal will be presented to his widow, Mrs. Jessie M. B. Swift.



GERMAN FISH AT ABERDEEN.

Fish which sold for £152,641 were landed by German trawlers at Aberdeen during the past year.

There are now no fewer than nineteen trawlers fishing regularly from the port.

While local and English fishing boats find it difficult to work at a profit, and are often idle, the Germans, owing to lower costs, are able to make good profits, and are always fully employed. The 249 British boats landed catches worth only £1,763,779.

Aberdeen is the only port where German penetration in the fishing industry has been successful.

Sunday 7 – Rise and shine 7 o'clock. Looks bad. Blowing hard SW and raining. The "Pioneer" will not go today. After breakfast I walked to Grimsby and had a look around the docks. Shiver me timbers! **No. 1 dock' is full of trawlers and no. 2 dock will not get many more in. There will be tons of fish tomorrow. I reckon the skipper has lost £150 [£8,000 in 2026] through being 2 hours late on Saturday morning.** The "Ottilie" lay right across the corner, jamming the small motor boats in. I walked back to the swing bridge. Several trawlers were going through to no. 2 dock. An Icleandman, the "Seddon" passed and berthed against her sister ship, the "Scarron". I walked round the other dock, looking at the trawlers. Here's the "Rosareno". She looks a fine ship. The "Gardenia" is in I see. **This dock is nearly full.** There seems to be a lot of Iceland and foreigners in. One whopping Reykjavik boat called "Trygue Gamli" lay near the "Java" – J.G.M. – **She had wireless and all sorts aboard.** The "Donna Nook" is in. She has been out 6 weeks, to the White Sea I reckon. Oh, there's plenty fish, and the trawlers are still coming in. Went round the stone wall. Crowded with trawlers. Back to the bridge. The "Tuscan", another Icelandman, steamed through. "How much!", said the dock chap. "560 odd score of cod", sang out the skipper. (That is 11,200 cod without other fish). The little "Valdora" followed, and they shut the bridge down when the "Stalker", a Faroeman had passed. I made tracks for home. Just passing Humber Street I met Tom, Walter and Charlie. It appears that they are going to put some whelks aboard a ship, the "Au Retour" from South Shields. I went back with them. When we arrived, we had a good try to get her out of the corner. I jumped aboard the "Ottilie" and slacked her wire amidships. Then the "Excelsior" and "Chancellor's" head ropes. No good. With all the trawlers pressing down on us, we hadn't much of a chance. Cleared up after half an hour and walked along Cambell's Jetty. The last trawler to get in before the gates were shut was the "Pelican". Passed the old "London" and her mates. Then the "Atmosphere" "Succession" and all the rest ready to go out in the morning. Only one ship, the "Worsley" was in dry dock. **Bang! Bang! "They are not half letting rip at the seagulls this morning", says Walt.** "Sounds like skirmishing". Got home at 1 o'clock. That is 4 hours walking I've done. I guess I have walked 10 miles this morning. Enjoyed a good dinner and settled down to read.

Monday 8 – It is blowing hard from the westward. We want this breeze when we bring the "Polly" round.

Tuesday 9 – Well, I don't know! **I don't know what the world is coming too. The Frenchmen are advancing all along the line. I wonder where it will all end. The Turks are hopping about like cats on hot bricks, waiting _____. The Irishmen are going at it like 'fighting dervishes', the women as well. Bywaters and Mrs Thompson get hung this morning.** What a lot of controversy has taken place over them. Some say it's him, some says it's her, some say it's both of them, some say it's neither of them and so on. However, the judge knows best. I don't say they didn't want hanging and I don't say they did and it's no business of mine.

GERMANS AT ABERDEEN.

FISHERMEN THREATEN ACTION TO STOP HOME LANDINGS.

There is trouble brewing at Aberdeen fish market. Aberdeen was the one port in the Kingdom where German trawlers found a welcome after the war when they arrived from Icelandic fishing grounds.

The Germans tried to resume trade interests at Grimsby, Hull and other ports, but they received something more than the cold shoulder, and their home organisations—scientifically worked—ceased to issue orders to the German skippers to visit these ports. But at Aberdeen they have had an uninterrupted run, and with the British £ equalling up to 48,000 German marks they have been doing "extremely well."

Recently, the Germans tried to develop their footing in the Scottish port. Having made the Aberdonians almost wholly dependent on their catches for Icelandic fish, they commenced to compete with the Scottish boats on the North Sea grounds, and to take their fish into their market.

This roused some of the Scottish ire. The Aberdeen fishermen do not like fishing in Icelandic waters, and the Germans, or anybody else, were welcome to that trade, but they resented keenly any interference with their North Sea fishing, and when North Sea fish was taken into Aberdeen by German ships the canny Scot's fishermen felt the pinch in their pockets—a sensitive spot.

So they threatened trouble if German fish from the North Sea was sold in competition with their own boats. The salesmen sympathised with them, and declared war on the German North Sea fishers by refusing to sell such catches.

The fish merchants took a different stand. They want fish, and more fish, no matter what nation supplies it, and at a meeting yesterday they decided by 58 votes to five to take the side of the German trawlers.

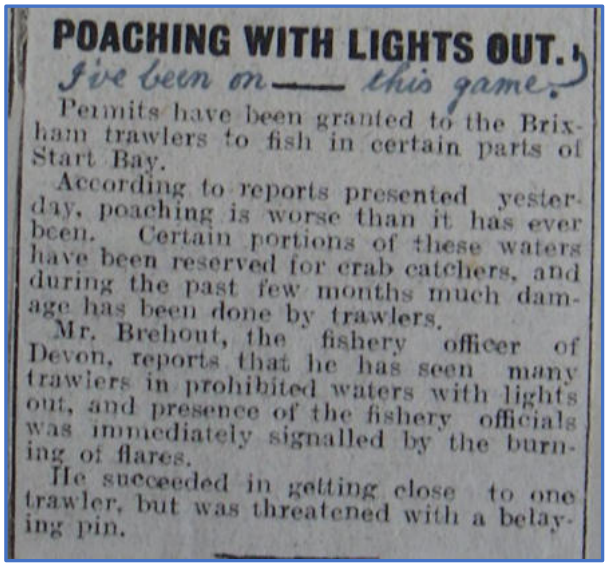
The Aberdeen fishermen came forward with a further threat, that if the Germans were permitted to land North Sea fish on the market they would lay all their boats up and thus starve the market into a recognition of their rights. They also decided at a fishermen's meeting to resist every effort on the part of German ships and crews to land catches from home waters.

DRAGGED OVERBOARD.

FISHERMAN ENTANGLED IN GEAR AND DROWNED.

When the Grimsby trawler Premier returned to port last night she reported the loss at sea of a deckhand, J. Smith, whose home was at 33, Freshney-street, Grimsby.

At midday yesterday Smith was assisting to shoot the trawl when he was dragged overboard.



POACHING WITH LIGHTS OUT.

I've been on —— this game.

Permits have been granted to the Brixham trawlers to fish in certain parts of Start Bay.

According to reports presented yesterday, poaching is worse than it has ever been. Certain portions of these waters have been reserved for crab catchers, and during the past few months much damage has been done by trawlers.

Mr. Brehout, the fishery officer of Devon, reports that he has seen many trawlers in prohibited waters with lights out, and presence of the fishery officials was immediately signalled by the burning of flares.

He succeeded in getting close to one trawler, but was threatened with a belaying pin.

AIR EXPRESS CRASH.

BRITISH PASSENGERS KILLED.

WING DETACHED IN MID AIR.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NICE, Wednesday.

Three British passengers lost their lives to-day near Ajaccio, in Corsica, when the postal hydroplane which was on its way from Antigue, Alpes Maritimes, to Corsica fell to the ground at Appietto, six miles from Ajaccio.

As the 'plane was nearing Appietto Corsican peasants who were working in the fields saw one of the wings become detached from the body of the machine, which fell heavily on the rocky ground.

Wednesday 10 – Nice day. I went for a run at 7.15 from the pier to the Kingsway and back. In fine trim. "Pick 'em up", somebody shouted as I went past. General Foch has got his men on the move. I see the Germans are looking sick. All's well that ends well, but it's all unwell if it doesn't. Wrote several letters, shaved, playing cards and reading. My night in tonight.

Thursday 11 – Jack Sutherland was telling us all about his new gramophone at the office today. Discussing and cussing songs etc. Poor old Jack. He's a Scotchman to his county's credit. He does love the native tunes. Raid the apples again today. Reading, cards and games for tonight.

Friday 12 – Was playing football with the boys in the garage at 7.30 this morning. Soon warmed me up. At the gym tonight and made a good start and skipped 1000. Some going. I was not puffed, but my legs were. I went 3 rounds with Herbert, our champion, and didn't do so bad. He is fighting Foster Earl (Grimsby's best lad) at St John's on Thursday. **I hear the skipper has sailed in the "Returno" as mate. Ships are bad to get now.**

ESSEN OCCUPATION COMPLETE.

FRENCH SEIZE POST OFFICE AND TOWN HALL.

50,000 TROOPS INVADE RUHR AREA.

GERMANY IN MOURNING.

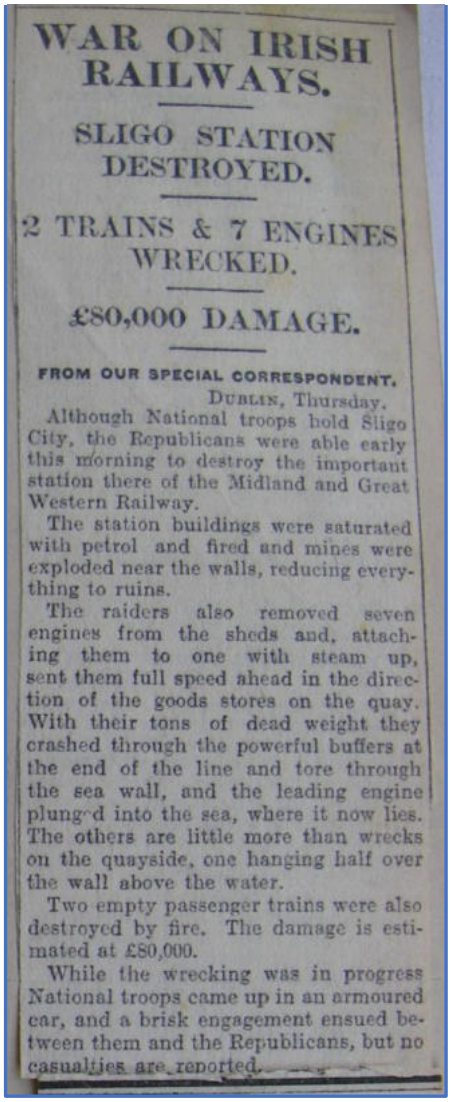
French troops, with tanks, machine-guns, and field-guns, yesterday afternoon completed the occupation of Essen, the chief town of the Ruhr Valley, Germany's richest industrial area.

The town hall, as well as the post office, is now under French military control, and martial law is expected.

Some 50,000 troops took part in the march from occupied Germany into the Ruhr area, which began in the early hours of yesterday morning. Several other Ruhr towns have been occupied.

Germany is protesting to all the Powers against what she describes as a breach of the Treaty of Versailles. Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador in London, called at the Foreign Office last night and lodged an official protest.

Sunday is to be observed as a day of mourning throughout Germany. Flags will be flown at half-mast and special services will be held in the churches.



WAR ON IRISH RAILWAYS.

SLIGO STATION DESTROYED.

2 TRAINS & 7 ENGINES WRECKED.

£80,000 DAMAGE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, Thursday.

Although National troops hold Sligo City, the Republicans were able early this morning to destroy the important station there of the Midland and Great Western Railway.

The station buildings were saturated with petrol and fired and mines were exploded near the walls, reducing everything to ruins.

The raiders also removed seven engines from the sheds and, attaching them to one with steam up, sent them full speed ahead in the direction of the goods stores on the quay. With their tons of dead weight they crashed through the powerful buffers at the end of the line and tore through the sea wall, and the leading engine plunged into the sea, where it now lies. The others are little more than wrecks on the quayside, one hanging half over the wall above the water.

Two empty passenger trains were also destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at £80,000.

While the wrecking was in progress National troops came up in an armoured car, and a brisk engagement ensued between them and the Republicans, but no casualties are reported.

Saturday 13 – The French are alright so far. If we had suffered what they did in 1871, no doubt we should have acted the same to the Germans. Theres is plenty arguments on both sides of the question. I had a fine small finny for a snack at 11, done on the smokehouse fire, followed by a desert (2 apples.) We finished at 1 o'clock. The boss's car rolled up. He will be going for a spin this afternoon. Playing football and cards. Who won the orange? I know I didn't. Read a yarn called 'The Dog Crusoe' by R. M. Ballantyne. It was a good yarn and I picked up several pieces' worth knowing.

I'm all packed up. **I'm not going to bed tonight. Tom and the boys are giving me a shout at 3 o'clock** and I want to be ready. It's a lovely night. I am just going to see how I can do without a night's sleep (by the way of a change.) I read and got a piece of poetry off by heart. 3.30 me lad! I had a look round. There will be some wind on out yonder. I sat up till 4.30 and then turned in. I haven't wasted my time, that's one thing. I have got "Tom Bowling" off alright and several small pieces of poetry.

Sunday 14 – I crawled out about 10.30, not much of a morning. Got my seaboots on and walked down to the boats. The "Providence" was just coming in. Alf and his Pa had just shot 7-7 packs of lines. There is no fish here. I walked down to the bay. The boats were "all square". Everybody was down to tea tonight.

Brighton Slipway today

RUHR MAGNATES' TRICK.

OFFICIALS' FLIGHT WITH THE BOOKS.

HAMPERING THE FRENCH.

ESSEN OCCUPATION TO-DAY.

AMBASSADOR RECALLED FROM PARIS.

All is in readiness for French and Belgian troops to occupy Essen, in the rich Ruhr Valley, to-day.

The French Government announced yesterday that they are sending engineers, tax-collectors, and Customs officers to the Ruhr to carry out their plan of reparation guarantees, and the troops are to ensure their protection.

The German magnates have replied with a *coup* of characteristic effrontery. At 2 a.m. yesterday the officials of the great Coal Syndicate bolted from Essen to Hamburg, taking with them the books containing the information required by the French to supervise the Ruhr coal industry.

It may also be surmised that the books would have revealed how the coal magnates' foreign securities have been hidden away out of the reach of the Allies.

The German Government has decided to recall the German Ambassador in Paris, Dr. Mayer, and also the German Minister in Brussels, and leave lesser officials in charge.

DUKE OF YORK ENGAGED

TO LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

EARL OF STRATHMORE'S DAUGHTER.

THEIR MAJESTIES' "GREAT PLEASURE."

York Cottage, Sandringham, Monday.

The Duke of York, attended by Wing-Commander Louis Greig, has arrived at York Cottage.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son the Duke of York to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, to which union the King has gladly given his consent.

ROUND THE DOCKS.

SCALDED IN GALLEY.

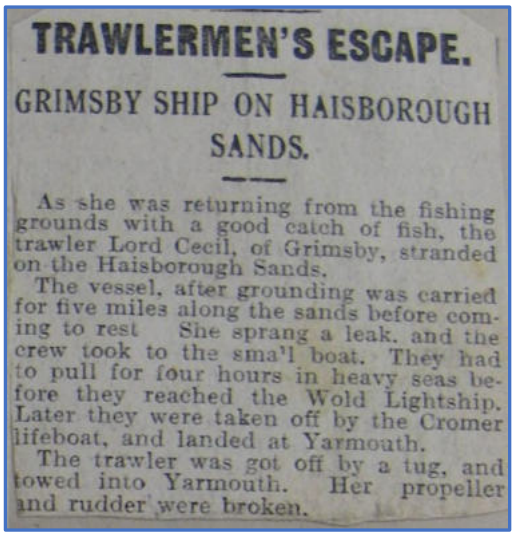
Owing to a pan of boiling water falling, J. W. Sykes (45), a member of the crew of the steam trawler Remagio, had his left foot severely scalded at sea.

ACCIDENT ON TRAWLER.

Whilst assisting in hauling the trawl on the steam trawler Simpson, Harry Heaton, of 18, Albert-street, Grimsby, was struck in the stomach by the messenger-hook. Heaton was taken to the Hospital when the vessel arrived in dock.

CRUSHED FINGER.

W. Darch, a member of the crew of the steam trawler Brisbane, had two fingers of his left hand severely crushed when hauling the gear in the North Sea.



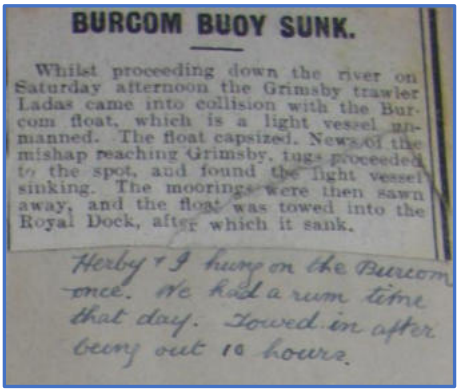
TRAWLERMEN'S ESCAPE.

GRIMSBY SHIP ON HAISBOROUGH SANDS.

As she was returning from the fishing grounds with a good catch of fish, the trawler Lord Cecil, of Grimsby, stranded on the Haisborough Sands.

The vessel, after grounding was carried for five miles along the sands before coming to rest She sprang a leak, and the crew took to the sma'l boat. They had to pull for four hours in heavy seas before they reached the Wold Lightship. Later they were taken off by the Cromer lifeboat, and landed at Yarmouth.

The trawler was got off by a tug, and towed into Yarmouth. Her propeller and rudder were broken.



BURCOM BUOY SUNK.

Whilst proceeding down the river on Saturday afternoon the Grimsby trawler Ladas came into collision with the Burcom float, which is a light vessel unmanned. The float capsized. News of the mishap reaching Grimsby, tugs proceeded to the spot, and found the light vessel sinking. The moorings were then sawn away, and the float was towed into the Royal Dock, after which it sank.

Herby + I hung on the Burcom once. We had a rum time that day. Towed in after being out 10 hours.

Monday 15 – "Gramophone Charlie" was telling us all about his gramophone today. Now it's gramophones from daylight till dark. 3 of them yarning hammer and tongs about records etc, until several of our chaps have got pip. "You can hear him humming songs when he's working and keeping time with the hammer," says young Jack.

Tuesday 16 – Out for a run this morning. It is very frosty. The prom is white. The boss dished the apples out today. I made a last raid and bagged around a dozen.

Wednesday 17 – John starts his new job today. He made sure he would not be late for he got up at 4 o'clock and woke me. I told him to go back to bed. At 7 he was up sharp. And I had some club swinging exercises before breakfast. **Now John and Herbet are working, there is only Cyril to get work. I shall feel a lot easier when he does start work. He has done nothing for 2 years. Jobs are very hard to get. I hear that in Sheffield there are M.C.'s and D.C.M.'s going about the streets with their medals pinned on boxes, begging.** John and I were out running tonight. I ran from one end of the prom to the other and then back again, about 4 miles. I kept John going easy.

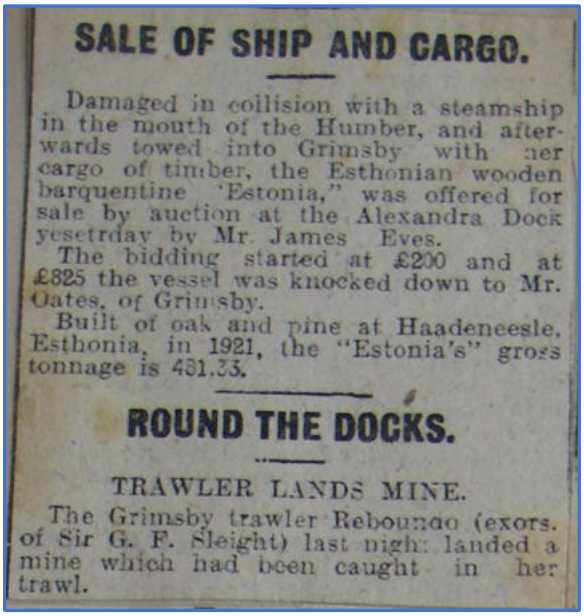
FINE SALVAGE FEAT.

A fine salvage feat has been performed by Messrs. Charlton and Co., Ltd., in the raising and towing to Grimsby the Manordilo, which was sunk in collision with another vessel some time ago off Bremer Haven.

The ship has been towed from that port to Grimsby by the firm's tug Recovery, and will undergo repairs at Messrs. Charlton's shipyard.

INJURED BY A WAVE.

S. A. Aborne (28), deckhand, on the trawler Retrudo, living at 161, King Edward-street Grimsby, whilst at sea on Monday sustained a broken collar bone and injuries to the face through being flung down by a heavy sea.



SALE OF SHIP AND CARGO.

Damaged in collision with a steamship in the mouth of the Humber, and afterwards towed into Grimsby with her cargo of timber, the Esthonian wooden barquentine "Estonia," was offered for sale by auction at the Alexandra Dock yesetrday by Mr. James Eves.

The bidding started at £200 and at £825 the vessel was knocked down to Mr. Oates, of Grimsby.

Built of oak and pine at Haadeneesle, Esthonia, in 1921, the "Estonia's" gross tonnage is 481.33.

ROUND THE DOCKS.

TRAWLER LANDS MINE.

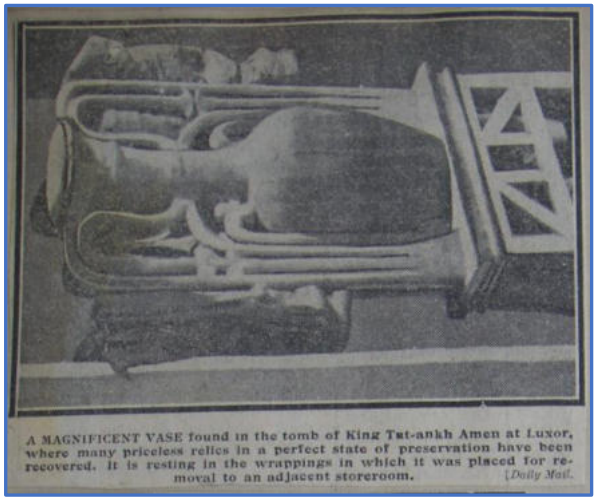
The Grimsby trawler Reboundo (exors. of Sir G. F. Sleight) last night landed a mine which had been caught in her trawl.

Thursday 18 – A great discovery in the tomb of the Tutankhamen as the paper says, concerning the bible. He appears to be the Pharoah who drove the Israelites out of Egypt. Went down with Reg Bannister this morning. One of his trawler, the "Coronatia", towed in dock the "Avonmouth", yesterday. Reg says the skipper was just shooting for the second time when he saw the "Avonmouth" broke-down**. I see the "Reboundo" (Sleight's) has brought a mine home in her trawl.** Same firm as the "Returno" etc. **The "Aralia" has had a rough trip. 3 of the crew lost. The "Cayrian" has had it rough as well. He stood by that collier which sunk off Spurn in rough weather. The "Recovery" has brought another salvage job off I see.**

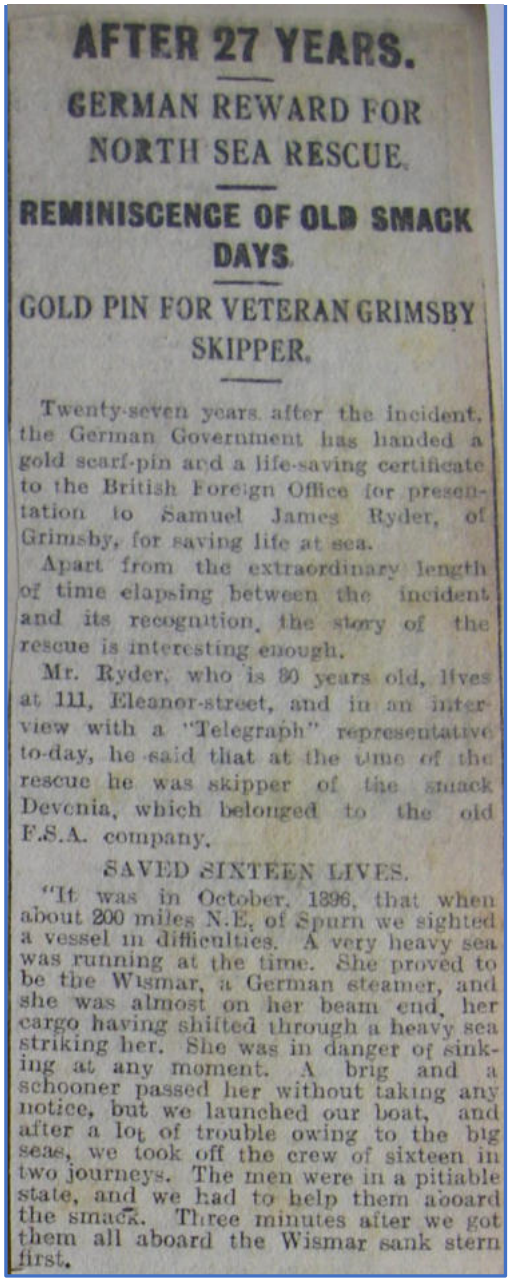
Friday 19 – The Irishmen are not half making things hum. They have wrecked about two dozen trains this week. The French occupation is taking a more serious tone. They have taken over the mines, imprisoned 10 German mine owners and seized German banks and money. I think Italy is getting scared the way things are going. Was talking to the 'Manx King' coming home. He says it has been flat calm nearly all the trip. Fish is scarce. They scoured the seas he told me.

Saturday 20 – About 11 o'clock it started blowing and snowing and hailing like billy o. (Just when the boss wanted to go for a spin in his car.) This afternoon **I went to the Bungalows to settle about the spars (Let adrift last year). I had a rough time.** It blew a hurricane. Once I had to turn round to get my breath. That fellow Holmes was inclined to be funny, but I gave him word for word and he shut up. When the tide came up, things looked rough. I haven't seen it so rough since last August. The waves flew up against the prom and for a hundred yards a shower of spray enveloped the prom. Over the island, the spry would jump up with a crash of 10 or 20 feet. Mr Croft's boat is already sunk in the corner. I don't think the others will weather it. I bet the trawlers are head on to this. The "Pioneer" will not go tomorrow, I guess. There will be too much sea on outside. The binks are white with foam and several ships have run under the lee of Spurn.

Sunday 21 – Now you sleepers! Tumble out, me hearty tars. It has turned out a fine morning, but cold. I took Davey for a run before breakfast. All the boats are safe. **The waves have smashed part of the 'Bathing Pool' sea wall in. That will knock them back.** After breakfast I walked down to Gy and had a look round the docks. The first ship I saw was damaged and trawls gone and skipper lost. **She was the "Ophir" and had just finished an Iceland trip. The skipper had set the course for home and was just hoisting the mizzen when a wave took the ship and washed the skipper overboard.** There have been several lost lately. The "Chanticleer" came back with one crew blood poisoned. My last ship the "London" was in. No. 1 dock was full. Then I had a look round the other dock. The "Lord Cecil" was on the floating dock, gudgeons [fittings that hold the rudder in place] twisted and every blade of the propellor was smashed off. She was towed off Haisborough sands by a YH [Yarmouth] tug. I watched "HMS Godetia" leave the Royal Dock. She was a smart looking fishery cruiser and set off at a good pace down the river. She looked just like a small model of the "HMS Patrol" based on the Tyne during the war. Set my course for home and arrived home at 1 o'clock, footsore and hungry. After dinner I read. After tea I got ready and went down docks again. (It's a lot better than sticking in the house all day.) Was talking to the watchman abord the "Ophir". He says the skipper went on deck to see what was banging, a wave took him and the small boat overboard, smashed the engine room skylights and the wheelhouse window. That occurred last Sunday at Iceland when the "Aralia" lost 3 men and the "Houbara" was damaged. The trawlers started coming in about 6.30. The "Dec" came first, a narrow gutted little ship, followed by the "Lord Himbourne", a big whale backer. (That's all for this dock.) Along came the "Tenby", then the "Ladas" (he sunk the Burcom), **followed by a Dutchy, the "Saliat". "Another b_____ foreigner," growled the old salts. They don't like to see Dutchmen landing at Gy.** The "Lombard" steamed through. She's a fine big boat. The "Kidwelly Castle", a Swansea boat, was another fine ship, as was the "Riskato", smart and new paintwork. The "Crevette" had evidently had a rough time. Her boat was gone she looked very bare. Just listen to the steering chains clanking, as they go hard a port. It is music to me. Now everything is quiet. The water ripples gently against her bows as she glides past. The engine room telegraph rings, a few turns of the propellor changes the water from tiny ripples to swirling eddies, and she passes on in to the darkness. **Then the last ship to come through was my old ship, "Douro". I spent a week of delight aboard that boat in 1921. That was my first trawling trip. I can say it won't be my last, in spite of every hardship and danger which people speak about.** "Stonewall" says the dock chap. "Rockall" says the skipper of the "Riskato**". The "Dee" had a casualty aboard. The 'chief' had his fingers nearly blown off while disconnecting a mine they got in the trawl.** The "Aralia" was my skippers first ship when he came to Gy. Returned home at 8 o'clock. Turned in at 9.30.



A MAGNIFICENT VASE found in the tomb of King Tut-ankh Amen at Luxor, where many priceless relics in a perfect state of preservation have been recovered. It is resting in the wrappings in which it was placed for removal to an adjacent storeroom. [Daily Mail.



AFTER 27 YEARS.

GERMAN REWARD FOR NORTH SEA RESCUE.

REMINISCENCE OF OLD SMACK DAYS.

GOLD PIN FOR VETERAN GRIMSBY SKIPPER.

Twenty-seven years after the incident, the German Government has handed a gold scarf-pin and a life-saving certificate to the British Foreign Office for presentation to Samuel James Ryder, of Grimsby, for saving life at sea.

Apart from the extraordinary length of time elapsing between the incident and its recognition, the story of the rescue is interesting enough.

Mr. Ryder, who is 80 years old, lives at 111, Eleanor-street, and in an interview with a "Telegraph" representative to-day, he said that at the time of the rescue he was skipper of the smack Devonia, which belonged to the old F.S.A. company.

SAVED SIXTEEN LIVES.

"It was in October, 1896, that when about 200 miles N.E. of Spurn we sighted a vessel in difficulties. A very heavy sea was running at the time. She proved to be the Wismar, a German steamer, and she was almost on her beam end, her cargo having shifted through a heavy sea striking her. She was in danger of sinking at any moment. A brig and a schooner passed her without taking any notice, but we launched our boat, and after a lot of trouble owing to the big seas, we took off the crew of sixteen in two journeys. The men were in a pitiable state, and we had to help them aboard the smack. Three minutes after we got them all aboard the Wismar sank stern first.

Monday 22 – That article of Lord Rothermere's "Hats off to France" will make the position easier for the French, and everything. It was very good, both diplomatically and politically. The 'Germs' are trying their best to unfulfill their obligations. The papers are speaking of a secret conscription conspiracy. About s dozen of the 'Germ' an 'maggots' are in clink, with more to follow. That's some ginger if you like. They ought to wake up now.

Saw the skipper at dinner time. He came in on Saturday. I've been looking for the wrong ship, "Returno" instead of the "Respondo". Made £260 [£14,000 in 2026] this trip. Caught some good hauls in Markham's Rough 80 miles out. She belies her name the skipper says. Plenty ships in but poorly fished. I went down to tea and had a word with him. Was going for the spars but tide is slack. We shall have to wait a week now. Had a letter from Maurice – posted on December 19th. He says its boiling hot out yonder and they are just organising a mosquito raid in the foc'sle. He says it's a fine place for

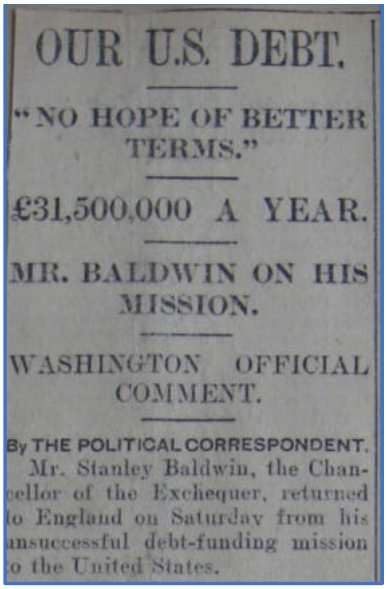
yachting. Some beautiful yachts out there. I expect he's as strong and healthy as can be out there. Although it's no life for a parson's son, it's the life to make a man of oneself.

GERMAN RAILWAYMEN STRIKE

SWIFT AND EFFECTIVE STOPPAGE OF TRAINS IN RUHR AREA.

PROMPT FRENCH MEASURES.

CONFLICTS BETWEEN FRENCH TROOPS AND GERMAN CIVILIANS.



OUR U.S. DEBT.

"NO HOPE OF BETTER TERMS."

£31,500,000 A YEAR.

MR. BALDWIN ON HIS MISSION.

WASHINGTON OFFICIAL COMMENT.

By THE POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, returned to England on Saturday from his unsuccessful debt-funding mission to the United States.

Wednesday 24 – John is always up quick now he is working. **I was shadow boxing in the backyard tonight and following up my man, landed a straight left out, which went through a window. Luckily, I was not hurt – only 1 pane of glass broken.**

Thursday 25 – Out exercising at 7. Club swinging etc. **The Germans are causing some trouble on the Ruhr. All on strike now and getting rowdy.** Off to the range at 8. The first team were down at the Centrals range. I slammed them in and finished up with 96; not so bad. G.H. came down tonight. He signed on, on a Dutchman to America and had a rough trip. "More German's than Dutch", he said. He put a 95 on after 6 months away. He went on one trip on the trawler "Ronso". Nearly killed him, he says. A dog's life. (One trip cures the Yellow Bellies.)

Friday 26 – Some old humbug wanted his ears washed out this morning on the telephone. "I can't hear", he kept saying. "Oh! Give it a drink", said I and put the receiver on. I wonder if he heard that. **The boss went motoring this afternoon.** Don't the mice play when the cat's away? Not half. **The [tram] car broke down coming home tonight. Crawling along** about a mile in ten thousand seconds. (I was pleased to arrive home before midnight).

Sunday 28 – I woke up at 2 o'clock and had a look round. A rattling breeze but I think it will turn out fine. Turned in and was up at 4 again. Tom called at 5.30. We walked down to Gy and along the pontoon. Dawn is just breaking and it is a picture. The forest of masts showing up in the semi-darkness, with lights shining and throwing numerous reflections in the tranquil and silent dock make a fine scene. We were getting the bait aboard when Walt gave us a treat. He slipped full length on the pontoon in a lot of water, let the basket fall and nearly broke a big iron girder by hitting it with his head. I nearly choked myself in trying to hide my laughter. We got under way at 7.30. It is nearly daylight now. We rattled down the river, just passed the ness, Tom's old ship the

"Holyrood" rushed by. He's too late for this tide [meaning that the dock gates will have closed by the time of his arrival]. In a few minutes a Dutch trawler, the "Balder", made for the anchorage. Every minute some ship would steam past us. A great big steamer high out the water and his propellors kicking up some dust, was making for Immingham. Just off the Bull, we saw a race in progress. One of Sleight's trawler, the "Retako" was ploughing her way a few lengths ahead of the "Othello" (Alf Bannister's). It was time to attend to our course by now. **Between the buoy and the point lay the Icelander smack (lost with all hands) right in the fairway. All eyes skinned, we pass it alright.** Blowing hard northerly and good ground swell rolling in. This is the first trip this year for me. Our gear about 3 miles further away now, as they have changed whelk grounds. Passed the "Better Hope". He started at 6.30, an hour before us and we have passed him in 10 miles. The "Pioneer" can hop along. The "Helvetia" steamed past us as we were off Kilnsey beacon, going fine with a following wind and sea. We all stood on deck in seaboots and oilskins, by 9.45 we came up with the buoys and commenced hauling. It is a good ground for whelks down here. The pots were well stocked. I had a go at the second and third shanks. The first piece of thin line nearly cut my hands away. It run like a red-hot poker through my fingers. A Hull trawler, the "Forward Ho" steamed past us a biscuits toss away and gave us a shout. He has been to Iceland, I think. Our deck is piled up with whelks. Finished hauling at 12.15., and the course is set for home. All hands below for a snack. We got busy washing the decks. Walt dipped the brush overboard and away went the brush head for a trip. There was a Frenchman racing along, rigged just like "Diadem." We got in dock just as the ebb was making and distributed our haul amongst the codmen. The trawler "Congo" lay right across them. **The little "Iron Duke" was in the corner. (She was sunk by a trawler a week ago.)** Got the bait aboard for Monday, waited till the last trawler "Carmania" come in and away we went round to the basin, finishing around 3 o'clock.

Monday 29 – Mother's birthday today. She is 46. I finished reading "Thirty-one years on the Plains and in the mountains" by Capt. W. F. Drannan. It is one of the finest books I have read, being an authentic record of a lifetime of hunting, trapping, scouting and Indian fighting in the Far West. I always thought Indians were the past masters of scouting etc, but Wm. Drannan gave them fits. He went out alone and scalped 5 Indian scouts in one night – 33 scalps with one knife – hunted with Buffalo Bill; and the whole book of 580 pages teeming with excitement, and all true. Far stranger than fiction. Talk about men! He was a man.

*Buccinum undatum: The **common whelk** is the largest sea snail found in UK seas.*

Credit: MertildaA, CC BY-SA 4.0 <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0>, via Wikimedia Commons

A quiet Fish Dock Road in 2023, so different from Len's day. He used to cycle this route to work and often complained about how filthy it became in wet weather when it was one of the dock's busiest roads.

Tuesday 30 – Had a row at the office. Gave them something to think about. Was reading part of that book over again. Before he was 15, he killed 2 Indians, and just afterwards, another lad and himself rode 1100miles to the City of Mexico. Before he was 18, 3 of them ran for a hundred miles, fighting a rearguard action with Indians all the way and

which finished up in a hand-to-hand fight, in which they kill the remaining Indians. He had dozens of narrow squeaks. If ever a chap knew what life was, I think it was Wm. Drannan.

BIG BANG TO-DAY

CRUISER WITH 100 MINES TO BE BLOWN UP.

At 10 o'clock this morning the 11,000-tons British cruiser Ariadne, sunk by a German submarine five miles off Eastbourne six years ago, will be blown up.

It will take some three hours to complete the final arrangements. About three tons of explosives will be fired by electricity from a boat a mile away, and it is hoped that the ship will go up at once. After the first explosion there may be a series of smaller "bangs," as some of the 400 sea-mines in the ship go off.

The Channel shipping will be diverted during the operation.

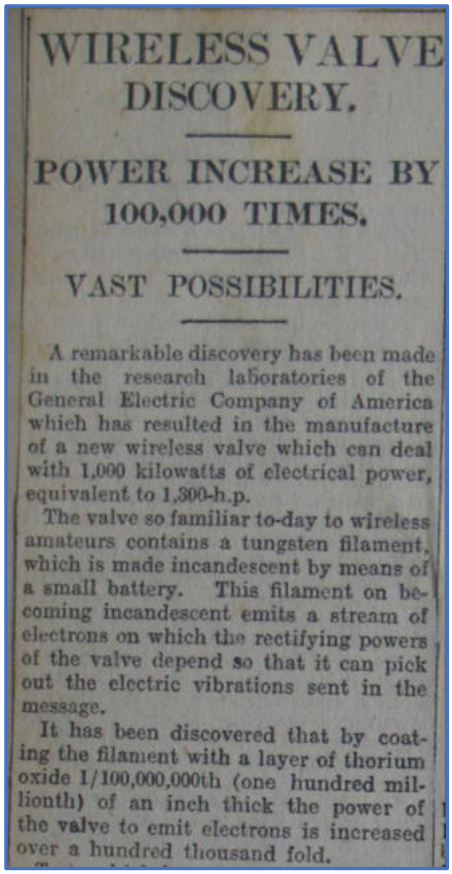
UNLUCKY TRAWLER.

ICELAND CATCH OF EIGHT BOXES.

The Grimsby trawler Escallonia, belonging to the North Eastern Steam Fishing Co., has arrived with but eight boxes of fish after a month's trip to Iceland. She experienced bad weather and could not fish. The expenses of the voyage would be somewhere in the region of £600, so that the loss on the trip is not far short of that figure.

DISAPPOINTED TEUTONS.

Having failed to dispose of her catch, the German trawler Othwarschen sailed from Grimsby last night.



WIRELESS VALVE DISCOVERY.

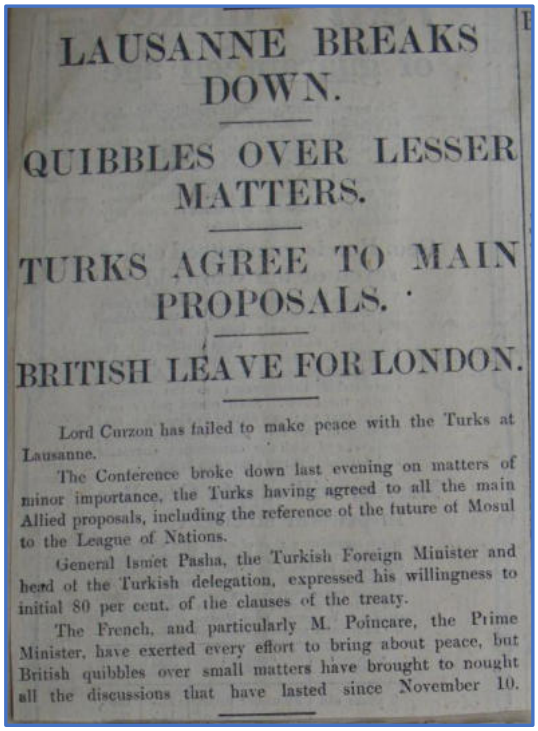
POWER INCREASE BY 100,000 TIMES.

VAST POSSIBILITIES.

A remarkable discovery has been made in the research laboratories of the General Electric Company of America which has resulted in the manufacture of a new wireless valve which can deal with 1,000 kilowatts of electrical power, equivalent to 1,300-h.p.

The valve so familiar to-day to wireless amateurs contains a tungsten filament, which is made incandescent by means of a small battery. This filament on becoming incandescent emits a stream of electrons on which the rectifying powers of the valve depend so that it can pick out the electric vibrations sent in the message.

It has been discovered that by coating the filament with a layer of thorium oxide 1/100,000,000th (one hundred millionth) of an inch thick the power of the valve to emit electrons is increased over a hundred thousand fold.



LAUSANNE BREAKS DOWN.

QUIBBLES OVER LESSER MATTERS.

TURKS AGREE TO MAIN PROPOSALS.

BRITISH LEAVE FOR LONDON.

Lord Curzon has failed to make peace with the Turks at Lausanne.

The Conference broke down last evening on matters of minor importance, the Turks having agreed to all the main Allied proposals, including the reference of the future of Mosul to the League of Nations.

General Ismet Pasha, the Turkish Foreign Minister and head of the Turkish delegation, expressed his willingness to initial 80 per cent. of the clauses of the treaty.

The French, and particularly M. Poincare, the Prime Minister, have exerted every effort to bring about peace, but British quibbles over small matters have brought to nought all the discussions that have lasted since November 10.

GERMAN SUBMARINES.

FRENCH FIND AT MANNHEIM.

THE TREATY VIOLATED.

From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

STRASBOURG, Wednesday.

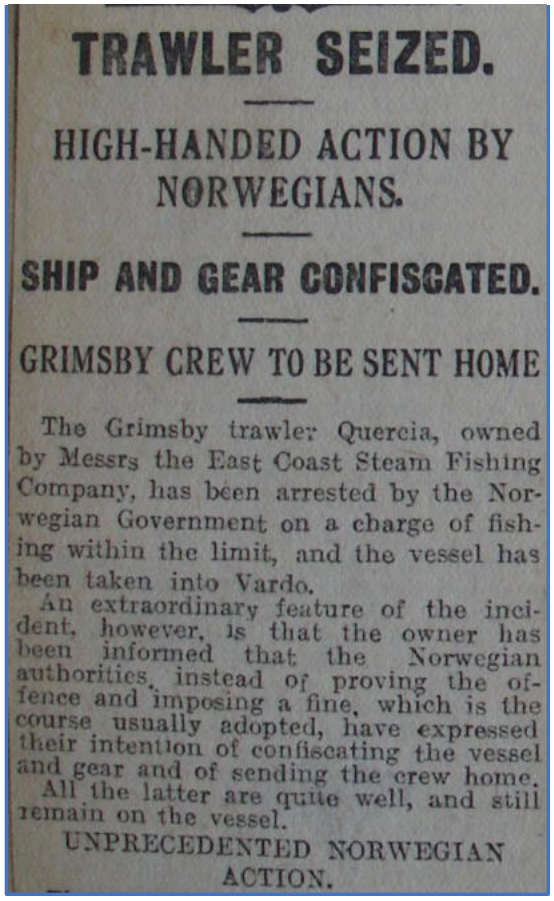
I understand that the two companies of French infantry which on Saturday occupied the former Benz factories at Mannheim, now the property of the Stinnes group, discovered in the central hall of the factory a 20,000-h.p. Diesel engine, the construction of which had just been completed.

French experts who have examined the engine are convinced that it was meant to be placed on board a submarine. A large number of other submarine engines, the construction of which is prohibited under the Versailles Treaty, were also found.

February 1923

Thursday 1 – The “Respondo” came in yesterday and made £240 [£12,700]. Fish is very dear. The skipper says whiting’s and small stuff made £2.10.0 a box [£132]. The same stuff would be thrown away in the summer. He had 90 boxes aboard but it’s awfully scarce. The “Escallonia” came in today with about 10 boxes; he has lost over £500 this trip. [£26,500]. I had a long yarn with Mr Spurgeon; we are going to have a shot at whelking, if everything goes well. Was out rowing with Herbert tonight. First time I’ve been out rowing this year.

Friday 2 – **Out rowing tonight - took Davy under the pier – dark and ghostly.** Cyril has gone to a fancy-dress concert dressed up as a pirate and Alf as a Red Indian.



TRAWLER SEIZED.

HIGH-HANDED ACTION BY NORWEGIANS.

SHIP AND GEAR CONFISCATED.

GRIMSBY CREW TO BE SENT HOME

The Grimsby trawler Quercia, owned by Messrs the East Coast Steam Fishing Company, has been arrested by the Norwegian Government on a charge of fishing within the limit, and the vessel has been taken into Vardo.

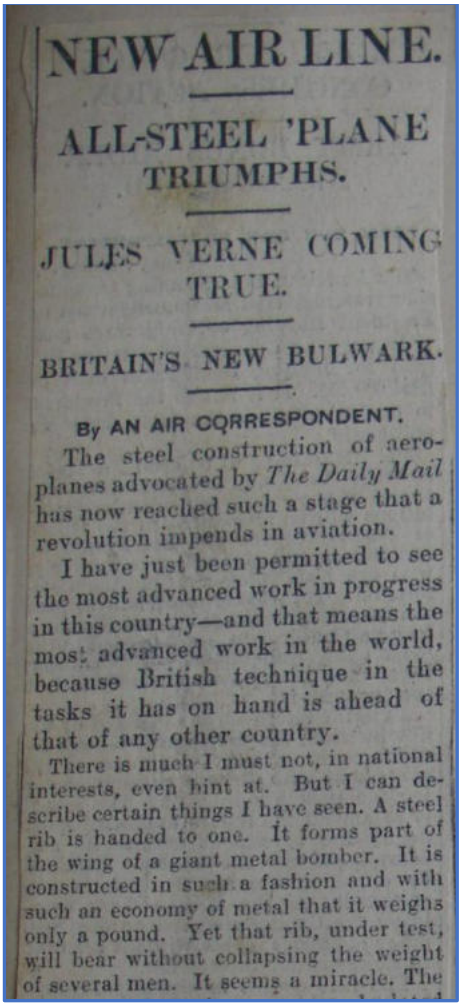
An extraordinary feature of the incident, however, is that the owner has been informed that the Norwegian authorities, instead of proving the offence and imposing a fine, which is the course usually adopted, have expressed their intention of confiscating the vessel and gear and of sending the crew home. All the latter are quite well, and still remain on the vessel.

UNPRECEDENTED NORWEGIAN ACTION.

Saturday 3 – After tea, Cyril and me went after the spars. I took Dave and Collin with me. Sailed down past the bay, boarded the "Edna" for a coil of rope and down we went to the corned. We soon got the spars along the beach and afloat. I made them fast and we towed them down to the slip. Hauled them up the slip and lashed them alongside the railings. That's one good job finished. Cyril and I sailed down home and packed up about 8.

Sunday 4 – Tom called at 8 and we walked down docks. The "Albert" was just leaving – going codding. Got the bait aboard and we were soon bouncing down the river. The "Macclesfield" ploughed her way past; she will just get in this tide. The "Boreas" just put helm a starboard and we crossed her bows. Then a "Goole man" raced away. She will not get up to Hull this tide. Off the binks we passed the "Albert" – left them standing. Started hauling about 9.45. It has turned out a real summer's day, sun shining gloriously. Finished hauling 2.15, yo, ho and below. Eat, drink and be merry. We sang a few good songs as we culled the whelks – 49 wash (I'm not a Jonah after all.) There are only 9 or 10 trawlers here today. Arrived at the lock gates about 4. They opened about 5.30 and we shoved in against the "Striving". The trawlers came gliding through the lock pits, with their lights shining like rubies, emeralds. The "King Egbert" – section leader – ran in a treat, hard a port and she lay just fine, hardly touching the next ship. **Then in came a Dutchman – racing in – Oh, the idiot. Hard astern, full speed astern! Only just in time. The tide swung her stern round and in she came. Crack-k-k-k. Now she's done**

it – cracked a pontoon beam. (That means £100 to pay.) [£5,300]. The "Rosa" came in nicely, followed by the "Frascati". Our mate, the "John Bruce", nearly got his stern off with them. We left and got home 7.



NEW AIR LINE.

ALL-STEEL 'PLANE TRIUMPHS.

JULES VERNE COMING TRUE.

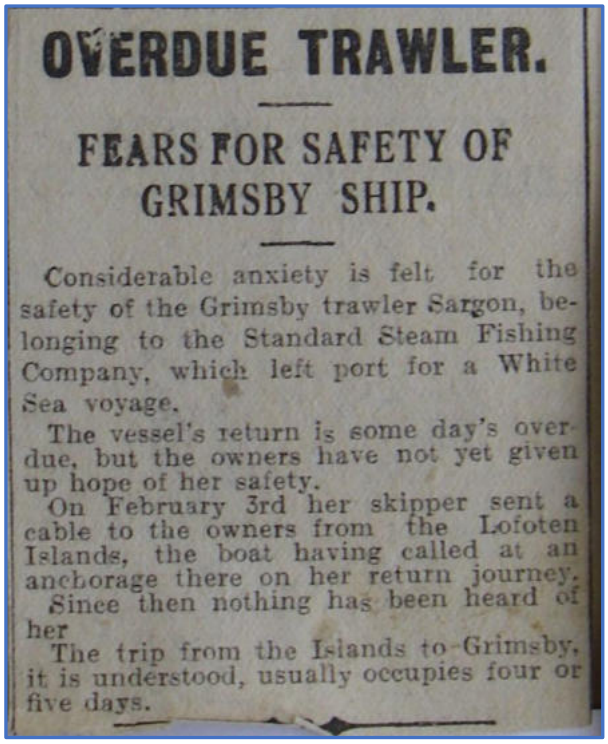
BRITAIN'S NEW BULWARK.

By AN AIR CORRESPONDENT.

The steel construction of aeroplanes advocated by *The Daily Mail* has now reached such a stage that a revolution impends in aviation.

I have just been permitted to see the most advanced work in progress in this country—and that means the most advanced work in the world, because British technique in the tasks it has on hand is ahead of that of any other country.

There is much I must not, in national interests, even hint at. But I can describe certain things I have seen. A steel rib is handed to one. It forms part of the wing of a giant metal bomber. It is constructed in such a fashion and with such an economy of metal that it weighs only a pound. Yet that rib, under test, will bear without collapsing the weight of several men. It seems a miracle. The



OVERDUE TRAWLER.

FEARS FOR SAFETY OF GRIMSBY SHIP.

Considerable anxiety is felt for the safety of the Grimsby trawler Sargon, belonging to the Standard Steam Fishing Company, which left port for a White Sea voyage.

The vessel's return is some day's overdue, but the owners have not yet given up hope of her safety.

On February 3rd her skipper sent a cable to the owners from the Lofoten Islands, the boat having called at an anchorage there on her return journey.

Since then nothing has been heard of her.

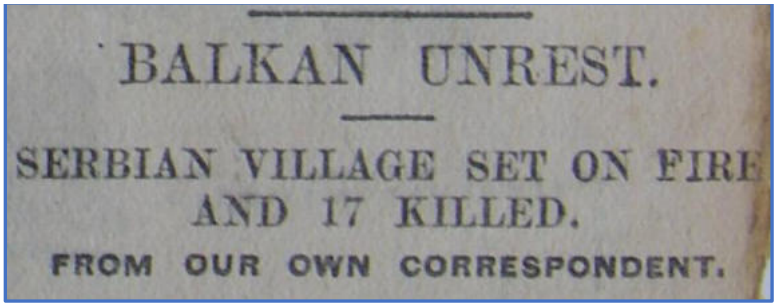
The trip from the Islands to Grimsby, it is understood, usually occupies four or five days.

Monday 5 – Very frosty and cold. I went for a row about 7. Maurice has arrived in London and is going on to Newcastle. I expect he will be home soon. After tea, I took Mrs Spurgeon, with a few more, out for a row. There was 6 of us and I sailed down to the pier with a good strong S breeze astern. We did go – but no more in the dark with a boatload. Read "Doctor Syn" – a good yarn spoilt.

Wednesday 7 – A local society party figures in the divorce court in this morning's paper. The Lausanne Conference has been suspended and that rotten rag, the Daily Mail, is calling Lord Curzon about it when he was perfectly right. Since the man has gone, I think the Mail has been wrong several times in the recent politics. There is too much France – France can't do anything wrong.

Thursday 8 – Now there is something to talk about amongst the old women. Princess Mary's son and heir was born last night. Off to the rifle club tonight. I put a good 98 on my target. 6 of us are shooting in the "National" so I had a go at 25 yards.

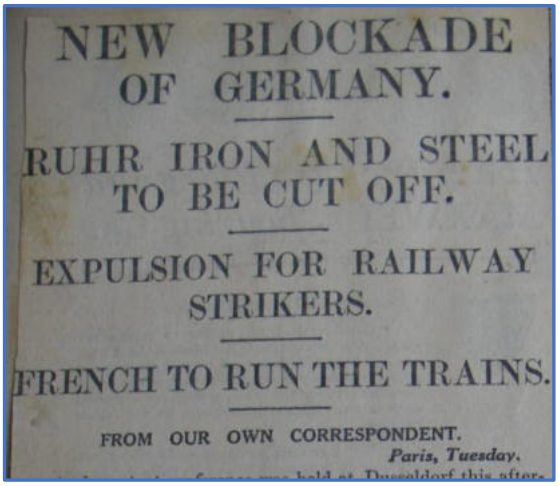
Made 96. Most of our chaps have gone down to the Gy Rifle Club dinner. They will be having a fine old time now.



BALKAN UNREST.

SERBIAN VILLAGE SET ON FIRE AND 17 KILLED.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



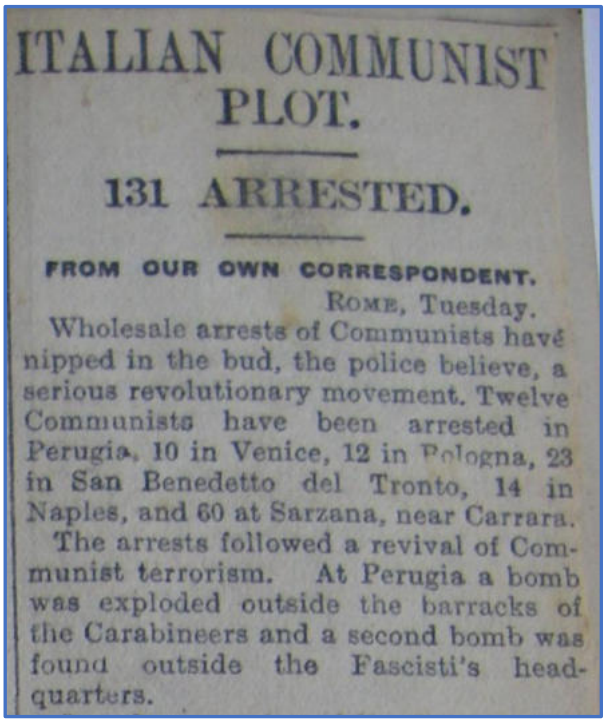
NEW BLOCKADE OF GERMANY.

RUHR IRON AND STEEL TO BE CUT OFF.

EXPULSION FOR RAILWAY STRIKERS.

FRENCH TO RUN THE TRAINS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
Paris, Tuesday.



ITALIAN COMMUNIST PLOT.

131 ARRESTED.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
ROME, Tuesday.

Wholesale arrests of Communists have nipped in the bud, the police believe, a serious revolutionary movement. Twelve Communists have been arrested in Perugia, 10 in Venice, 12 in Bologna, 23 in San Benedetto del Tronto, 14 in Naples, and 60 at Sarzana, near Carrara.

The arrests followed a revival of Communist terrorism. At Perugia a bomb was exploded outside the barracks of the Carabineers and a second bomb was found outside the Fascisti's headquarters.

Friday 9 – There has been some damage on the Tyne during the gale. Father had a fine old time with the "Polly". Several steamers broke adrift. Took Dave and Collin for a run tonight.

Saturday 10 – Called in to see Mr Spurgeon. He has left the "Respondo" now and is looking out for a ship on his own now. He's got a bad blood poisoned hand. A telegram from Maurice this afternoon. He will be home 10.30, coming from Newcastle. **I went to the 'Tivoli' [cinema] at Grimsby after tea to see "Shackleton's Last Expedition" or Southwards on the Quest.** It was a fine film. I followed every detail with enthusiasm. From leaving London dock till they come back to England, nearly every incident was recorded. **A fine 3-masted barque running up the channel, and one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen – the "La France" in full sail. (She was the largest sailing ship in the world but was wrecked about a year ago).** Fine views of the Madeira Islands, St George's Rocks etc. It was wonderful to see them pushing through the 'pack-ice' and passing hundreds of icebergs. I could ask thousands of questions about one

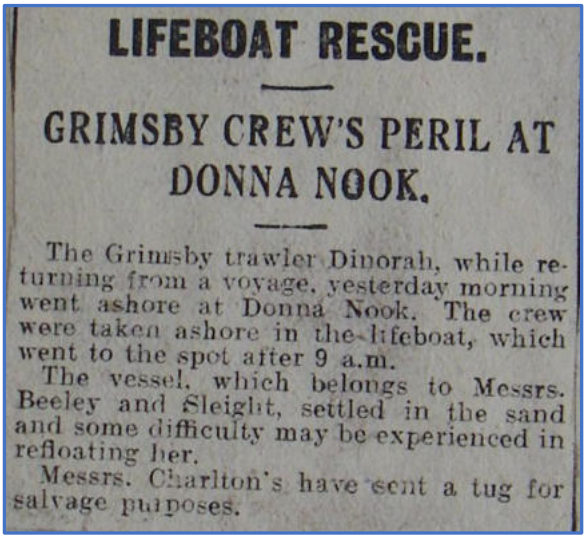
thing and another. **Far better than the horrible stuff they show on screen like, 'Foolish Wives' and 'Soft Husbands'. We see enough of them in real life. 90% of the actors in pictures want shooting, and 99% of those who go to see them want throwing over the side with a couple of bricks slung round their necks.** However, it's not my funeral. I met Maurice at the station at 10.30. He is looking very well after his 3 months trip. He was spinning us yarns till 11.30. **The ship was afire 6 times coming across the Atlantic, in the bunkers, and leaving London for Newcastle to discharge the rest of the frozen meat, they sunk a German coaster. All hands saved.**

DAYS OF PIRATES.

WHEN TEA CLIPPERS RACED FOR HOME.

A MARINER'S MEMORIES.

The days of tall-masted ships—days when the record run from Shanghai to London was 87 days, when food was tough, and sailors were away from home for two years at a time, when to be murdered quietly by Chinese and to have the ship looted was always a possibility—are recalled by the retirement of Captain A. J. Bowles, the senior inward pilot of the Port of London Authority, after 57 years on the sea.



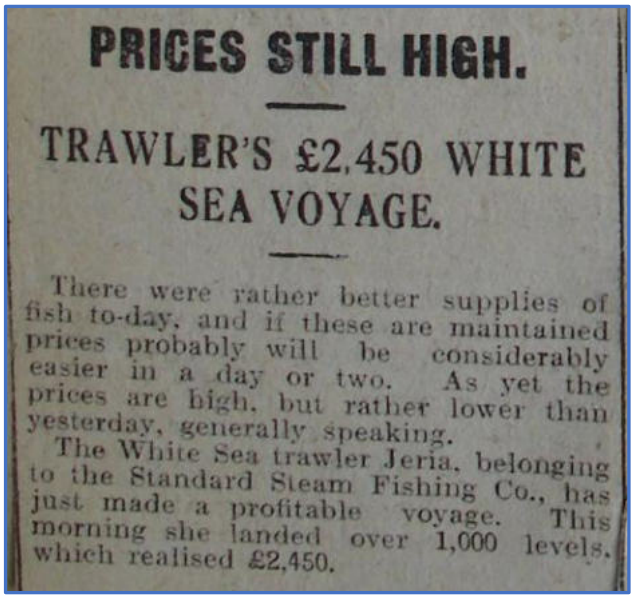
LIFEBOAT RESCUE.

GRIMSBY CREW'S PERIL AT DONNA NOOK.

The Grimsby trawler Dinorah, while returning from a voyage, yesterday morning went ashore at Donna Nook. The crew were taken ashore in the lifeboat, which went to the spot after 9 a.m.

The vessel, which belongs to Messrs. Beeley and Sleight, settled in the sand and some difficulty may be experienced in refloating her.

Messrs. Charlton's have sent a tug for salvage purposes.

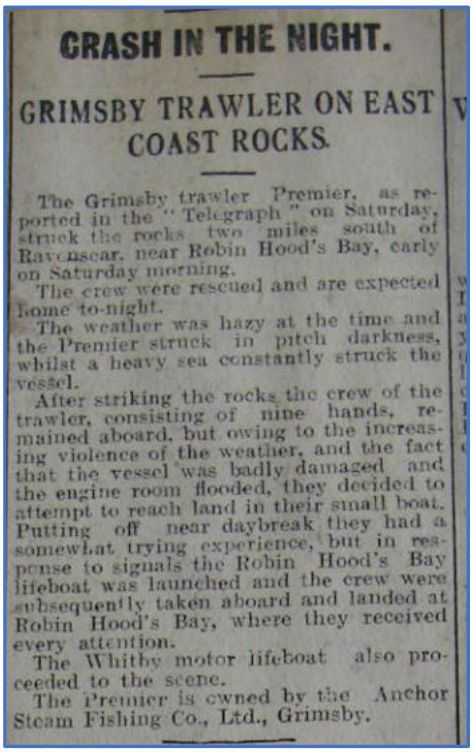


PRICES STILL HIGH.

TRAWLER'S £2,450 WHITE SEA VOYAGE.

There were rather better supplies of fish to-day, and if these are maintained prices probably will be considerably easier in a day or two. As yet the prices are high, but rather lower than yesterday, generally speaking.

The White Sea trawler Jeria, belonging to the Standard Steam Fishing Co., has just made a profitable voyage. This morning she landed over 1,000 levels, which realised £2,450.



CRASH IN THE NIGHT.

GRIMSBY TRAWLER ON EAST COAST ROCKS.

The Grimsby trawler Premier, as reported in the "Telegraph" on Saturday, struck the rocks two miles south of Ravenscar, near Robin Hood's Bay, early on Saturday morning.

The crew were rescued and are expected home to-night.

The weather was hazy at the time and the Premier struck in pitch darkness, whilst a heavy sea constantly struck the vessel.

After striking the rocks the crew of the trawler, consisting of nine hands, remained aboard, but owing to the increasing violence of the weather, and the fact that the vessel was badly damaged and the engine room flooded, they decided to attempt to reach land in their small boat. Putting off near daybreak they had a somewhat trying experience, but in response to signals the Robin Hood's Bay lifeboat was launched and the crew were subsequently taken aboard and landed at Robin Hood's Bay, where they received every attention.

The Whitby motor lifeboat also proceeded to the scene.

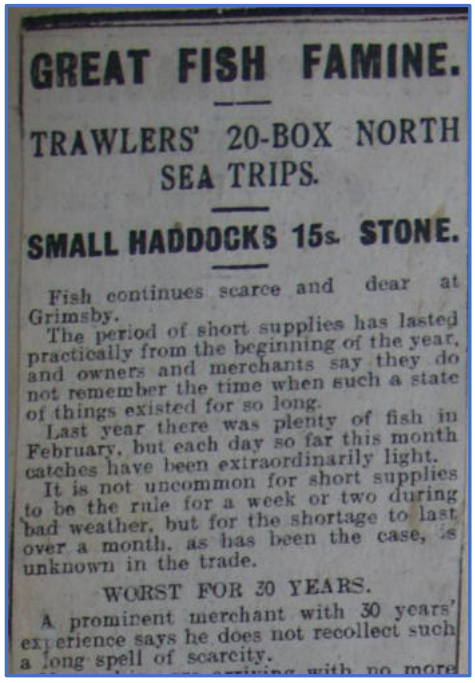
The Premier is owned by the Anchor Steam Fishing Co., Ltd., Grimsby.

[£130, 000]

Monday 12 – I see the "Premier" has gone inshore at Robin Hood's Bay. Maurice and I had an adventure there in about 1910 or 11. Several trawlers have had the small boats taken away at Iceland. The skipper has a bad hand now. He's not had a wink of sleep for several nights. I am training at home for a week or two now.

Tuesday 13 – **Davy's birthday today -10 years old.** All of us boys had a game of football before breakfast this morning. **Only 30 trawlers in with practically no fish in. There will be a lot more fish merchants go through the mill if the summer turns out as I think it will.** Pancake Tuesday today. Maurice was cook today, making pancakes. Some more apples came yesterday which naturally resulted in a raid after dinner. **It is Valentines Day tomorrow. I think this is the first time I have had a Valentine sent me.**

Wednesday 14 – Snowing all day. Very cold. Maurice went away tonight. His ship is signing on tomorrow for another trip to South America. Fish very dear. 15/- a box for whiting's. [£40]. Hardly anything here at all.



GREAT FISH FAMINE.

TRAWLERS' 20-BOX NORTH SEA TRIPS.

SMALL HADDOCKS 15s. STONE.

Fish continues scarce and dear at Grimsby.

The period of short supplies has lasted practically from the beginning of the year, and owners and merchants say they do not remember the time when such a state of things existed for so long.

Last year there was plenty of fish in February, but each day so far this month catches have been extraordinarily light.

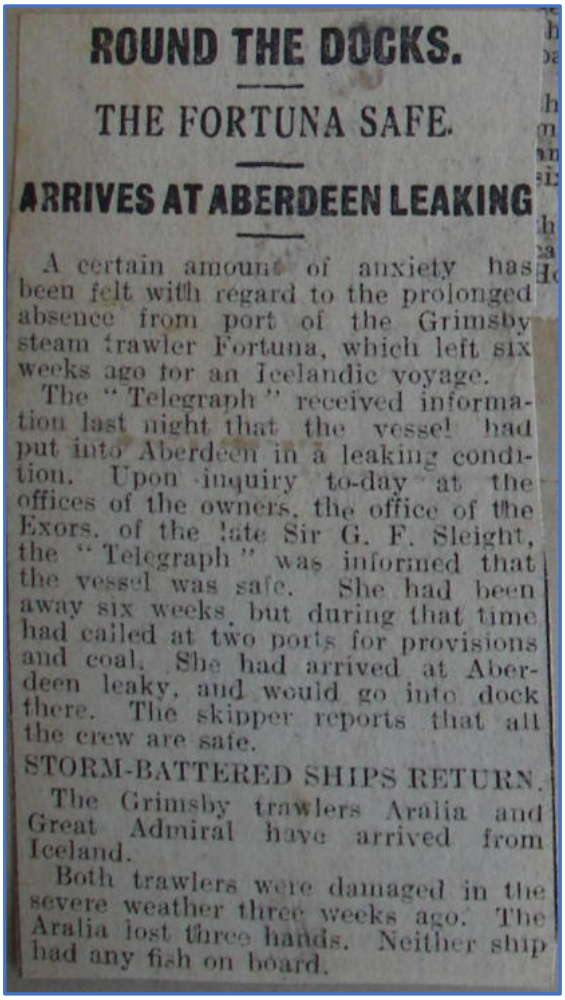
It is not uncommon for short supplies to be the rule for a week or two during bad weather, but for the shortage to last over a month, as has been the case, is unknown in the trade.

WORST FOR 30 YEARS.

A prominent merchant with 30 years' experience says he does not recollect such a long spell of scarcity.

Friday 16 – **The "Daily Mail" is making a big song about Luxor tomb affair. Lord Carnarvon has kept the copyrights and the Mail reporter cannot give any account of the new finds.** I am very pleased. People work and spend money in finding things out and then these blighters come on the scene and want a finger in the pie. **There is another White Sea trawler overdue. She is the "Saragon", One of "Standards". The "Adrian" brought a mine home.** Fish is still dear. The White Sea trawler "Jeria", another of the 'Standard Steam Fishing Co's', made over £2400 this trip. [£127.000]. Some of them have the worst luck possible, like the "Escallonia" who was £600 in debt [£32,000]. I went down to the station with Edna and had a fine walk and talk. Last test match started in South Africa. Our team 4 for 200. Good old England! Father arrived from the north late last night.

Saturday 17 – Albert let me in to a secret today. I was surprised. I think he will get on – he ought too. It's a case of not letting your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Anyhow, best of luck for Alb.



ROUND THE DOCKS.

THE FORTUNA SAFE.

ARRIVES AT ABERDEEN LEAKING

A certain amount of anxiety has been felt with regard to the prolonged absence from port of the Grimsby steam trawler Fortuna, which left six weeks ago for an Icelandic voyage.

The "Telegraph" received information last night that the vessel had put into Aberdeen in a leaking condition. Upon inquiry to-day at the offices of the owners, the office of the Exors. of the late Sir G. F. Sleight, the "Telegraph" was informed that the vessel was safe. She had been away six weeks, but during that time had called at two ports for provisions and coal. She had arrived at Aberdeen leaky, and would go into dock there. The skipper reports that all the crew are safe.

STORM-BATTERED SHIPS RETURN.

The Grimsby trawlers Aralia and Great Admiral have arrived from Iceland.

Both trawlers were damaged in the severe weather three weeks ago. The Aralia lost three hands. Neither ship had any fish on board.

5 AIRMEN RESCUED AT SEA

AS SEAPLANE WAS SINKING.

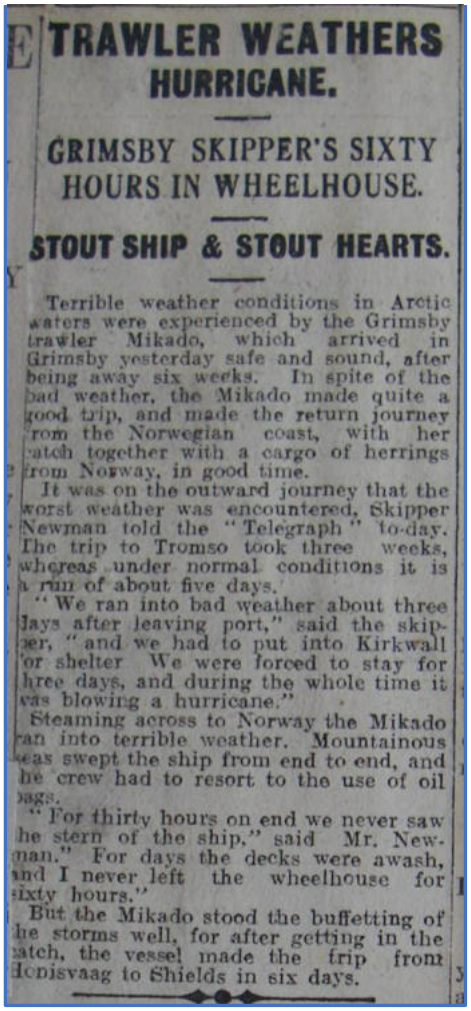
From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ALGIERS, Thursday.

This afternoon the British steamer St. Dunstan (5,662 tons) arrived at Algiers with Flight-Lieutenant Thomas W. Elmhirst, A.F.C., Flyng Officer P. Harris, Flying Officer E. S. Moulton-Barnett, Flight-Sergeant Whitfield, and Air Craftsman Cambers, of the British seaplane 4,092 Venus, which sank on Monday 10 miles south of Cape Passera, Sicily.

The seaplane left Malta on Monday to carry out navigation exercises. Owing to engine trouble the machine was forced to come down on an extremely rough sea. After four hours in great peril of drowning the crew were rescued from the rapidly sinking seaplane by the steamer St. Dunstan.

They are uninjured. The British Consul-General is arranging for their return to Malta.



TRAWLER WEATHERS
HURRICANE.

GRIMSBY SKIPPER'S SIXTY HOURS IN WHEELHOUSE.

STOUT SHIP & STOUT HEARTS.

Terrible weather conditions in Arctic waters were experienced by the Grimsby trawler Mikado, which arrived in Grimsby yesterday safe and sound, after being away six weeks. In spite of the bad weather, the Mikado made quite a good trip, and made the return journey from the Norwegian coast, with her catch together with a cargo of herrings from Norway, in good time.

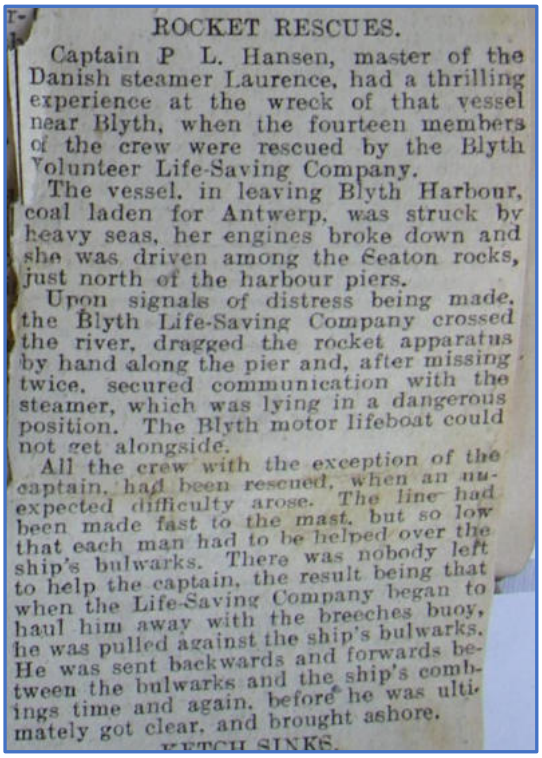
It was on the outward journey that the worst weather was encountered, Skipper Newman told the "Telegraph" to-day. The trip to Tromso took three weeks, whereas under normal conditions it is a run of about five days.

"We ran into bad weather about three days after leaving port," said the skipper, "and we had to put into Kirkwall for shelter We were forced to stay for three days, and during the whole time it was blowing a hurricane."

Steaming across to Norway the Mikado ran into terrible weather. Mountainous seas swept the ship from end to end, and the crew had to resort to the use of oil bags.

"For thirty hours on end we never saw the stern of the ship," said Mr. Newman." For days the decks were awash, and I never left the wheelhouse for sixty hours."

But the Mikado stood the buffetting of the storms well, for after getting in the catch, the vessel made the trip from Honisvaag to Shields in six days.



ROCKET RESCUES.

Captain P L. Hansen, master of the Danish steamer Laurence, had a thrilling experience at the wreck of that vessel near Blyth, when the fourteen members of the crew were rescued by the Blyth Volunteer Life-Saving Company.

The vessel, in leaving Blyth Harbour, coal laden for Antwerp, was struck by heavy seas, her engines broke down and she was driven among the Seaton rocks, just north of the harbour piers.

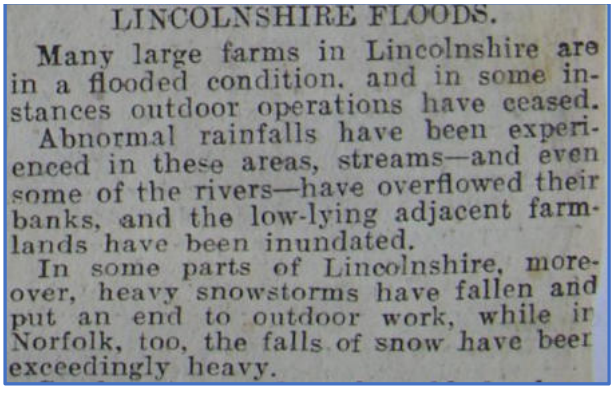
Upon signals of distress being made, the Blyth Life-Saving Company crossed the river, dragged the rocket apparatus by hand along the pier and, after missing twice, secured communication with the steamer, which was lying in a dangerous position. The Blyth motor lifeboat could not get alongside.

All the crew with the exception of the captain, had been rescued, when an unexpected difficulty arose. The line had been made fast to the mast, but so low that each man had to be helped over the ship's bulwarks. There was nobody left to help the captain, the result being that when the Life-Saving Company began to haul him away with the breeches buoy, he was pulled against the ship's bulwarks. He was sent backwards and forwards between the bulwarks and the ship's combings time and again, before he was ultimately got clear, and brought ashore.

KETCH SINKS.

Monday 19 – Maurice sailed on Sunday for Newport. The skipper has gone for a trip in the "Cinereria".

Thursday 22 – Went down to the rifle club tonight. We are out of the final now. Only 7 of our team shot, when we had a good score up, instead of 8. I made a hash of it tonight - 92. But I think it is the gun. A dozen shots in sighting is no good. It puts me off a lot. I was talking to Skipper Web (he shot well tonight) of the "Courser". He went 310 miles NE by N and was getting 100 boxes of haddock a day, until his winch broke after 12 hauls. He made £280 for 3 days. [£14,800]. I see England won the last test match with S, Africa.



LINCOLNSHIRE FLOODS.

Many large farms in Lincolnshire are in a flooded condition, and in some instances outdoor operations have ceased.

Abnormal rainfalls have been experienced in these areas, streams—and even some of the rivers—have overflowed their banks, and the low-lying adjacent farmlands have been inundated.

In some parts of Lincolnshire, moreover, heavy snowstorms have fallen and put an end to outdoor work, while in Norfolk, too, the falls of snow have been exceedingly heavy.

Saturday 24 – The boys and I had a good game in the garage this morning. The Town won today; first time in months. They went from top to the bottom of 3rd division. They went from top to the bottom of the third division.

Sunday 25 – Herby and I went for a walk down docks and watched the trawlers come in. There are plenty here for tomorrow. The first dock was soon full. The "China" and several other codmen came in and half a dozen Icelandmen and Faroemen. The "Midnight Sun" caught a nasty smack midships, off the _____ . The "Sarpendon" steamed swiftly through the dock with a Red Ensign hoisted. She has been away 3 or 4 weeks.

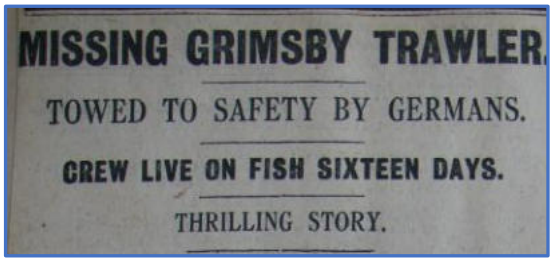
Monday 26 – **Saw the funeral procession of Dick Britton, the Coxswain of the Grimsby lifeboat. Very impressive scene**. [Dick was a Grimsby fisherman and the owner of the boat "*Rock of Ages*". Active in the early 20th century, he was particularly associated with the sailing trawlers—or fishing smacks—of the Grimsby area. No surviving records appear to shed light on any coxswain duties he may have held.]

Wednesday 28 – The "Carbineer II" got back today after 5 weeks of rough weather. She generally makes a 3-week trip. It has been very rough.

March 2023

Thursday 1 – Mr Clarke told us a very amusing yarn of how he was fleeced of £5 [£265] by card-sharpers (including the "nice old gentleman" in the corner of the carriage).

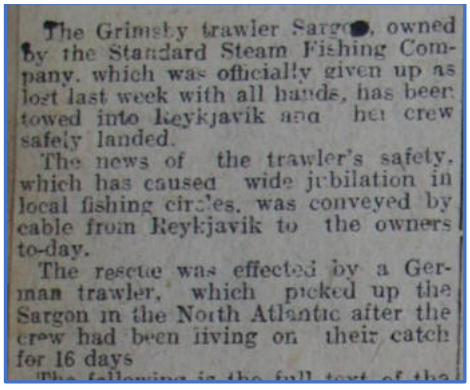
Friday 2 – Splendid news came through at dinner time. The "Saragon" and crew have been saved. Towed 200 miles by a German trawler. Everybody in Grimsby is delighted and full of talk about it. It's great news.


MISSING GRIMSBY TRAWLER.

TOWED TO SAFETY BY GERMANS.

CREW LIVE ON FISH SIXTEEN DAYS.

THRILLING STORY.


The Grimsby trawler Sargon, owned by the Standard Steam Fishing Company, which was officially given up as lost last week with all hands, has been towed into Reykjavik and her crew safely landed.

The news of the trawler's safety, which has caused wide jubilation in local fishing circles, was conveyed by cable from Reykjavik to the owners to-day.

The rescue was effected by a German trawler, which picked up the Sargon in the North Atlantic after the crew had been living on their catch for 16 days

GIANT GERMAN 'PLANES.

SECRET BUILDING IN RUSSIA.

PACT WITH SOVIET.

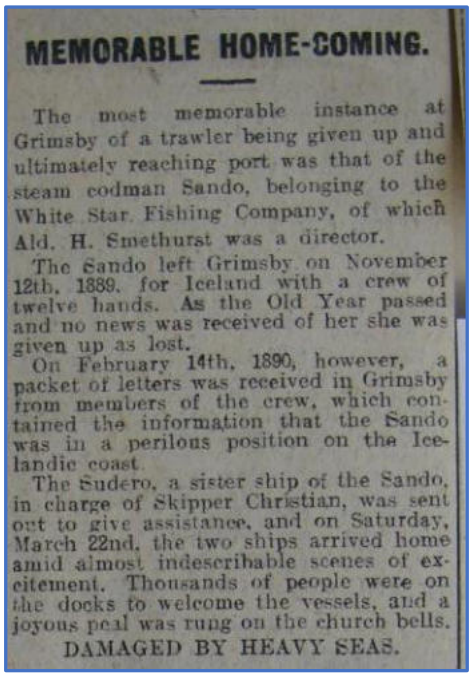
NEW RED MENACE.

By AN AIR CORRESPONDENT.

What are German scientists doing secretly in remote air laboratories and factories, of which they are gaining control in Russia?

Investigations by the *Echo de Paris* and also by the French air journal *Les Ailes* reveal a situation which these journals declare to be a new menace of almost incalculable gravity.

The Soviet Government by contracts it has just concluded with the German junkers group of aerial experiment, design, and construction places in the hands of German technicians, in connection with a programme of Russian air development, laboratories and factories near Moscow and other places.



MEMORABLE HOME-COMING.

The most memorable instance at Grimsby of a trawler being given up and ultimately reaching port was that of the steam codman Sando, belonging to the White Star Fishing Company, of which Ald. H. Smethurst was a director.

The Sando left Grimsby on November 12th, 1889, for Iceland with a crew of twelve hands. As the Old Year passed and no news was received of her she was given up as lost.

On February 14th, 1890, however, a packet of letters was received in Grimsby from members of the crew, which contained the information that the Sando was in a perilous position on the Icelandic coast.

The Sudero, a sister ship of the Sando, in charge of Skipper Christian, was sent out to give assistance, and on Saturday, March 22nd, the two ships arrived home amid almost indescribable scenes of excitement. Thousands of people were on the docks to welcome the vessels, and a joyous peal was rung on the church bells.

DAMAGED BY HEAVY SEAS.

Saturday 3 – All the town is taken up with the news of the "Sargon" being safe. The "Aralia" has lost 3 more men this trip. Mr Croft got his prawner out, ready for tomorrow. Jack is getting his sails bent.

Monday 5 – All hands-on deck at 7, and away to the bay. I unloaded the "Edna" and got the small boats in the water. Getting ready for Easter. The "Vidette" has picked a crew up and the "Sargon" will be here about Saturday. **After tea, I heard that Tom and Co were going with Cyril to the Burcom, coaling, so I decide to go with them.** About 8 o' clock we got 2 boats ready and started. It was a fine starlit night with a little SW breeze. 9.15 passing the station. We rowed against the tide to Grimsby docks. 3 miles, towing one boat. Some row. It's bad enough without towing a boat, and with the tide. Anyhow about 10.50 we landed and went aboard the "Pioneer", (Tom is fitting her out) to pass an hour away while the tide ebbs. We got 3 or 4 good sprags to take home. Hot tea etc! The dock sounded busy. Trawlers getting coaled, fires flaring, engines clanking, hammers hamming and fellows shouting. It didn't seem much like midnight there. After 12 we had another row, keeping the tower in the middle of the West Pier, we let go a mile or so away in 4 feet. The bank was dry so we landed. **(The Burcom is a shoal drying only at very low tides. The dredgers deposit the mud there, including coal dropped off the lighters.)** We were soon hard at work, gathering the lumps up. The mud was firm in some places and soft in others. Broken bottles were plentiful. After an hour's work, the flood made us knock off. We had nicely filled both boats. It was a hard row against the tide again. We were standing still sometimes. When we came round the sandspit after 3 hours of jolly hard rowing and towing another boat against a strong flood tide, it was 5 o'clock. From 6 to 8 we were busy getting the coal home. I rushed off to the office, getting in just before 9. I felt very sleepy this afternoon, could hardly keep my eyes open. **I laughed till I cried when about 100 sheep and half a dozen motor cars got mixed up**

in the street. They were running under motors and all over. It was lively to see people chasing the sheep round.

LASHED TO THE MAST.

DANES' TERRIBLE TWO-DAYS' ORDEAL IN NORTH SEA GALE.

STEWARD WASHED AWAY BY HEAVY SEA.

SHIP'S BOY FATALLY HURT AT MOMENT OF RESCUE.

GRIMSBY CREW SAVES FIVE LIVES.

The story of a grim battle with the gale in the North Sea, during which six men on board a Danish schooner lashed themselves to the mast for two days until they were rescued by a Grimsby trawler was told when the survivors were landed at Grimsby this week-end.

Bound from Swansea to Odense with coal, the schooner, Hejmdal, a vessel of about 200 tons, encountered severe weather. Big seas swept the ship from stem to stern, carrying away the lifeboats and smashing the wheelhouse and bulwarks. The cook, a man named Petersen, was swept from the after deck and drowned, and when the crew attempted to jump on board the Grimsby trawler Vidette, a 17-year-old boy, Bertel Neilsen, fell between the two ships, and was so badly crushed that he died shortly after in the cabin of the Vidette. The Hejmdal foundered after the crew had been rescued.

Wednesday 7 – Maurice sails today. He is off to the same place to load frozen meat. The skipper **brought the "Cineraria" home tonight.** He has got a very bad arm. **One of the crew got 2 fingers off,** so he was forced to come in. Had just shot 2 or 3 times, 135 miles out. It's jolly hard luck. Disappointment after disappointment. My hands are giving me some trouble. Blisters and cuts. It's rotten; I'm like a helpless baby.

Friday 9 – Put my seaboots on and walked to the bay. All the boats are alright. Went aboard the "Violet". Saw G.H. getting steam up. Still blowing and raining.

SARGON'S RETURN FROM THRILLING VOYAGE.

STORY OF ADVENTURE WHICH ECLIPSES IMAGINATIVE FICTION.

TRAWLERMEN ESCAPE FROM BOLSHEVIKS TO ENCOUNTER HURRICANE.

SHIP HELPLESS IN NORTH ATLANTIC: CREW LIVES ON FISH, RATS AND SEABIRDS.

WIFE'S STRANGE VISION FULFILLED: MOTHER SAYS HER PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED.

The Grimsby steam trawler Sargon, which three weeks ago was given up for lost with all hands, is due at Grimsby to-night. Fishermen have survived to relate such a tale of adventure and privation as the Sargon's crew has undergone. Writers of sea fiction have never imagined a ventful voyage.

After leaving Grimsby for the fishing grounds, the Sargon picked up a shipwrecked crew and landed the men in Scotland. In the White Sea the was pursued by a Bolshevik gunboat, but succeeded in evading capture. Escaping from one peril, she encountered another, for she ran into a

e was driven from her course, coal and food supplies gave out, and for days the crew endured hunger, hardship and suffering. To maintain nd to try to regain recognised sea lanes, the crew had to burn all the wood on the ship, as well as rope and gear.

he fishermen were driven to repulsive expedients to sustain life. They had to eat fish fried in medicinal oil, to make a stew from rats, and to e sea birds which they caught. Unusual food, and later, scarcity of food, brought illness and suffering upon them.

How the Sargon was picked up and towed into Reykjavik by the German trawler Schleswig-Holstein has been told in the "Telegraph"; and to- 's return of the crew and ship puts an end to a period of anxiety and distress for relatives and the ship's owners.

Families which had been in mourning will rejoice to-night; gone will be the shadow of bereavement which had hung over homes, and the happi- ness of these family reunions will be shared by Grimsby generally, and the fishing community in particular.

Saturday 10 -After dinner I went down to the Alexandra Dock and went aboard the yachts. The sec. of the yacht [club] was showing me over the "Index". She will make a smart little thing. Several members were down looking after their boats. Had a look around – tons of craft lying rotting and tons of gear. Went to the skippers for tea and stayed reading till 9.30. **Then Mr Spurgeon and I set off for the docks to see the "Sargon" come in. The policemen at the gates were not letting many people go in, but we were "on business". An outburst of cheering and sirens screaming made us quicken our steps to the pier. Hip, hip hurrah! And again, and again. She had just come in.** Walt caught his head rope and she came alongside the pier waiting for the dock gates opening. "How did the rats go down", I sang out. There were only about 50 or 100 down on account of the policemen. She steamed in to the second dock where relatives and hundreds of folks were waiting. The air resounded with cheers and the sirens of other ships were deafening. Cameramen were taking dozens of flashlight photos. The "Sargon" made fast and the wives and relatives rushed aboard. There was some kissing etc going on for a few minutes. It was a scene to remember. What with camera chaps and sirens and the crew coming ashore there was a lively time. **We all made tracks up Fish Dock Road and at the railway crossing, thousands of people were waiting. As we crossed the bridge the cheering started and we were mistaken for members of the crew. But only one had come over them. Talk about a crowd. Right round Fish Dock Road, Riby Square, Freeman Street and Cleethorpe Road. Thousands of them, packed like sardines.** We forced our way inch by inch but got properly jammed in against the square. The third hand and family were in a taxi but it couldn't get out. **Dozens of lads were on top of the taxis. There was a crowd when the king came to Grimsby but not like this. I was nearly squashed flat. Several fainted.** Somebody's toes caught it. At last the taxi moved, and we made a wide detour, eventually getting enough room to breathe. **The streets were crowded with folks. From Riby square to Park street** were continually dodging, but got a steady course after that. During the evening the skipper had been telling me of his nearest experience to starving.

That was in the "Agnes Hastie" during the war, coming from Lisbon to Portland. **He was talking to a chum of his who was on the "Aralia". It is a wonder she ever came back, he said. Full of water, engine room flooded, fires out, 3 men and small boat gone and tremendous seas. One completely smothered her, knocked funnel overboard and nearly sank her.** The "Hullsman" came along just in time. The chap who was mate with the skipper last trip is taking the "Maelstrom" out. I hear she's a coffin for somebody. We made Cleethorpes about 12. **Walt was telling me about his experiences early on in the war. One man to 200 yards of trench in the retreat from Mons, and very little ammunition.** It has been an exciting day for me. Stuff to give 'em.

AFRAID OF BAD LUCK.

SUPERSTITIOUS GRIMSBY FISHERMAN FINED.

Superstition prompted the mate of the Grimsby trawler Courser to miss his ship. The mate, Fred Hampson (37), was ordered to join the Courser at 2 o'clock on Wednesday, but he did not arrive on the docks until an hour later. By this time the ship had left the docks, and when he was asked to go out in a tug he refused. The result was another mate had to be found.

Thompson was charged at the Grimsby Borough Police Court today with disobedience, and the Stipendiary Magistrate (Mr. Joseph Smith) asked why he refused to go out to the trawler in a tug.

Defendant replied: A matter of superstition that is all.

The Magistrate: Is it bad luck to go in a tug?

The defendant: It is bad luck to join a ship that has already sailed.

The Magistrate ordered Thompson to pay 10s.—which is the sum he would have had to pay for the tug.

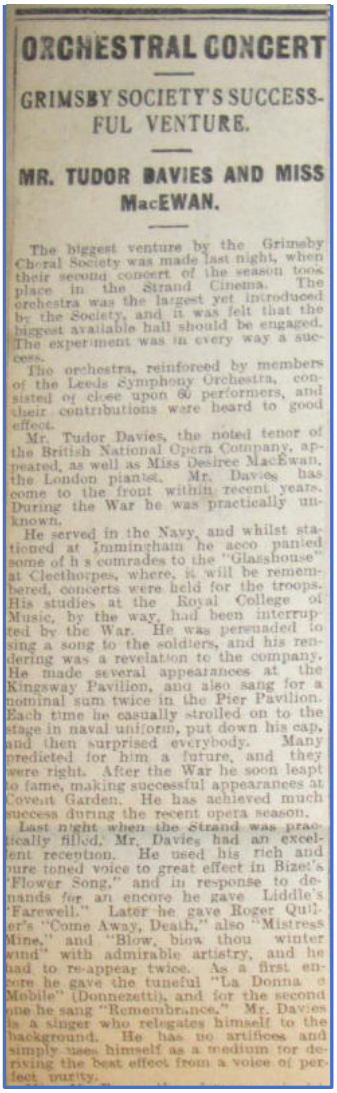
The Courser is Mr Webb's ship.

[Fined £26]

Sunday 11 – After breakfast I walked down docks and had a look at the "Sargon". She's a fine by ship. Too dull and smoky to get a photo. I watched the trawlers coming in dock. **Two Dutchies came in and I have never seen so much fuss in all my life, as those fellows trying to get moored. Our boats come in and make fast without much shouting but these foreigners were jabbering away worse than a cartload of monkeys.** Come ahead you big fool. Don't go astern. Oh, my only aunt. Well, if he doesn't take the biscuit. I got the pip absolutely.

Thursday 15 – Mr Spurgeon came down after tea so we went to the pictures. What a horrible show. The first time I've been to the pictures for donkey's years and they put a sloppy yarn on that would make a person swear. "Come on", I says to the skipper, "We have seen enough for one night". That's a night properly wasted.

Friday 16 – I got ready and **went to the Strand to hear the Grimsby Orchestral Society's Concert.** It was a fine performance and I enjoyed myself immensely. The great hall was packed with people. First of all, the orchestra (nearly 60 instruments) opened with an overture, which was followed by Mr Tudor Davies. He had a fine clear voice, and powerful. Then Miss Desiree McEwan gave us several pianoforte solos. The applause was deafening. It was one of the best concerts I have heard for some time.



ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

GRIMSBY SOCIETY'S SUCCESSFUL VENTURE.

MR. TUDOR DAVIES AND MISS MacEWAN.

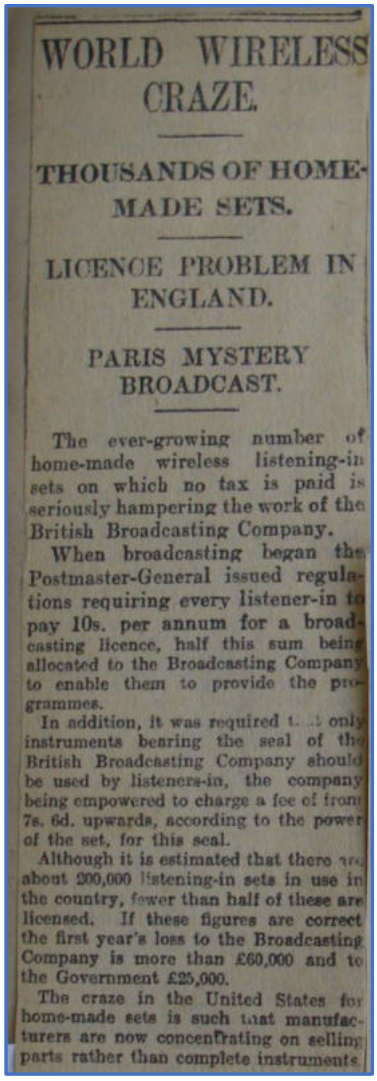
The biggest venture by the Grimsby Choral Society was made last night, when their second concert of the season took place in the Strand Cinema. The orchestra was the largest yet introduced by the Society, and it was felt that the biggest available hall should be engaged. The experiment was in every way a success.

The orchestra, reinforced by members of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, consisted of close upon 60 performers, and their contributions were heard to good effect.

Mr. Tudor Davies, the noted tenor of the British National Opera Company, appeared, as well as Miss Desiree MacEwan, the London pianist. Mr. Davies has come to the front within recent years. During the War he was practically unknown.

He served in the Navy, and whilst stationed at Immingham he accompanied some of his comrades to the "Glasshouse" at Cleethorpes, where, it will be remembered, concerts were held for the troops. His studies at the Royal College of Music, by the way, had been interrupted by the War. He was persuaded to sing a song to the soldiers, and his rendering was a revelation to the company. He made several appearances at the Kingsway Pavilion, and also sang for a nominal sum twice in the Pier Pavilion. Each time he casually strolled on to the stage in naval uniform, put down his cap, and then surprised everybody. Many predicted for him a future, and they were right. After the War he soon leapt to fame, making successful appearances at Covent Garden. He has achieved much success during the recent opera season.

Last night when the Strand was practically filled, Mr. Davies had an excellent reception. He used his rich and pure toned voice to great effect in Bizet's "Flower Song," and in response to demands for an encore he gave Liddle's "Farewell." Later he gave Roger Quilter's "Come Away, Death," also "Mistress Mine," and "Blow, blow thou winter wind" with admirable artistry, and he had to re-appear twice. As a first encore he gave the tuneful "La Donna è Mobile" (Donnezetti), and for the second one he sang "Remembrance." Mr. Davies is a singer who relegates himself to the background. He has no artifices and simply uses himself as a medium for deriving the best effect from a voice of perfect purity.



WORLD WIRELESS CRAZE.

THOUSANDS OF HOME-MADE SETS.

LICENCE PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

PARIS MYSTERY BROADCAST.

The ever-growing number of home-made wireless listening-in sets on which no tax is paid is seriously hampering the work of the British Broadcasting Company.

When broadcasting began the Postmaster-General issued regulations requiring every listener-in to pay 10s. per annum for a broadcasting licence, half this sum being allocated to the Broadcasting Company to enable them to provide the programmes.

In addition, it was required that only instruments bearing the seal of the British Broadcasting Company should be used by listeners-in, the company being empowered to charge a fee of from 7s. 6d. upwards, according to the power of the set, for this seal.

Although it is estimated that there are about 200,000 listening-in sets in use in the country, fewer than half of these are licensed. If these figures are correct the first year's loss to the Broadcasting Company is more than £60,000 and to the Government £25,000.

The craze in the United States for home-made sets is such that manufacturers are now concentrating on selling parts rather than complete instruments.

THE RUHR ASKS FOR PEACE.

GERMAN WORKERS' DEMAND.

INDUSTRY PARALYSED.

BERLIN STOPS HER OBSTRUCTION.

From OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.

DUSSELDORF, Sunday.

The magnates of the Ruhr are beginning to be chary of the prospect of an early peace. While the Berlin Government dallies and refuses to make concessions which are considered necessary to negotiations with France the industrial situation in the occupied territory daily grows worse.

Many mills and factories are working part time or are closed altogether owing to lack of raw material. The military blockade is now everywhere effective, and the French have only to pursue their present policy of organised pressure to bring Germany to her knees. The longer she delays the greater her loss.

Saturday 17 – **I gave the boss a shock – weeks' notice.** After dinner, I went down to the boats, launched two of them, got moored and rowed round. It was jolly rough and I had a fine time. Busy washing them ready for a coat of paint. Saw Mr Hull; he is going to Spurn tomorrow – so am I.

Sunday 18 – Tumbled out and rowed round to the bay. We were just in time to get the "Providence" off. A good breeze still blowing but sun shining fine. Half a dozen barges and several coasters lay under Spurn, waiting for the weather to moderate. **I got a good photo of the lighthouse and Cyril took us on the beach [Spurn]. I went exploring all the fortifications [WWI base] – guns, concrete dugouts etc – everything. We got a good view of the binks from the top.** We had a fine time. We said farewell to Spurn and rigging up a couple of sails as well as the motor) we raced across the Humber with following wind and seas, in 45 minutes. Jolly rough this side. Took the "Providence" in the bay and Alf and I came back in our dinghy. One wave nearly half-filled us and another nearly turned us over. Smack!! Down she came and everything rattled. I have not seen so much lop on for a long time to beat this.

Tuesday 20 – **Cyril says there is a dead man washed up on the Island. I was for going after him but it's too dark. It's jolly ghostly, going after dead chaps in the dark. I was**

after one under the pier once and it was enough to give anybody the shivers. The "body" was a basket which someone saw floating in the dark, and who had evidently had a drop too much.

Wednesday 21 – The photos I took at Spurn have come out fine. **Rita is a "star" turn at a concert tonight.**

Friday 23 – I see the "White Night" landed a big sturgeon and the **"Dinorah" is ashore at Donna Nook.** Boat race tomorrow; I shall not be surprised to see Oxford win. They are showing up well in their practices. Shadow boxing etc tonight. My finger gives me beans. I can't bend it – jolly rotten.

Saturday 24 – **This is my last day at the "Medina".** I'll bet they will have something to do next week. The boss tried to be nice but I wasn't having any. Shook hands with Fred and Alb and said goodbye to the worm. I noticed reinforcements were out. I guess the whole lot of them will have something to worry about soon, as Tom said. **However, I'm finished clerking for the rest of my life (until next time). It is a job only fit for 'lady-men'. This is the crisis of my life now and time will tell who was right. But my future is my own to make or break.** The soul-depressing years of monotonous clerking is over, and as in "Festus". "I live in deeds not years." **Went to see "Atlantide" at the Empire tonight.** A very good picture farfetched but interesting, about the lost continent of Atlantis.

Sunday 25 – Very slack tides just now. I helped the Sea Scouts etc to launch their ~~boat~~ bath tub. Oxford won the boat race by ¾ length.

Monday 26 – All hands-on deck at 6 o'clock. The boys and I took the ball down on to the sands and played footer until 7.30. Now for it. I wonder what I'll do - no work – I am like a lost sheep. After breakfast I walked down docks. Confound that white whiskered copper. He made me walk about 3 miles for nothing. Saw the trawler leave dock. The time does go slow. I'll not know what to do until the skipper comes in. Walked home for dinner. After dinner, I walked miles. Right around Gy. Sidney Park, People's Park, Bargate and all over the show.

Tuesday 27 – After breakfast I walked down docks and went right round. Quiet an interesting experience to me. **Fish buying and everybody scurrying round. "Mind your backs" – if you don't want knocking over. Saw the trawlers go out and one section come in. Went round Royal Dock and saw an interesting auction. Then I walked right round the docks again watching the ships getting fitted out.** Walked home and I reckon I have walked 20 or 25 miles during the last 2 days. The lads got my letters which made them laugh. I wonder what the worm said.

DRAMA OF TURKISH POLITICS.

OPPOSITION LEADER'S MURDERER

KILLED WITH 12 OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

HOUSE DEFENDED AGAINST TROOPS.

In a despatch below Mr. G. Ward Price, our special orrespondent at Constantinople, gives graphic details of a fight o the death to avoid arrest by Osman Aga, the assassin of the 'urkish leader of the Opposition, and his followers.

The party was besieged by a company of infantry in a nely house outside Angora, the Asia Minor capital of Turkey.

Osman, a notorious assassin, who murdered the leader of ie Opposition over a cup of coffee, perished with 12 of his nchmen. Twelve others were wounded before the surrounding oops gained an entrance to their citadel.

ON THE GALLOWS.

CHIEF ASSASSIN'S CORPSE OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT.

From OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

WHEAT BONUS NOW.

PLOUGH-LAND MUST BE SAVED.

PERIL OF REVERSION TO PASTURE.

POLICE ON NORFOLK FARMS.

There are still no signs of a settlement of the Norfolk farm labourers' strike. At one or two places disturbances have taken place and the police have had to be called in. But the labourers generally disapprove of violence.

Work is being carried on with help from farmers' sons and others. *Meantime the main problem remains to be solved, and ploughland agriculture has still to be saved.*

APRIL 4, 1923.

GERMAN TRAWLERS STONED.

DRIVEN OUT TO SEA.

IRATE SCOTTISH FISHERMEN.

Aberdeen fishermen, who for weeks have been on strike to try to enforce the closing of the port against German trawlers, yesterday renewed their acts of hostility against German fishermen.

The first German trawler to leave the port was bombarded with stones. Cries of pain came from the deck of the vessel, but the strikers continued to stone the trawler until it was out of range.

Four other foreign vessels leaving the port were similarly treated. Two German trawlers which had been lying out in the bay, apparently warned by compatriots, tried to enter the port at the other side of the channel, but so intense was the attack that the vessels were compelled to put to sea again amid howls of derision.

Two trawl skippers pleaded not guilty to a charge of assault and intimidation before the sheriff yesterday, and were remanded on bail.

THE FARM STRIKE.

15,000 MEN STOPPING WORK.

SUDDEN MOVE BY MEN.

Between 15,000 and 20,000 farm workers were estimated to be on strike yesterday. Following the breakdown of the conference held on Saturday at the Bishop of Norwich's palace the farmers expected that nothing would be done until yesterday, when they were to discuss the three-month truce proposal. The move of the union leaders in calling a general strike was quite unexpected.

BRITAIN AND MOSCOW.

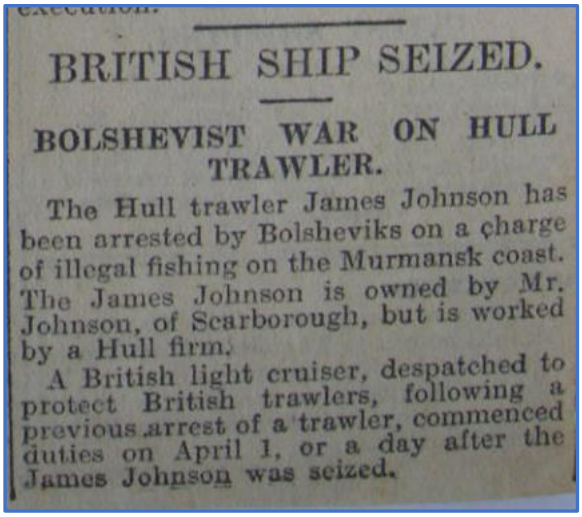
OFFICIAL NOTE REJECTED.

REDS EXECUTE PRELATE.

MGR. BUTKIEWICZ SHOT.

At the same time as the news reached London yesterday that the Polish Roman Catholic prelate, Mgr. Butkiewicz, had been shot by the Bolsheviks it was learned that an official Note issued by the Soviet Government to protest against British interference in the matter of the sentences passed on Archbishop Cieplak and other Catholic priests had been rejected by the British Agent in Moscow.

He refused to transmit it.



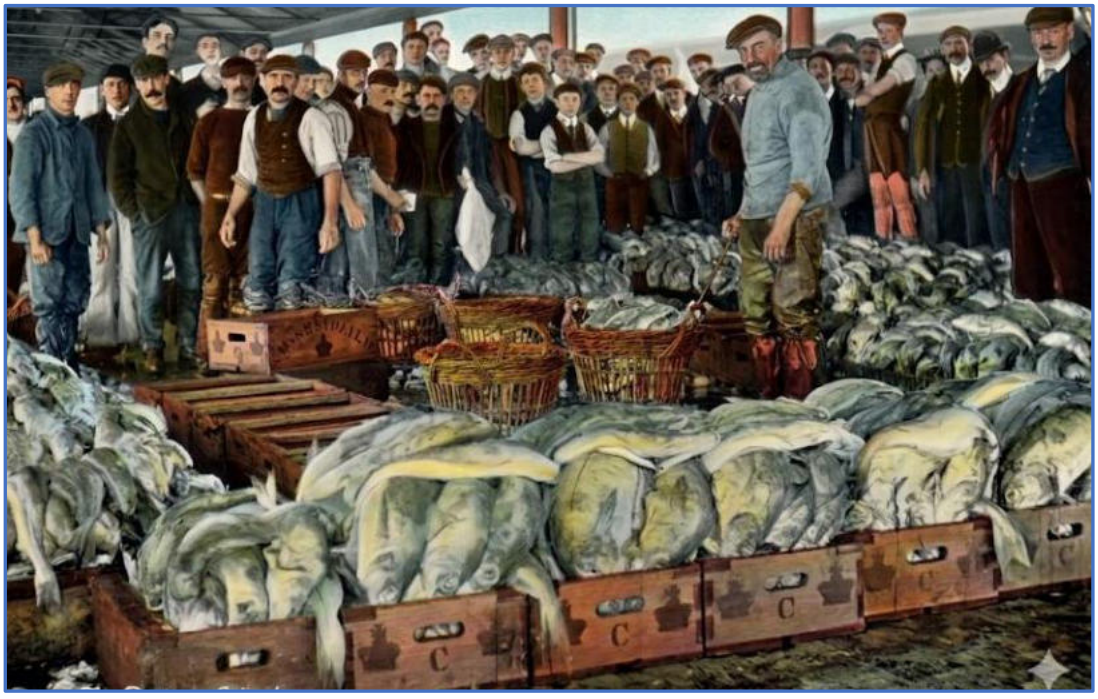
BRITISH SHIP SEIZED.

BOLSHEVIST WAR ON HULL TRAWLER.

The Hull trawler James Johnson has been arrested by Bolsheviks on a charge of illegal fishing on the Murmansk coast. The James Johnson is owned by Mr. Johnson, of Scarborough, but is worked by a Hull firm.

A British light cruiser, despatched to protect British trawlers, following a previous arrest of a trawler, commenced duties on April 1, or a day after the James Johnson was seized.

Wednesday 28 – Had a look round the pontoon this morning and watched the fish salesmen. There was a fine lot of halibut on the boards, row after row. About 10 **I went to Immingham and spent the day having a good look round. It's a fine modern port. Great cranes, coal tips and everything up to date.** [Construction of the dock began in 1906 and was officially opened by King George V and Queen Mary on 22 July 1912.] There are a lot of big ships loading. I sat on the Western Jetty and ate my dinner. **I walked to the town (not much of a place) and into the country again.**



Fish market on the pontoon, Grimsby fish docks

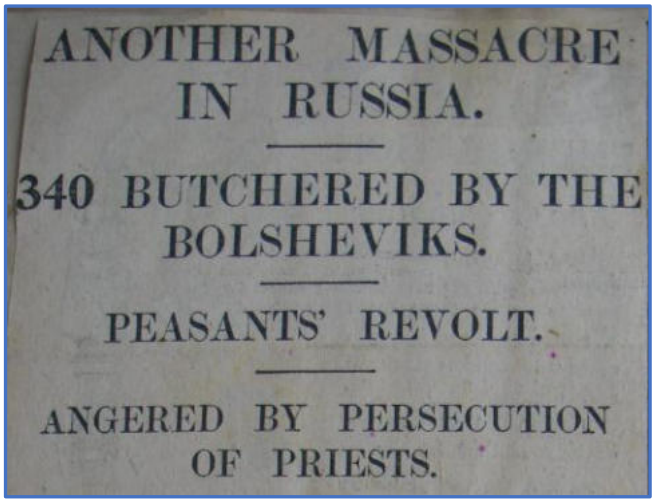
Thursday 29 – The "Daily Wail" is howling out against Bonar Law now. [Andrew Bonar Law was prime minister of the UK from October 1922 to May 1923 and resigned 211 days in to his term due to terminal throat cancer.] He apparently can't get the country out of the tangle, (The Turks, Mespot and the Rhur) and England is going to the dogs. But in spite of the rotten politicians and heavy taxes England will struggle through. Lloyd George was the boy. Father came home tonight.

Good Friday 30 – Turned out a fine day. We made a good start with the boats this year. Plenty of people on the prom.

Saturday 31 – Down docks till 12. Watched them loading iron girders aboard the "Jolly Jack." **Talking about when my father was young and the crew of the "Industry" getting him to swear.**

April 1923

Tuesday 3 - Father left for the north at 10. **Cyril, Herbert and I got the "Fred" ready and left to go to the Burcom for coal**. Mr Sharpe towed us up and we had a fine time going up the river etc "Chinese tea etc." before she bared, about a dozen of the chaps came aboard and we all sat in the cabin smoking and card playing. After 1 o'clock we started. We were the second boat to land. Gathering coal as hard as we could go. Plenty there. About a dozen Meggies there. [Meggies – residents of Cleethorpes.] **We loaded the "Fred" up and when the tide turned, I found she only had 3 inches freeboard left. Golly good job it wasn't rough. Mr Sharpe picked us up and nearly sunk us with his crab boat full of coal.** We got aboard and when he put full speed on, I thought he would have dragged her under. The wake was nearly curling over her stern. However, we passed all the other coal laden boats and going round the ness, arrived safely at Cleethorpes and anchored until the tide came in. Went home for our teas. I got a shock when I saw her next. She had settled down considerably in the water. The "Puffin" towed me in and we were not long in unloading down aft and bailing out. Another 20 or 30 minutes and she would have gone under. After a spell of hard work, we got the cargo up home. I'll bet there wasn't far short of a ton. **Rushed down to Gy. The skipper was in and he is sailing tomorrow. If I had been down this morning, I would have been signed on now, but I'm too late. The crews are all signed on, I shall have to wait until the skipper comes in again.** Another weary week. I told mother of my plans tonight.

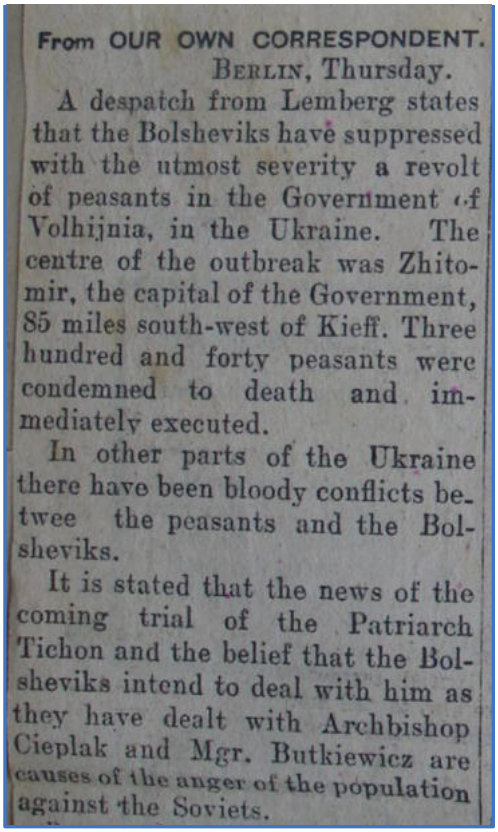


ANOTHER MASSACRE IN RUSSIA.

340 BUTCHERED BY THE BOLSHEVIKS.

PEASANTS' REVOLT.

ANGERED BY PERSECUTION OF PRIESTS.



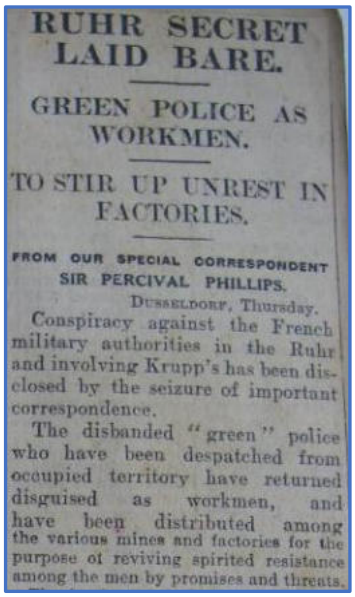
From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN, Thursday.

A despatch from Lemberg states that the Bolsheviks have suppressed with the utmost severity a revolt of peasants in the Government of Volhijnia, in the Ukraine. The centre of the outbreak was Zhitomir, the capital of the Government, 85 miles south-west of Kieff. Three hundred and forty peasants were condemned to death and immediately executed.

In other parts of the Ukraine there have been bloody conflicts betwee the peasants and the Bolsheviks.

It is stated that the news of the coming trial of the Patriarch Tichon and the belief that the Bolsheviks intend to deal with him as they have dealt with Archbishop Cieplak and Mgr. Butkiewicz are causes of the anger of the population against the Soviets.



RUHR SECRET LAID BARE.

GREEN POLICE AS WORKMEN.

TO STIR UP UNREST IN FACTORIES.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.

DUSSELDORF, Thursday.

Conspiracy against the French military authorities in the Ruhr and involving Krupp's has been disclosed by the seizure of important correspondence.

The disbanded "green" police who have been despatched from occupied territory have returned disguised as workmen, and have been distributed among the various mines and factories for the purpose of reviving spirited resistance among the men by promises and threats.

Wednesday 4 – Out rowing and washing the boats. Returned in the afternoon and was surprised to find it blowing half a gale. All the boats on the slip. Anchors and ropes for the motor boat and the "Fred". **Mr Hull is towing his boat to the bay. Cyril and I went with him. By jumbo! We fairly crawled along, an inch a minute. Narrow squeak of the pile end. Mr Hull didn't allow for towing and the "Firefly" crashed in to the pile end. Then a wave swept her in to it again. I could see the old pile shaking. Cyril says the boat shivered some. We nearly got on the piles through that.**

NAVAL MUTINY.

CHINESE TROUBLE GROWING.

SHANGHAI, Friday.

The Fukienese crews of a Chinese cruiser and three gunboats at Shanghai have mutinied and appointed Admiral Lin Chien-chang their Commander-in-Chief as a protest against the Government's nomination of General Sun Chuan-fang to the military governorship of Fukien.

Admiral Tu Hsih-wei, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, has resigned in consequence of the attitude of the Fleet.

The mutiny at Shanghai has spread to other ports, and the Military Commissioner at Shanghai has been ordered to arrest Admiral Lin Chien-chang.—Reuter.

STEAMER ADRIFT.

TRAWLER'S THREE DAYS' TASK WITH GERMAN SHIP.

The Hull trawler Awk reported yesterday that she had found the German steamship Maron flying signals of distress with broken rudder, and had towed her into the Grimsby roads. The German steamer was bound for Hamburg with coal.

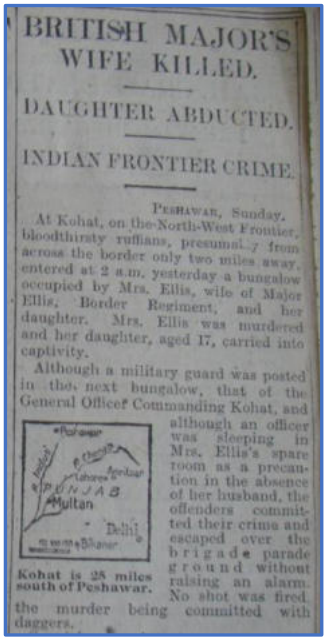
Two wire ropes were connected with the Maron's stem, but after an hour's towing the wires parted. The Maron and trawler were reconnected, but again the wires parted, and at night the steamer drifted, but the trawler kept in touch.

For three days the trawler stuck to her task, and the German steamer is now dry-docked at Immingham.

Friday 6 – **Got the yard just shipshape. We have got a tremendous lot of gear in it.** Swill down and tar the wall. Plastering and cementing. It looks alright now; took me 2 days. Finding a name for the motor boat. How will "Cynthia" do Al. [Perhaps a nod to the love of Len's former colleague, Albert.]

Saturday 7 – **I celebrated my 20th birthday by going shrimping with Mr Sharpe in the "Lola", down to the Haile.** Not much stuff about. We got 2 stone, keeping on the bight, opposite the "farm". **I could see the trawler "Dinorah" lying on her side at Donna Nook.**

Monday 9 – Blowing, blowing, blowing. Rain and sleet. This is the weather to be at sea, to make you jump. Football this morning in the garage. The boys beat me this time. Talking to Alf about the "Rovers". He is getting a "Roving Club" up. Cut the "Diadem's" last remains down this morning. Dig the "Edna's" anchor in. The shrimpers are going through it.



BRITISH MAJOR'S WIFE KILLED.

DAUGHTER ABDUCTED.

INDIAN FRONTIER CRIME.

PESHAWAR, Sunday.

At Kohat, on the North-West Frontier, bloodthirsty ruffians, presumably from across the border only two miles away, entered at 2 a.m. yesterday a bungalow occupied by Mrs. Ellis, wife of Major Ellis, Border Regiment, and her daughter. Mrs. Ellis was murdered and her daughter, aged 17, carried into captivity.

Although a military guard was posted in the next bungalow, that of the General Officer Commanding Kohat, and although an officer was sleeping in Mrs. Ellis's spare room as a precaution in the absence of her husband, the offenders committed their crime and escaped over the brigade parade ground without raising an alarm. No shot was fired, the murder being committed with daggers.

Kohat is 28 miles south of Peshawar.

Sunday 15 – Roused the boys and got them all out rowing at 6 o'clock. Fine morning. Racing. They each had a boat and we had some fun. **Packed some grub up and went shrimping with Jack Croft in the "Endeavour".** Fine sailing boat, different from the "Seagull." Got home in time for dinner. Got about 3 stone of nice prawns and several pairs of soles. Mr Hull tried to get over to Spurn but had to come back again. Yo heavo! There go the scouts practicing for the race; against wind and tide. Some job; go on me hearties.

Monday 16 – Out at 5 o'clock and keeping my eye on the boats. Turned in very rough. Each half full when the tide went down. Walked down docks at 9 o'clock with the skipper. Saw Cannibal Jock (Same old Jock) and Russian Jack. Nothing doing. I went 3 rounds with Bert tonight. Played cards afterwards. Reading till 11.

Tuesday 17 – Down at the slip and keeping an eye on the boats, up at 5. Couldn't rest. This afternoon I was busy in the front garden. Cut the grass, dug the ground and squared up. I see Fred's sister has joined the Opera Co at last. She will be a famous singer one of these days.

Wednesday 18 – Chopped enough sticks to last a month. Painting, paperhanging and overhauling at home. Swill the yard, scrub the mats etc.

BERLIN THREAT TO POLAND.

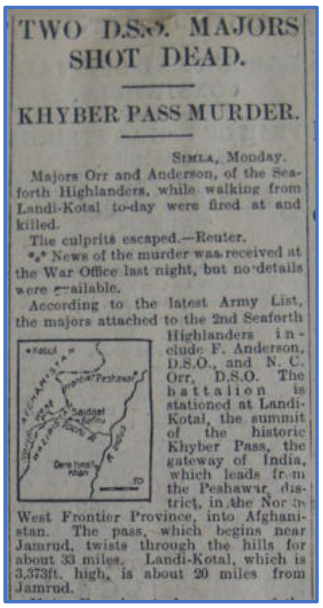
INTENTION TO SEIZE TERRITORY.

MINISTERS CHEER THE DECLARATION.

From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN, Monday.

Germany's intention to wrest the Polish part of Upper Silesia from Poland was publicly proclaimed here on Sunday night in the presence of Dr. Hermes, Imperial Minister of Finance; Herr Lobe, President of the Reichstag; Dr. Forge, president of the Union of German Industrialists, and other distinguished persons.



TWO D.S.O. MAJORS SHOT DEAD.

KHYBER PASS MURDER.

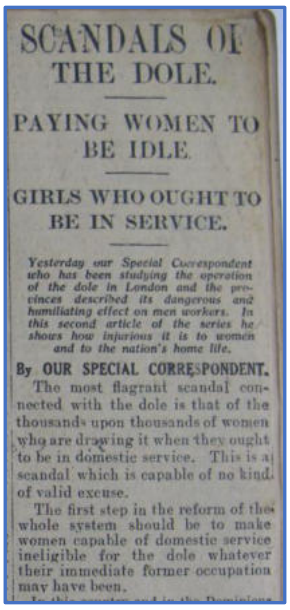
SIMLA, Monday.

Majors Orr and Anderson, of the Seaforth Highlanders, while walking from Landi-Kotal to-day were fired at and killed.

The culprits escaped.—Reuter.

*** News of the murder was received at the War Office last night, but no details were available.

According to the latest Army List, the majors attached to the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders include F. Anderson, D.S.O., and N. C. Orr, D.S.O. The battalion is stationed at Landi-Kotal, the summit of the historic Khyber Pass, the gateway of India, which leads from the Peshawur district, in the North West Frontier Province, into Afghanistan. The pass, which begins near Jamrud, twists through the hills for about 33 miles. Landi-Kotal, which is 3,373ft. high, is about 20 miles from Jamrud.



SCANDALS OF THE DOLE.

PAYING WOMEN TO BE IDLE.

GIRLS WHO OUGHT TO BE IN SERVICE.

Yesterday our Special Correspondent who has been studying the operation of the dole in London and the provinces described its dangerous and humiliating effect on men workers. In this second article of the series he shows how injurious it is to women and to the nation's home life.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The most flagrant scandal connected with the dole is that of the thousands upon thousands of women who are drawing it when they ought to be in domestic service. This is a scandal which is capable of no kind of valid excuse.

The first step in the reform of the whole system should be to make women capable of domestic service ineligible for the dole whatever their immediate former occupation may have been.

Wednesday 25 – Oh lor! Raining cats and dogs. All on the blooming paint, and varnish will be spoilt**. Made 2 pairs of oars. Joiner and assistant engineer this afternoon. Helping Bert with the [motor boat] engine.**

Thursday 26 – Launch the motor boat and wash the small ones out. Boat making tonight – that's another occupation I've got.

Friday 27 – Rigged the "Edna" and sailed her out of the bay. Cyril brought her through the gateway fine. Herbert launches his "craft". It's an eggbox about 5-foot by 2-foot 6inches, covered with canvas. I nearly capsized her. Father arrived home tonight.

Sunday 29 – **Salvaged a small, waterlogged motor boat and towed her from the middle of the river.** No name or number. Bottom knocked out. Shall report to the customs tomorrow.

"And here endeth the 2nd chapter of the book of life." - Len Bewley

~~ End of journal ~~

The family have long held these fragments of Len's story:

In 1928–29, Len travelled to America and Canada as a ship's steward, even venturing as far as Australia. While such journeys are relatively commonplace today, they were far more challenging a century ago, when modern transport was still in its infancy. It is therefore remarkable that he managed to achieve so much travel within a comparatively short lifetime.

They sometimes wondered about "Brown Eyes", the young woman he wrote a poem for. Perhaps she never received it, or perhaps her life was already promised elsewhere; Len remained a bachelor.

His father, John, had begged him not to follow the sea, but Len's heart had already been claimed by it. By January 1932, while lodging in Cleethorpes — likely on Wollaston Road — he took a job as cook on the trawler GY78 Barle. He was clearly unwell. His landlady pleaded with him to stay ashore, but Len went anyway. He always did.

Not long afterwards, Len died at just twenty-eight, at a place recorded as Shquhusel Frangisonaag, or something close to it, somewhere in the Faroe Islands. The family have never shaken the feeling that he knew his strength was fading and chose to spend his last days in the world he loved most. It is a sad comfort to imagine that he slipped away with the sea around him — the one constant that had called to him all his life.

BEWLEY Leonard of Sea Croft Manor-road Paignton **Devonshire** died 4 February 1932 at Sgquhusel Frangisonaag Faroes Islands Administration **London** 9 June to John Francis Bewley boat proprietor. Effects £368 15s.

His estate was worth equivalent to £23,000 in 2026.

GY78 Barle

Credit: https://www.deepseatrawlers.co.uk/index.php/2020/06/23/barle-gy-78/

Appendices

Appendix 1: The Bewley Family – c.1922-23

The Bewley Family — c.1922–23

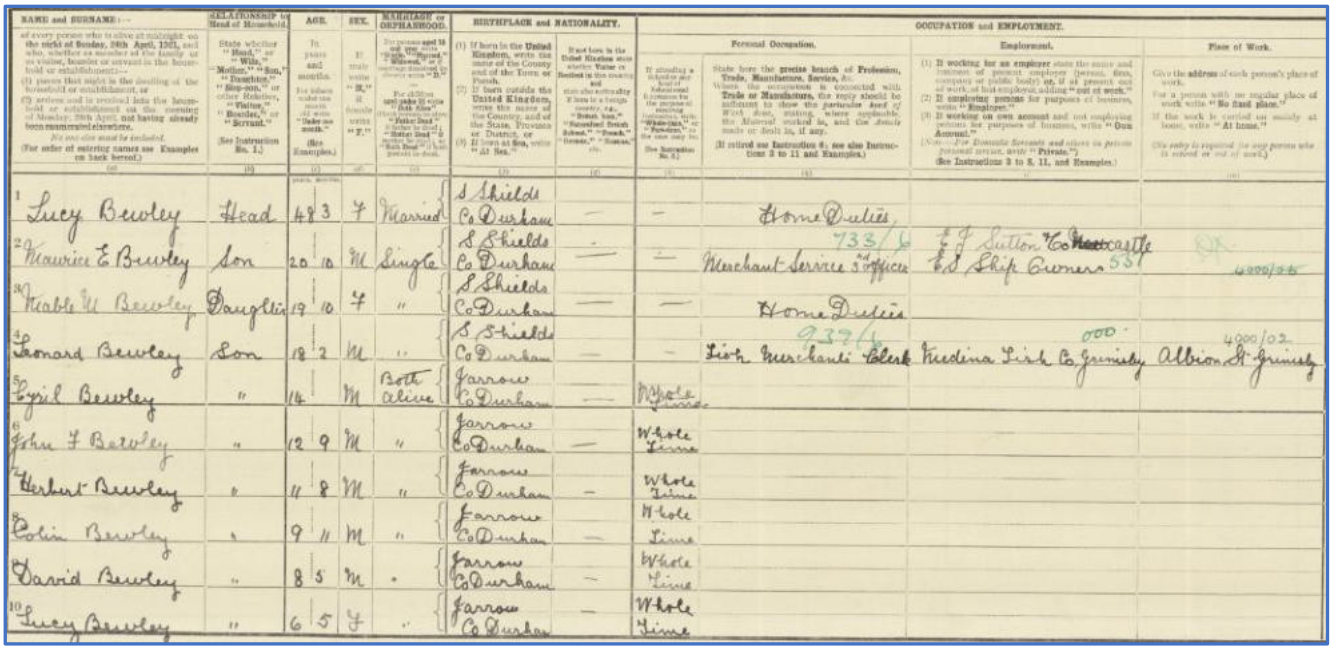
Name	Born	Age c.1922	Died	Notes
Home address	2 High Cliff, Cleethorpes. [1911 census – 122 St Paul's Rd, Jarrow]			
Len's employer	Fish merchants clerk — Medina Fish Co., Albion St, Grimsby (branch prob. on/near Fish Dock Rd)			
Parents				
John Francis Bewley	19 Dec1870	53	—	1921: 'Boat proprietor' but worked up north on Tyneside. Absent on census night. 1911 census: River Police Constable (later Inspector) for the River Commissioner. Aged 40. Born in Liverpool workhouse
Lucy Bewley	c. Mar 1873 (census); 29 Jan 1877 (journal)	45–48	—	1921 census: 'Home duties'. 8 children under 16 at home. 1911 census: Aged 34 so born c.1877. Married 10 Oct 1899
Children (confirmed or likely)				
Maurice Edwin	Aug 1900	21	1985	Merchant seaman; 3rd Officer, 1921.
Mabel May	Aug 1901	19	1981	Home duties. 7 Dec 2021 – wed Bill and both resided at 2 High Cliff.
Leonard (Len)	7 Apr 1903	18	4 Feb 1932 (aged 28)	Fish merchants clerk. Author of 1921-3 journal.
Doris	1904	—	10 Oct 1917 (aged 13)	1911 census: aged 6. Cause of death - T.B.
Cyril	Jun 1907	15	1996	—
John (jnr)	20 Aug 1908	13	1978	—

Name	Born	Age c.1922	Died	Notes
Herbert	Oct 1909	12	1994	—
Colin (Collin)	Jul 1911	10	2003	—
David (Davey)	13 Feb 1913	9	2008	—
Lucy (jnr)	Jan 1915	7	2004	—
Rita	1917	4	2008	Tomboy
Doris	1920	2	2014	Named after her deceased sister?

Notes: *Birth dates marked 'c.' are approximate (may vary by a few weeks). Ages are as at c.1922 unless indicated. 1921 census (19 June) lists 10 children at home with no Mr Bewley present; declared ages: 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14. Ordering of younger children is tentative.*

2026: 2 High Cliff Road is the last house on the right of the terrace. To its right stands the modern apartment block The Point, built on the site of the former Cliff Hotel, which later became a nightclub.

Appendix 2: Census Return for 1921



NAME and SURNAME	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Household	AGE	SEX	MARRIAGE or ORPHANHOOD	BIRTHPLACE	NATIONALITY	OCCUPATION: Personal Occupation	OCCUPATION: Employment	OCCUPATION: Place of Work
1 Lucy Bewley	Head	48	F	Married	S Shields Co Durham	—	—	Home Duties	
2 Maurice E Bewley	Son	20 10	M	Single	S Shields Co Durham	—	—	Merchant Service 3rd Officer	J J Sutton & Co Newcastle & S Ship Owners 53
3 Mable M Bewley	Daughter	19 10	F	"	S Shields Co Durham	—	—	Home Duties	
4 Leonard Bewley	Son	18 2	M	"	S Shields Co Durham	—	—	Tea Merchants Clerk	Medina Tea Co Grimsby
5 Cyril Bewley	"	14	M	Both alive	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		
6 John F Bewley	"	12 9	M	"	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		
7 Herbert Bewley	"	11 8	M	"	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		
8 Colin Bewley	"	9 11	M	"	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		
9 David Bewley	"	8 5	M	"	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		
10 Lucy Bewley	"	6 5	F	"	Farrow Co Durham	—	Whole time		

There may be a further page for this return but it was not available at the time of researching.

Appendix 3: Colin Bewley: 1926 - Licensed Boatman at 14

BOATMAN—AGED 14.

Cleethorpes Lad Secures a Licence.

Cleethorpes has a 14-year-old boatman. He is Colin Bewley, of 2 High Cliff.

At a meeting of the Licensing (Boat Inspection) Sub-Committee, held on May 10th, he made application for a boatman's licence. The members witnessed his handling of a rowing boat, and unanimously recommended that he should be granted a licence. This decision was confirmed at the monthly meeting of the Council last night.

The young boatman has been brought up in a nautical atmosphere, for he has seven brothers who all go to sea in ocean-bound vessels.

His father, who once went to sea in the old sailing smacks, is now a member of the River Police on the Tyne.

A "Telegraph" reporter who visited the Promenade to-day, found Colin helping his brother, Leonard, to paint a boat ready for Whitsun. Leonard has just come home for the summer after two trips to Australia.

"I would trust Colin in the roughest sea," he said.

Colin, a very unassuming lad, seemed to look upon his success as a very ordinary achievement.

1904 licensed boatman badge

Appendix 4: Court Appearances

1928: Cruelty Case Against Boatmen and Horse Owner

Len and Colin were no different from other local pleasure boat owners, all of whom faced the same challenge: getting passengers and hirers out to their vessels at varying states of the tide. At the time, horse and cart was the usual method of transporting people across the water to their boats.

In 1928, when the need arose, they hired a horse from John Pearce, who lived in a caravan in Barkhouse Lane. It later emerged that the horse was suffering from a saddle sore but was still being worked. As a result, Len and Colin were prosecuted, found guilty, and each fined £1 [£55].

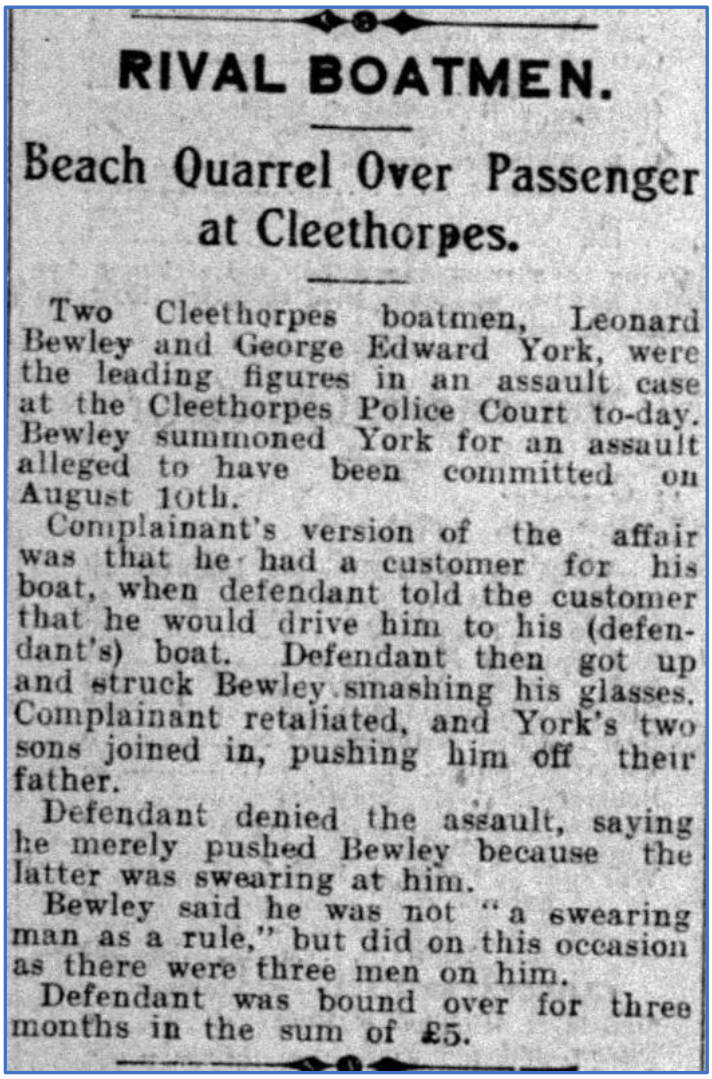
The magistrates took a particularly dim view of Pearce's conduct, describing him as very cruel. He was fined £5 [£275], a much heavier penalty reflecting their disapproval.

Grimsby News 21 September 1928

At the pier slipway, 1937: horse and carts carry passengers to waiting boats

~ ~ ~ ~

1927: Waterfront Rivalry Turns Heated



RIVAL BOATMEN.

Beach Quarrel Over Passenger at Cleethorpes.

Two Cleethorpes boatmen, Leonard Bewley and George Edward York, were the leading figures in an assault case at the Cleethorpes Police Court to-day. Bewley summoned York for an assault alleged to have been committed on August 10th.

Complainant's version of the affair was that he had a customer for his boat, when defendant told the customer that he would drive him to his (defendant's) boat. Defendant then got up and struck Bewley smashing his glasses. Complainant retaliated, and York's two sons joined in, pushing him off their father.

Defendant denied the assault, saying he merely pushed Bewley because the latter was swearing at him.

Bewley said he was not "a swearing man as a rule," but did on this occasion as there were three men on him.

Defendant was bound over for three months in the sum of £5.

Grimsby Daily Telegraph 25 August 1927

Appendix 5: “Polly” Becomes “Noah’s Ark”

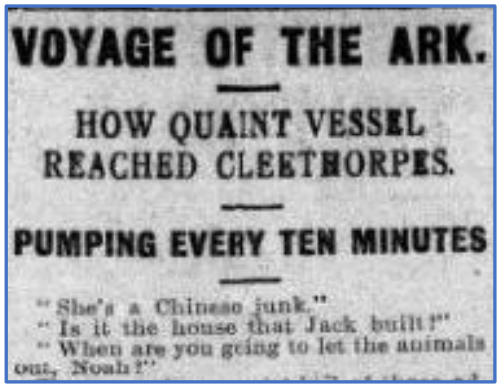
1923c “Polly”, also known as “Noah’s Ark”. *Left to right:* ***Cyril, Leonard, Maurice***.

The “ark” was described by the Grimsby News as a new beach attraction. John bought the elderly Tyne-wherry and proposed to sail it south to Cleethorpes. Prior to the journey, they fitted the house superstructure and two sails. On the way, the vessel sprung a leak after it had struck rocks; continual pumping was necessary until they reached Cleethorpes foreshore. John proposed to use the boat as a store and workshop in the winter but was undecided for the following summer.

THE ARK.

The curious craft anchored off the foreshaw, mentioned yesterday, belongs to Mr. J. F. Bewley, who is well-known as the owner of the small pleasure boats at Cleethorpes. She was brought round the coast from the Tyne, and the owner intends to use her as a storeroom and workshop during the winter.

Grimsby Telegraph 21 August 1923



VOYAGE OF THE ARK.

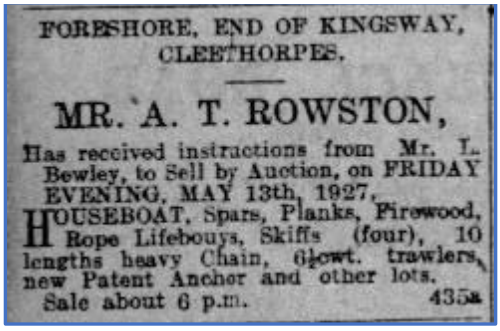
HOW QUAINT VESSEL REACHED CLEETHORPES.

PUMPING EVERY TEN MINUTES

"She's a Chinese junk."
"Is it the house that Jack built?"
"When are you going to let the animals out, Noah?"

Grimsby Telegraph 22 August 1923

Looking closely at a bathing-pool photograph from around 1925, it appears that “Noah’s Ark” is moored in Bunkers Bay. The background was poor, so AI enhancement was used to bring out detail; although not perfectly accurate, the boat on the sands does resemble the Bewley’s vessel. If the image is reliable, the original golf course—later replaced by the boating lake—can be seen behind it. It would make perfect sense for the Bewley’s to moor their “Ark” here: even if it began as a beach attraction, it provided a convenient place to store sails, oars, and other gear for their boats.



FORESHORE, END OF KINGSWAY, CLEETHORPES.

MR. A. T. ROWSTON,

Has received instructions from Mr. L. Bewley, to Sell by Auction, on FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 13th, 1927,

HOUSEBOAT, Spars, Planks, Firewood, Rope Lifebouys, Skiffs (four), 10 lengths heavy Chain, 6½cwt. trawlers, new Patent Anchor and other lots.

Sale about 6 p.m. 435a

The family endured a harrowing voyage bringing “Noah’s Ark” from Barrow-in-Furness to Cleethorpes. Around this time, they were already planning a return to Cumbria, and the subsequent sale of the Ark suggests they may have doubted the vessel’s ability to make the journey again—nor, perhaps, the endurance of its intrepid crew.

Grimsby Telegraph, 12 May 1927

Appendix 6: Another Bewley Maritime Adventure

ACROSS BRITAIN BY BOAT.

Cleethorpes Men's Adventures by Inland Water-Ways.

COLLISIONS AND STRANDING: SHIP SAVED BY BALING.

FROM BARROW TO CLEETHORPES.

Adventurous Journey.

FROM BARROW TO CLEETHORPES. Adventurous Journey.

A small flotilla of sea craft, comprising a fishing smack (with sail), two motor boats and another small boat, with a crew of three, have had some amazing experiences and came near shipwreck on one occasion. They were journeying by sea, river and canal, from Barrow-in-Furness to Cleethorpes, and on Friday moored at the wharf of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal Company, near Belmont Bridge, Skipton, where they made a short stay.

Mr. John Bewley, who was in command, was accompanied by his two sons, John Francis [aged 19] and Colin [aged 17]. The boats are the property of Messrs. J. F. Bewley and Sons, pleasure boat proprietors, of Cleethorpes.

On the journey to Skipton the crew, finding friendly tows by passing barges, had to conduct their own portage and tow the boats themselves. On some sections the sail was unfurled and in this manner good progress has been made.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

Mr. Bewley explained to a Press representative that they had been in business at Barrow, and were going to try their fortunes at Cleethorpes. It was simply a case of shifting their lodgings from the west coast to the east. The first part of their journey, and by far the worst, was by sea across Morecambe Bay to the mouth of the Ribble. They encountered very heavy seas and bad weather, and their smack was damaged. When approaching the Ribble the smack sprung a leak, and it almost appeared at one time as if they would not reach Lytham safely. For eleven hours the two sons were baling continuously to prevent the smack sinking. All heavy gear was thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, and two of the small boats as well were lashed one on each side of the vessel to buoy it up.

At Lytham the smack had to go into dry dock for repairs, and it was not until Tuesday, May 1st, that they resumed their journey up the River Ribble and entered the Douglas Navigation, ultimately joining the Leeds and Liverpool Canal at Tarleton. The remainder of the journey will be made by the Aire and Calder Canal to Goole, and then down the Humber to Cleethorpes.

ARRIVAL AT CLEETHORPES.

On arrival at Cleethorpes, Mr. Bewley stated that though some of the scenery was very beautiful there was as much risk as coming round by the open sea. He paid a fine tribute to the part

played by his two sons, and said that but for their untiring efforts the smack would certainly have sunk when off the River Ribble. Though drenched to the skin, they bailed unceasingly from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. Mr. Bewley added that he had three sons at present serving in the merchant service, and he himself started sailing in fishing smacks at the age of 11.

About 12 months ago Mr. Bewley performed a fine feat in bringing three small boats from the Tyne to the Humber, displaying considerable powers of grit and endurance.

Grimsby News, 18 May 1928

Appendix 7: List of Vessels Mentioned in Len's Journal

The list has been created by AI so may be incomplete.

Albert	Hesperus	Othello
Balder	HMS Maine	Retako
Boreas	Holyrood	Riskato
Chancellor	Icelandman	Saliat
City of Belfast	Ivy West	Scout
City of Hull	John	SS Staveley
City of London	Kidwelly Castle	Star
Cortina	Ladas	Strathlethan
Crevette	Lombard	Tenby
Diadem	Macclesfield	White Night
Dinorah	Mafeking	
Edna	Magnet	
Estafette	Median	
Excelsior	Monarch	
Firefly	Nilda	
Fred	Nordvest	
Greenlandman	Ocean Monarch	

Appendix 8: Bunkers Bay – an explanation to a safe anchorage bay in Cleethorpes

Bunkers Bay, Cleethorpes foreshore — photographed from an early aeroplane, c.1923–28

Bunkers Bay is rarely mentioned in the written history of Cleethorpes, yet it was of **significant importance to pleasure boat operators and inshore fishermen alike**. Until now, it has been difficult to accurately determine its location and size. Len's journal has made it possible.

Several landmarks help **narrow the date of the photograph.** The **Kingsway Pavilion (built 1914,** later The Glasshouse, then the Café Dansant) appears to the right, while the **Olympia/Winter Gardens — not built until 1934** — is absent. The **central Bathing Pool appears complete; construction took place in 1922,** the same year Len noted it was being created and described sailing into the truncated bay as "a ticklish job."

In the top-left corner is a body of water. The **present boating lake was created in 1928**, but this may show its predecessor — a **marine lake** mentioned by Len in February 1922. A spring was present in the area, so whether its contents were fresh or saltwater is unclear. Above it lies what appears to be a **cinder track and the 1894 golf course**, in

use until 1923 before relocating to its current site; the later boating lake was built over it. Bunkers Bay may well have taken its name from the golf course hazards.

John William Priestley's **'Inshore Fishing from Cleethorpes'** records that the sand formation created a very high sandbank some 200 yards from the foreshore, the shelter behind affording boats of up to 6–7 ft. draught the ability to enter at equinoctial spring tides and lie through the winter months in complete security. A local resident remembered it as a deep pool where crabs and small fish were found in abundance.

The bay features frequently in Len's journal, as their pleasure boats were moored on the foreshore near **Brighton Slipway**. In worsening weather, the smaller boats were hauled up the slip; in severe conditions they were sailed round to Bunkers Bay — a difficult task and only possible when tides allowed. The photograph shows the bay bisected by the Bathing Pool; a telling illustration of how its character had already changed.

The bay's protection may have been further compromised by the **creation of the Bathing Pool and the 1906 Kingsway,** to the point where boats were **forced to use Grimsby's Alexandra Dock,** incurring extra travel, cargo-handling difficulties, and dock charges. Over one winter, three boats **sheltered at the entrance to Buck Beck** at the Goat Hill end — though difficult access made fitting out problematic.

A very early image of the bathing pool, c.1922 — filled but still served by marquees before the permanent buildings were completed. The Glasshouse (later Café Dansant) is visible to the rear, and to the left, the former bank and black fencing that once formed the side of Bunkers Bay.

SHRIMPERS - BUNKERS BAY

ENDEAVOUR	JACK CROFT
EFFORT	FRANK PARROT
FORGET ME NOT	BILL HARPER
BONNIE BELL	W. PRIESTLEY
ALERT	JACK PRIESTLEY (LATER SOLD TO JACK CROFT)
SEA GULL	W. CROFT
SAN TOY	BILL HARPER SNR.
SENGA	GEORGE OSBOURNE
PRECESSUR	W. PRIESTLEY
PRIDE OF THE HUMBER	(PICKED UP A MINE WHILE TRAWLING IN HUMBER OFF YORKSHIRE COAST, BLOWN TO PIECES - NO SURVIVORS)
UNITY	HAROLD KIRMAN AND CHARLLE HARPER
RUGBY	BILLY HUNDRED (HUNG HIMSELF FROM MAST IN BUNKERS BAY)
PERSEVERANCE	JACK CROFT (NOW IN GRIMSBY HERITAGE CENTRE)

These boats used to be moored about a mile off Cleethorpes, what was known as The Scorpe. During the winter they were taken for shelter into what was commonly known as Bunkers Bay, now the Cleethorpes Leisure Centre.

Frank L. Harper

*List of **shrimpers** sailing from the resort (compiled c.1970). Several are mentioned in Len's journal; one report notes 42 boats sheltering in **Bunkers Bay.***

(Credit: Lincs Inspire Grimsby Local History Library)

*Jack Croft's **Cleethorpes-based** seven-ton shrimper **"Perseverance",** built around 1914 and now preserved at **Grimsby's Fishing Heritage Centre.***

Further information: nationalhistoricships.org.uk

Appendix 9: Executive Summary

Executive Summary: The Journals of Leonard Bewley (October 1921 – April 1923)

1. Professional Life and Personal Reflections

Throughout the journal, a central theme is the sharp contrast between Len's professional life as a clerk and his passion for the sea. Working for a Grimsby fish merchant, he frequently describes the office as a "cage"." His journals reveal a young man longing for the freedom of the water, often racing home to the families hire boats on Cleethorpes seafront the moment his workday ends to maintain his sanity or even down to the docks in his leisure time. This period marks a significant internal transition as he gains mastery over maritime skills, moving from a dissatisfied office worker to a highly competent seaman.

2. Maritime Labour and the Family Fleet

The heart of the journal details the relentless physical labour required to maintain the Bewley family's fleet of pleasure and fishing boats, including the *"Edna"*, *"Scout"*, *"Fred"*, and later the *"Noah's Ark"*.

- **Maintenance:** Len records backbreaking work—scraping barnacles, varnishing, painting, and applying Stockholm tar.
- **Commercial Fishing:** He provides vivid accounts of shrimping and whelk-gathering, describing long nights on the water in cold, wet conditions and the physical toll of handling heavy gear.
- **The "Noah's Ark" Project:** A significant milestone was the acquisition and conversion of a large vessel (the *"Polly"*) into a "Noah's Ark" for the family's tripping business, requiring immense effort to sail it down for use in their boat hire business.

3. Life on the Humber: Hazards and Heroics

The journals capture the raw power of the River Humber and the constant vigilance required to survive it.

- **Rescues:** A major highlight occurred in August 1922, when Len and his father performed a heroic rescue during a gale, saving two men from a swamping boat. They returned to a cheering crowd of hundreds, an event later documented in the *Daily Mail*.
- **Navigation Hazards:** Len describes the Humber as a "graveyard for ships," noting various wrecks visible at low tide. He recounts the dangers of winter navigation, including navigating through thick fog.

- **Storms:** Frequent gales caused high anxiety, with Len often watching the families vessels through binoculars at night, fearing they would be swept away or wrecked against the breakwaters.

4. Social Dynamics and Local Observations

The journal serves as a social record of the Grimsby and Cleethorpes waterfront:

- **Waterfront Rivalries:** Len documents the fierce competition between local boatmen, including heated disputes over the aggressive tactics used to attract holiday crowds.
- **Daily Life:** Despite the hard work, there is a sense of community camaraderie. Len records local "scraps," social gatherings, cinema visits, and his hobby of photography.
- **Mishaps:** With characteristic self-deprecation, Len details numerous personal accidents, including frequent "spills" while cycling through the streets of Grimsby and instances of accidentally falling into the sea while rigging boats.

5. Historical and Seasonal Transitions

The journal captures a world in transition, where traditional sailing vessels shared the busy docks with modern steam trawlers. The narrative follows the rhythmic cycle of the seasons—from the "bitter work" of the freezing winter months to the sense of renewal in the spring, as the fleet was prepared for the return of the summer holidaymakers.

Index of Notable Local Places and Events

Significant locations and occurrences recorded in the journal of Len Bewley

Subject	Page(s)
Aeroplane pleasure flights, Cleethorpes beach	15, 16, 63, 65, 80
Aeroplanes	19, 30, 85, 95, 183
Bathing Pool, Bunkers Bay, Cleethorpes	105, 113, 143, 179, 183, 184
Charabanc/bus	6, 52, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 66, 72
Coliseum Cinema, High Street, Cleethorpes	31, 77, 130
Empire Cinema, Alexandra Road, Cleethorpes	11, 47, 48, 88, 163
Gaiety, Wintringham Road, Grimsby	30, 38
Grimsby Gala Night	76
Haile Sands Fort, River Humber	49, 66, 80, 83
Hippodrome Cinema, Railway Street, Grimsby	95
Immingham	146, 166
Lifeboat / Dick Britton	33, 62, 91, 92, 113, 116, 157
Louth flood	12, 63
New pontoon, Fish Docks, Grimsby	104, 118, 127
Palace Theatre, Victoria Street North, Grimsby	41
Royal Kinema, Grant Street, Cleethorpes	19
Sea Car amphibious vehicle	61, 62
Strand Cinema/Theatre, Park Street, Grimsby	16, 17, 161
Theatre Royal, Grant Street, Cleethorpes	19, 20, 34, 40, 43, 46, 73
Tivoli Cinema, Duncombe Street, Grimsby	152

Page numbers refer to the original journal pagination.